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Per. 11132 d. $\frac{55}{1}$

The Catholic Institute Magazine.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.



"Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te."—CIC.

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TO THE READER.



WELVE MONTHS have passed away since, in hope and fear, we first discussed the prospects of our Magazine. During the year, which has swiftly left us, we have more than once stated our position and aim; devoted ourselves to the labor of love with increased industry and care, and hourly looked forward to the gratification of being enabled to procure more valuable recreation for the dear friends who were joining to cheer us on our way. Conscientious that in our inexperience and narrow resources our pages would certainly include some things which those friends might perhaps censure, and many which we would ourselves dislike further on; we determined to, at least, repay gratuitous patronage with evidence of our anxiety to please; and to keep alive kindly interest in our fortunes, with proof of gradual improvement. For this end we taxed every source within our reach either through regard for ourselves, or through friendship for our cause; brought forward our hopes wherever there seemed to us a chance of favorable notice; and cheerfully devoted many hours of exceeding value to ourselves, and much anxious care. We resolved that whatever might be the decree in our case, we should at least be, if possible, free from self-blame; and consequently closed no month's number without a sincere determination to work harder for the next.

But it may be perhaps fairly asked—we know that it is *superciliously* enquired—‘What can be the purpose for all this trouble, and where is the necessity for any such undertaking in this town? Why should we be requested to tolerate mediocrity for a time, merely

II.

to ripen a publication for which we can perceive no mission?' We have been frequently so questioned, and have turned from the questioners with pain. Are there then, we thought, many who can see nothing worthy in joining together, with the approbation of conscience and religion, in an undertaking whose every success is at one and the same time an improvement to ourselves, and a pleasure to our friends? Are there those amongst us who will slight the effort to bring more clearly before men the beautiful brotherhood of the Great Family—patronising that effort, however humble, independently of party, name, or nation? And can there be those so ignorant or thoughtless as not to perceive that while the land is inundated with publications, from which education not less than religion turns disgusted, there surely must be some merit in starting one in competition which shall, under Providence, contain nothing against God or man.

Nor is it our purpose merely to supplant the reading which some Catholics at least, feel to be a disgrace to our time; on the contrary we look forward to being enabled to include scientific matter, historical enquiry, and political discussion, of value far beyond anything we have yet attempted. Our censors no doubt see, in the ripe scholarship and wonderful erudition of the numberless hostile periodicals, ample recreation for their cultivated intellect, and no particle of danger for their Spartan virtue. Be this as it may, we will not yield to all in experience of periodical literature for some years past, and we assert that its power and beauty, in numberless instances, work for evil in Catholic minds. Shall this not catch the eye of anyone, who, after perusing some article of great ability, and very fascinating style—the former evidenced in attacking some Catholic doctrine, the other adorned with many a sneer at Catholic practice—has closed the Magazine or Review more in doubt than anger? Are there no Catholic periodical readers, who, day by day, imbibing more and more of the poisonous "information," on some topic of contemporary history, in which, verily, the arguments are not seldom built on positive falsehood respecting facts, are at last

III.

pulled up by the "information," prompting some conclusion verging on heresy, and, half frightened, are finally obliged to throw over the subject, peeping at it ever after with no very comfortable feelings? Is the feeling of annoyance against some perhaps beautiful Catholic practice—because we are blind to the bitterness of the sneer—altogether unknown to us; and is the unworthy blush of shame—because we do not see the fallacy of the reasoning—by any means strange? As for our opponents of all classes, departments, and prices, their name is legion, while the number of our brothers is ridiculously small. Can any thinking Catholic then assert that if we, even at intervals, bring forward a true historical statement, a just literary criticism, or a candid political view, our existence is still aimless, and our purpose worthless? Can the most supercilious of our censors maintain that we labor in vain, if but twice in a year we convince *one of our own* of the falsehood of his so-called information?

But with reference to another class, who, abounding in our own locality, seem to find amusement in sneering at our efforts, and some recreation in "talking us down," we would respectfully remind them that our most attentive readers are not, by any means all in Liverpool, and that some of the names on our gradually increasing staff of contributors would, if known, speedily put their strange hostility to shame. So far as their own patronage is concerned, we are not sensible of any particular anxiety regarding it; we have friends whose valued approval places us above their notice, and we seek it not from them.

Apart from the anxiety which, as lately noticed to our subscribers, we have reason to entertain on our own account relative to the all-important sinews of war, we need scarcely urge as an additional necessity for promptitude in our favor, that receiving gratuitous contributions cannot and ought not long continue. We feel sure, from the knowledge we have of the views of many who have exerted themselves for us, that such a course would be as repugnant to their finer feelings as it is contrary to the grand rule—

IV.

‘Give unto every man his own.’ In short, delay from month to month in merely acting justly towards us, besides crippling ourselves, also deprives us altogether of the gratification of acting justly towards our generous contributors.

And in looking forward to gradually building up another volume, let us ask in conclusion can many of our readers truly estimate the sincerity in which we hope for health and strength to increase the respectable number of our acquaintances, and to ripen our many friendships? Can they realize our firm determination to watch over ‘Maga’ with more devotion than ever, and to care for no personal sacrifice in her cause? And will they believe that her very first duty is held to be the removal of enmity and the softening of bitterness—‘that the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting error, and Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread for brothers?’



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THE
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

No. 1.

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VOL. 1.

THE
Catholic Institute Magazine.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.



OW it happens, we know not; but, beyond all question, Englishmen are eminently fond of precedents. Satisfy them that this, that, or the other thing has been done before, and with all submission, they follow in the trodden track; while, in a new matter, they will pertinaciously abstain from fifty good actions rather than "establish a 'precedent,'" as the saying goes. Now, happily for us, custom is in favor of explanatory addresses on first appearances. Let this be clearly established, and without fear of being charged with egotism, we may at once proceed to speak of ourselves, our intentions, and our prospects.

Introductions, and, in cases of emergency, self-introductions are the only *open-sesame* in ordinary society. In the drama also—the pre-eminently national drama—we have Punch very judiciously asking a certain personage: "*Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going to?*" While in nautical affairs, every new vessel must be provided with its proper credentials and declaratory papers. Now, to what may the appearance of a new journal be so justly likened as to the launching of a ship? It is, in fact, the launching of a new vessel on the Sea of Letters. And in the one case, as in the other, the law of custom not unreason-

ably demands that the new craft shall at once hoist her colors; shall state what service she belongs to, her name, and the nature of her cargo; say whence she is, and whither bound; give the name of her captain and any other particulars that may tend to satisfy the public as to her character, capacity, and object.

In our own case, therefore, it is but due to this time-honored custom, to the Catholic public, and to ourselves, that we should state plainly, at this our outset, who and what we are, what are our purposes and projects, and the mission which we feel ourselves called upon to accomplish.

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE is published by the Members of the Liverpool Catholic Institute. They have long wished to possess a medium of intercommunication, and this is an attempt to establish one. They felt this want, because they form a numerous body, and have many occupations, studies, pursuits, and amusements in common; while beyond an occasional or chance meeting in the Hall, the Library, or the Garden of the Institute, they have hitherto enjoyed no means of exchanging an idea, or of so much as giving notice of an intended lecture or debate. The difficulty was of constant recurrence; it beset them at every step. At last, as a means of encountering it, the Members of the Institute inaugurated a magazine; but, alas! it was of the most meagre pretensions. THE ORATORIAN appeared monthly; like the manuscripts of old, it was laboriously copied by hand, and its single impression could enjoy no more extended circulation than that secured by its lying a month on the Library table for the inspection of the curious. Like the philosophical toy constructed to roll up an inclined plane, it constantly reacted against itself; for the multiplication of labor in producing copy deterred its scribes from using more than a tithe of the matter, that lay ready for insertion. And so THE ORATORIAN collapsed—*mole ruit sua*.

But it was felt that the want of an organ did not affect the Institute only; it was evident that the Catholic public of Liverpool required a representative in the press as well. Here we have a body, confessedly numerous, intelligent, affluent, and energetic. They support a score of Churches; they require the ministration of about fifty priests; they have a College, an Institute, a splendid array of Poor Schools, several Convents, many Young Men's Societies, Guilds, and Friendly Associations; they require organization within, to protect their interests against aggression from without; and yet they have never an exponent of their views, no champion of their sacred rights, not a voice to raise in behalf of their poor; nay, not so much as a single journal in which they are sure of having even a Catholic advertisement inserted.

There is much to be said on the general question of periodical literature, and whether it ought at once to address itself to the level of its readers, or whether it should rather strive to elevate the classes to a higher level of its own; but in this introductory address, our limits as well as good taste forefend us from entering on this question; we reserve to ourselves the right of returning to it on a future occasion. But, we conceive, that the circumstances of the Liverpool Catholics, as above stated, loudly call for something to be done in the way of establishing an organ.

Thus then stood the case. Here was the Catholic Institute of Liverpool, with its Oratorian services, Confraternities, its Company of St. Philip; its three priests; its body of twelve professors; its High school, Middle school, and Night school; its weekly Lectures, its Reading Room, News Room, and Library; its Literary Society; its Philomathic Society; its two Bands; its Gymnasium; and above all its serried phalanx of young men, who make its halls their pleasure, their home, and their safeguard; and could not these with the faithful and true Catholics of Liverpool to back them, hope for some success in attempting to found a solitary, unpretending journal? Full of confidence, they have determined to make the trial; and the present number of THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE is the first step in the work. Of course, if our little periodical is to last, we must look for support beyond our own immediate circle, and we trust we shall succeed in providing such a table of contents each month, as may render us deserving of public countenance and patronage. Lancashire possesses many Guilds and Young Men's Societies, and among these we hope to find friends and sup-

porters. We can scarcely aspire to do much for Catholicity, but what little we can do, shall be cheerfully and cordially done—

"Smallest help if rightly given,
Will make the impulse stronger."

As to our principles, this epitomizes all; Religion first; Literature next. In Religion we are purely, unhesitatingly, and essentially Roman Catholic, and (this to prevent misconceptions) *ultramontane* in the broadest sense of the word; and therefore, they who consider such views as *illiberal*, had better throw us aside in disgust at once. As to Literature, we shall do what we can to instruct, please, and improve. We have secured the services of many able writers; but, as one of our proposed objects is, to bring out and develop the talent of the young men connected with the Institute, it is only to be expected that we shall have our shortcomings; and if we fail occasionally to reach a certain standard, we trust this explanation will be kindly borne in mind. Still we shall constantly endeavor to make our columns worthy of perusal by young and old.

Each number will contain *two Leading Articles*; one on general literature; the other, addressed more particularly to young men and their peculiar circumstances. *Reviews* of new and standard books will form a most important feature of our pages. In no way can a correct taste be formed, errors combated, theories propounded, or doctrines defended more agreeably to the reader, or less ostentatiously on the part of the writer, than while criticising literary productions. And with simple truth we can affirm, that in this department we have been so happy as to secure the valuable aid of some, whose education, aid, experience, and refined taste render their judgment in the highest degree valuable and reliable. A constant eye will be kept on Catholic and general literature, and every publication of mark shall appear at our tribunal, and shall there be "well and truly tried." Newspaper criticisms are often notoriously considered as a joke by sub-editors and the hangers-on of the press, and not unfrequently, works are severely handled of which the Reviewer has seen no more than the title-page or the index. Like the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, "it may be sport to them," but it is not so to their readers. The public in general distrust their own judgment as to books, and look to their paper or their review for a real appreciation of them. If a book be praised by a reviewer, they buy it; if condemned, they pass it over. And since this is the case, the opinions of these wilfully blind

guides are sometimes mischievous, generally useless, and always unworthy of trust. We purpose to "reform this altogether." Our critiques must be necessarily brief, but we believe it will be generally found, that a correct estimate of the calibre of each book may be drawn from our remarks. *Fiction* will find a place in our pages; for the imagination wants feeding as well as the reasoning faculties. But romantic maidens will do well not to look for the namby-pamby within our wrapper, and sentimental young men are at once respectfully informed that we have *not* made arrangements for the publication of a series of tales of thrilling horror.

Poetry shall have a niche, but they must be such numbers as "Gods, men, and the columns permit." Moore calls poets, a "sensitive race," while Horace (the Tom Moore of the Augustan era) more mercilessly dubs them the "*genus irritabile vatum*." But, be they *sensitive* or be they *irritable*, we pray their kind forbearance, and we warn them, that our waste-paper basket yawns wide as Avernus, while our shears (Rogers's) are as inexorable as those of Clotho.

Reports will be given of the weekly Lectures delivered in our Institute. One Lecture will be generally inserted at length, as we this time give Rev. Canon Oakeley's; while a fair summary of the others will appear; so that those who cannot attend personally, may participate in the advantages provided so kindly by the Principals of the Institute.

Any letters bearing upon Religion, Letters, Young Men's Societies, Science, &c., shall appear either substantially or at length. The progress of Religion shall be chronicled in the shape of a monthly digest of Catholic intelligence. Occasional papers on various subjects connected with Music, the Arts, the Sciences, and the Belles Lettres in general shall appear. We have also arranged for a series of papers on Modern English History; that is to say, the events of the last fifty years—the latter part of which is too recent to have found its way into the pages of recognised histories, and yet too remote for the memory of the young, among whom as a class we shall strive to enrol a cohort of regular readers and supporters.

With regard to the size, price, appearance, type, and general aspect of our Magazine, nothing needs to be said, as the present number speaks for itself. There are always difficulties in originating a work of this sort: and we would beg our kind friends to grant us an indulgent inspection of our few first numbers, during which, we shall endeavor to merit

general support; for of course without these, our own unaided efforts would necessarily fail; while a moderate degree of countenance from without would urge us on in our career, lighten our labor, and reward our efforts to please.

ON POLITENESS.



HE subject of Politeness is both a curious and important one. There are indeed abundance of rules about it, but a view or theory of it is not commonly met with in writers on this topic. To gain clear notions of a thing, it is generally of great use to observe the origin and derivation of the word which expresses it, a method we shall adopt in the present case. The word politeness, then, is derived from the Latin word *polio*, to polish. It signifies the demeanor of a *polished* person. Now "polished" is a metaphorical term, and is applied to things connected with the mind, such as gesture and manners, though originally it means the smoothness and equality of a surface from which all roughness has been removed, till the finger can glide pleasantly over it, without meeting with the slightest resistance to disturb the evenness of the touch. Instances of it, as one knows, are supplied by metals, by glass, by wood, by marble, and other materials, which either possess by nature or may receive by man's art, the quality that has been described.

Another point may be particularly noticed in the original signification of this word, and that is, that it applies only to the *exterior* of objects. Break the marble or the gnarled root of the oak which has received so elaborate a finish, and you discern that the interior is all rough and hard. It is true there are substances, such as glass and other crystalline objects, which, whether divided evenly or broken, exhibit in the surface of each particle you produce smoothness equal, or nearly so, to what existed in the whole. But the idea of "polish" or "smoothness" applies, nevertheless, only to the surface. Hence, also, the idea of "politeness" applies only to exterior, and if a man conforms to certain rules of demeanor, of external conduct, we call him a polite man, from whatever internal principle that demeanor proceeds. We will show this by some examples.

In Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar we read the following anecdotes:—

"Of his (Julius Cæsar's) indifference with respect to diet, we have the following remarkable proof: happening to sup with Valerius Leo, a friend of his, at Milan, sweet ointment had been poured upon the asparagus instead of oil. Cæsar ate of it, notwithstanding, and afterwards rebuked his friends for having expressed their dislike of it. 'It was enough,' he said, 'to forbear eating, if it was disagreeable to you. He who finds fault with any rusticity is himself a rustic.' One day, as he was upon an excursion, a violent storm forced him to seek shelter in a poor man's hut, where there was only one room, and that scarcely big enough for a man to sleep in. Turning, therefore, to his friends, he said, 'Honors for the great and comforts for the infirm;' and immediately gave up the room to the officers, while he himself and the rest of the company slept under a shed at the door."—Langhorne's *Plutarch*, by Wrangham, vol. v, p. 310.

In that old romance, the *Life and Death of King Arthur*, which gives the most complete picture extant of the manners of chivalry, upon which the modern idea of "gentlemanliness" is founded, we find a character called Sir Beaumains, who, on some occasion, is entrusted with the care of escorting a lady through some perilous roads. The lady amuses herself with heaping all sorts of insults on her knightly guide, calls him names, and racks her invention to say things likely to put him in a rage. However, all the lady says is received by the knight with the most perfect calmness and gentleness. After a long time, when she is thoroughly convinced she cannot provoke him so far as to forget the courtesy a knight ought to show, she exclaims: "Forgive me, Sir Knight, I am sure that such courtesy as yours never came but of noble blood and chivalrous courage."

Turning from the field of paganism and chivalry to that of Catholicity, we have only to open any saint's life for splendid examples of the politeness we would contrast with that of the world. The life of St. Francis de Sales, in particular, abounds with cases in point. Take the following: St. Francis de Sales's great friend and biographer, Bishop Camus, one day remonstrated with him for allowing a great deal of his time to be taken up with hearing the stories of people of a very moderate rank in life, who used to come and consult him about their family affairs. "The little matters you speak of," replied the saint, (we quote the anecdote from memory,) "are great to them. Why, then, should I not hear what they have to say, if I can be of any use to them?"

Now, of these three examples of politeness, all, we think, agree as to the exterior. If we

merely remarked that an individual Cæsar, of whom we knew nothing else, patiently partook of ill-dressed food, or slept under a shed to allow his friend in delicate health the use of the apartment; or, that another, like Sir Beaumains, quietly put up with a great deal of provocation and impertinence; or that a third, like St. Francis de Sales, obligingly listened to tedious conversations, we should say that they all alike showed *politeness*, one not more than another as regards the world, because politeness has to do with external manners, and consists in acting in such a way as to put people at their ease, to avoid anything that may in the least degree jar with their feelings, any little roughness or unevenness, that, like jags or inequalities on a surface, interfere with smoothness and polish.

But the principles from which these three instances of politeness proceeded, are as wide as the poles asunder. We see from Cæsar's own observations, that he acted as he did, not so much from an idea of what was due to others as what was due to himself. It was for "rustics" to complain of "rusticity." He was too elevated, in his own opinion, above the rest of mankind, to notice the deficiencies of their conduct or manners. And even where he gives up the cottage to this friend, he still, whilst conceding to him the privilege of weakness, reserves to himself the superior dignity, not so much of yielding, as of despising the indulgence he waives in his favor. "Honors for the great." Cæsar is great, he therefore can dispense with what inferior minds cannot do without.

So too, Sir Beaumains, in courteously passing over the impertinence of the lady, did so, not so much from consideration for her feelings, as from a regard of what conduct befitted himself, being either a man of noble descent, or desirous of acting as men of noble descent might be expected to do.

But St. Francis de Sales, in enduring the tiresome conversation of the worthy people who sought his advice, did not think of himself, or what was due to himself, but thought only of them and of the good he could do to them. "These little matters were great to them." He dismissed himself entirely from consideration, and thought only of his neighbor. His politeness, while externally the same with that of the others, arose from a totally different source, and was as distinct from them as the sufferings the miser goes through in order to save his money, are from the mortifications of the saint.

The idea most prominent, with reference to politeness, in the mind of the pagans, of the ancient Greeks and Romans, would seem to have been that of freedom, as contrasted with slavery; the appellation both of them gave to what we would call a gentleman being derived from a word signifying "free." And we find continual allusions in the classics to the mean, vulgar, and insolent bearing of slaves as affording a caricature of the conduct gentlemen ought to avoid. But it is evident, whilst this notion of freedom might impart a kind of dignity to the manners, it would as often result in a demeanor the reverse of polite, a pride and haughtiness that would by no means exhibit a due regard to the feelings of others or put them at their ease with you.

In like manner, the derivation of the word "gentleman," helps us to the notions current as to politeness among the knights of old, and which we have already hinted at. The word is derived from *gentilis homo*, in French *gentil homme*, and means simply in its original acceptation "a man of family." It is evident that if this were made the principle of politeness, it would frequently so far fail of putting those with whom you converse perfectly at their ease, that they might often be hurt by the assumption of superiority, which a man could not but show who regulated all his demeanor by a notion of what manners were suitable to a person of noble descent. We are not denying that the manners of a "gentleman" having been greatly colored by the higher ideas of Christianity, are far superior to the pagan politeness we have described; nor again that, taking the word in its popular sense, everybody ought "to behave like a gentleman." We are only contrasting the chivalrous idea of politeness with that of the Christian.

The Christian and Catholic idea of politeness springs from a double source—the conviction of your own unworthiness, and the reverence due to others, as the creatures of God and images of Christ.

A celebrated English writer has said that, the great principles of all politeness, and upon which all the rules of society and etiquette depend is—*never to give the preference to yourself*. A moment's reflection shows what a great deal of truth there is in this. Whoever interrupts another whilst speaking, whoever talks too long, whoever uses any gesture disagreeable to others in any way, gives the preference to himself, and shows that he does not think them of importance enough for him to sacrifice any trifling indulgence to avoid giving

them a trifling annoyance. You may see the same principle exemplified in a Catholic procession. The humblest in rank come first. The acolytes lead the way, then come the subdeacons, then the deacons, and the priest, though highest in rank, closes the procession, not giving the preference to himself. Whereas, as any one knows, in society, it is the person highest in rank who leaves the room first, and the rest in order of their rank. One of the rules in a Roman triumph affords a singular illustration of the difference between Catholic and pagan principles of politeness. The victorious general "gave a magnificent entertainment in the capitol to his friends and the chief men of the city. The consuls were invited, but were afterwards desired not to come, *that there might be no one at the feast superior to the triumphant general*."—Adam's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 327, ed. Boyd.

What we have stated as the two-fold source of Christian politeness will invariably secure the observance of the principle, "never to give the preference to oneself," which nothing else could. For, whoever keeps before him the belief that he is utterly unworthy, and that others, as creatures of God, are perhaps resplendent now, or will be resplendent hereafter, with graces far beyond his own, will certainly always treat them with the utmost consideration, and will never put himself forward, or do anything which, however remotely, might show that he thinks more of himself than he does of others.

Lectures.—Amusements.

[AUTUMN SESSION.]

NOTHING is more desirable than that Catholics should know each other personally—they should have mutual feelings of kindness, and should be brought into frequent contact with each other. But, in addition to this, our younger members require relaxation and amusement after prolonged hours of labor; while the up-grown want relief from the "cares of life," against which a Great Master has warned us. These considerations combined have weighed with the Rev. J. Nugent, the President of the Institute, to provide, during the winter months of each year, a series of intellectual amusements in the shape of Lectures, Concerts, and such like; and during the last five years, many an agreeable evening have the Catholics of Liverpool enjoyed at these interesting reunions. As the long nights are upon us again, their recurrence has called for the opening of another ses-

sion, and, accordingly, arrangements have been made for a series of instructive amusements on the Monday Evenings during the Autumn and Winter Quarters. These will consist of Lectures, Concerts, Dramatic Readings, Debates, Scenic Representations, &c. An unbroken series of lectures might have been provided; but it was wisely judged, that variety would be more pleasing, and, at the same time, would serve the same purposes of usefulness.

The Session opened on Monday Evening, August 27; on which occasion the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley delivered an elaborate and eloquent lecture on "The last ten years of the Church in England." Through his courtesy, we have it in our own power, to give this valuable disquisition in full, and we are assured, that its tone, arguments, and style, will alike please and edify our readers.

THE LAST TEN YEARS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The last ten years of the Catholic Church in England will form an important era in her future history. At no time, indeed, since she was despoiled of her ancient and appropriate splendor, as the teacher and guardian of the truth in this land, have her sacred annals been without their features of surpassing interest; for that which is the most glorious spectacle to the angels should be likewise the most attractive object to the "men of good will," the sight of a Church trampled under foot of her enemies, but, through evil, as through good report, in patience, and in obscurity, maintaining her tranquil and unflinching witness for God and His Truth. And such has been at every period of her adversity the unchanging characteristic of our Lord's "little flock" in this portion of His fold. There has never been the time since the calamitous changes of the sixteenth century, when the light of missionary zeal, or the power of self-denying heroism have been wanting to the Church in England. But the even tenor of the missionary's, the student's, or the novice's career, presents but little on which the historian or the biographer can expatiate with effect. Our time of fierce persecution has its record in Bishop Challoner's admirable lives of our martyr missionaries, and the political fortunes of the Catholic community in England may be collected from the literature of the time. But it would seem as if the materials of a history, properly so called, of the English Church, were only of late beginning to disclose themselves. It is especially within the last ten years, that the Church has here put forth external and tangible signs of her vital activity; that she has displayed the visible fruits of her

long noviciate; that she has made herself felt and hated in this nation, as an engine of power, and an instrument of social influence which it has been the policy of statesmen of the one class to crush, and of the other to cajole. To review briefly the causes, and to analyze the character of this fact, as well as to ascertain the duties which the actual state of the Church in England appear to impose upon us her loyal subjects and loving children, shall be the object of the following essay.

In estimating the obvious revival of Catholic life which the last ten years have witnessed, the impartial historian of the Church in England will not fail to observe this significant and most encouraging fact, that this vital growth has been purely and *exclusively of a religious character*. Of its actual extent and importance he may take a more sanguine, or a more desponding view; he may dwell, according to the difference of his disposition, upon its features of promise, or upon its points of deficiency; but of one thing he can hardly doubt, that be it greater or less, deeper or more superficial, fuller of hope, or more suggestive of anxiety, at any rate the amelioration has been brought about in remarkable independence of worldly agencies, and bears upon its front the fewest possible traces of a merely secular character. The victory of Catholic Emancipation had been gained (whether for good or evil), at a considerably earlier period; and Catholics, released from the burden of a contest, which, whatever the importance of its proposed object, was in its conduct and progress, not a little perilous to their distinctive principles, were left free to prosecute their proper objects with simplicity of intention. Any one who compares the public expressions of Catholic feeling, which were called forth by the popular outcry on the introduction of the Hierarchy in 1850, with the discussions on what was called "The Catholic Question" about a quarter of a century before, will be struck, if I mistake not, with the far higher and more religious tone of the latter of these two demonstrations. On both occasions there was the same kind of inducement to pare down the great religious and moral verities of the Church to the level of Protestant apprehension. I am far from saying that, even in the latter instance, this temptation was always successfully resisted. But I remember feeling that, on the whole, the difference was perceptibly in favor of the latter, as compared with the former line of defence. It is impossible not to believe that the improvement was due to that correct

estimate of our character and privileges, which had gradually and unconsciously, but surely and effectually, grown up in the interval.

Without disparagement of the moral and religious excellence which has always prevailed in the English Catholic community, whether lay or clerical, you will, I think, agree with me, that its tendency (as a body) till within the last few years, was towards a depreciation of its own corporate character and ecclesiastical position. The very phrase "Catholic body" accurately as it expresses the actual state of our community in one point of view overlooks the fact, that this community, how limited soever in numbers, how unimportant soever in social position and influence, is the national expression of the Universal Church, the sole inheritor of Gospel Truth, the one representative of apostolic power, the divinely constituted channel of sacramental grace, and the divinely authenticated deliverer and interpreter of the Moral Law of God in this our country. When this view of our prerogative is not habitually kept before the mind, incorporated into our thoughts, and implied in our customary modes of speech, the consequence must of necessity be, that the less instructed portion of our own community will grow into the belief, that English Catholicism is but one (though the best) of many forms of religion existing in this country; and thus Protestants, who are ever on the watch for our inadvertent admissions, will not unnaturally interpret our mistaken humility as a virtual cession of their claims of ecclesiastical ascendancy, which our theologians assert, and which our martyrs have vindicated for the Catholic Church. I am not insensible to the value, or at least to the urgency, of the motives which prompt even zealous and intelligent Catholics to waive the assertion of their full claims in arduous times or before unsympathizing auditories. I am no advocate of indiscreet zeal or ostentatious pretensions, yet I think, my friends, you will feel, as I do, that modes of expression which wrap up the prerogatives of our Holy Faith in mere conciliatory and extenuating phrases are apt to familiarise our people to a dangerous extent, with notions of the character and office of the Church, which, however unhappily true in this unfortunate country, are never for an instant to be acquiesced in, as descriptive of her normal condition and rightful place.

It is obvious that the two main correctives of this great mistake are to be found in the habit of regarding the English Catholic community—1st, as the lineal descendant of the

ancient Church of England and 2ndly, as the sister of the continental churches, and the daughter of the apostolic see. The first of these relations separates her completely and for ever from those sects of later growth and human origin, whether enthroned by the favor of the world in the seat of national establishments, or left to struggle on in unendowed obscurity, which cover the face of this land, symbolizing the liberty of human opinion where exempt from the sovereignty of Revealed Truth. And here we cannot but recognize the especial advantage which the Catholic community of England has derived from comprehending within its limits the members of so many ancient families, who are the visible links of the connexion between it and the Church of former days. It was doubtless in the way of that providential government which converts the very weaknesses of men into occasions of strength to the Church, that the very pride of ancestry has been made in this country to minister to the exaltation of Truth; and the blood-red cross, or the meek fleur-de-lis which adorns the escutcheon of many an ancient house, whether Catholic or Protestant, have told their tale with a force outweighing argument of the oneness of our English Catholics of this day with those who fought in ancient times under the banner of the Crucified, or the invocation of His Virgin Mother. And it was no doubt a like instance of providential care, that, in parts of England (as, if I mistake not, in this or the adjoining county) sacred spots are shown, in which the true worship of God has been continued without intermission, even through the shock which desolated the rest of this land.

In the parochial churches, and above all, in the magnificent cathedrals, every principal city of England has its standing witness against the religion by which Catholicism has been supplanted. The most prejudiced have been forced to feel that the glorious minsters of York or Durham were formed for other uses than those to which they are actually desecrated. The spacious sanctuary and the long-drawn aisle, which find their only true correlatives in the august Sacrifice or the devout procession, are now regarded by the artful politician as mere national monuments, or examples of waste, or obstacles to improvement. But the Catholic can point to them at once as tokens and as protests;—as tokens of the antiquity of his holy faith; as protests against the infidel spirit of the age, which, while it could brook the expenditure of millions on the

pagoda-palace of Brighton, can mourn over the outlay which gives back His own to the King of kings. It cannot, I think, be questioned that, in enumerating the different causes which in our own time have contributed to juster ideas of our religion, we must assign a certain place to the revived taste for ecclesiastical architecture. I am no advocate of expensive churches in our actual circumstances. But there can be no doubt that the study of ecclesiastical art in those unapproachable models, the ancient cathedrals and churches of England, has helped, with other and more powerful causes to foster an interest in the religion which is their only proper counterpart.

Yet more important towards a truer estimate of our privileges, has been that increased sympathy with the continental churches, and those restored and active relations with Rome which have sprung up to so remarkable an extent during the few last years. It is but an accident of the Church, that she has her dwelling-place in this or that country; but, that she is actually of many countries, and by claim and constitution of all, this belongs to her essence as the true Bride of our Lord. Accordingly, though certain ideas of her nationality may, in the particular instance of England, have been overruled towards a truer and juster view of her character, yet these ideas would have tended to replace one false notion by another, had they not met with a providential counteraction in an increased sense of sympathy with the churches of other nations, and of dependence upon Rome as the common centre of all. And this advantage has very remarkably come about during the years which are now under review. The first of these (as I may call them) denationalizing causes has been found in the increased intercourse with the continent which began with the peace of 1815, and has rapidly increased with the ever increasing facilities of locomotion. We are every day losing more and more our insular peculiarities; and, along with the rest, I hope that our religious antipathies and exclusiveness are departing also. It would be easy to shew in how many ways this active intercourse with the Continent is helping to disabuse the minds even of our Protestant neighbors of their ancient and hereditary prejudices. They have learned by actual experience what their forefathers knew but from books and hearsay; that the Catholic is the religion of France, of Italy, of Austria, and of the Peninsula; and that even in those parts of Germany where it shares the ground as among ourselves, with

the Protestant heresy, it is not, as here, condemned and insulted, but, on the contrary, uninjured and respected. They have learned much more. They have proved that in these countries, say what politicians may, the Catholic religion has a hold upon the affections of the people, which the English establishment with all its wealth and political and social influence vainly attempts to acquire. This is at any rate a palpable fact; and the old thread-bare theories of popular delusion and priestly domination are not sufficient in the judgment, even of sensible men in the world, to explain it. Let the inquirer look at France, for example. There we behold a country where every man may be a Protestant for anything which the world says to the contrary; nor can any one pretend with the slightest plausibility that the French people are unintelligent or uneducated. Yet in France it is the people themselves who are daily outgrowing, by the force of their improved intelligence, the follies of infidelity and atheism. The Church of France is advancing with rapid strides to an ascendancy of power, not purchased by compromise, or fortified by penal enactments, but willingly accorded to her by the voice of the most enlightened and accomplished of European nations. Or it may be that our inquirer had read or dreamed of lazy monks and unhappy ladies immured in convents against their will; and one of his earliest encounters after crossing the channel is with the Sister of Charity on her mission to the Crimea; cheerfulness in her deportment, and benevolence in her eye; creating wherever she moves, an atmosphere around her, of joyful sympathy and reverential respect. Or he visits perchance the school of some Catholic brotherhood, and there again is this much calumniated religion, the enemy of light, of education, and of social progress, aiding by its energetic presence, and sanctifying with its gracious benediction, the cultivation of the intellect and the diffusion of knowledge. Or perhaps he is fortunate enough to be directed to an obscure quarter of the gayest of European capitals, where a lady of ducal rank, once the admired and courted of the highest circles of society, having exchanged, in the bloom of youth, the gay attire of the world for the meek habit of religion, has for some quarter of a century devoted herself in company with her sisterhood to the training of children from the cradle to the adult school, interrupting her chosen work but once, and that was, when, in a revolutionary tumult, she saved, at the immi-

ment risk of her own life, that of a fellow-creature who was about to fall a victim to the will of an infuriated populace.* Or our traveller goes to Rome, where, if anywhere, he looks to find the raw material of Popery, and, of course, in the Pope himself, the concentrated essence of its abominations, and the visible impersonation of its horrors; but in place of that hideous figure, with eyes of flame flashing from beneath the triple crown, which symbolises John Bull's ideal of the "Man of sin," he sees a meek old man, though "every inch a king," of gracious look and patriarchal mein, whose hand is never upraised but in prayer and benediction; whose smile, so diffused, yet so personal, is shared by all, as if it were the property of each. Such have been the contributions of the steam-boat and the rail-road. But to Catholics, there is little in all this which was new; yet even to them the improved intercourse with the Continent has been productive of many benefits. It has enlarged their ideas, amplified their experience, renewed their vigor by the influences of example and comparison, and given them that innocent pride, so to speak, in their Church, which is but another form of gratitude, and a chief motive to personal humility. So true is it, that even those great social improvements which are often undertaken in a worldly spirit, and in subservience to worldly ends, are, in fact, tending to no effect more surely than to the exaltation of the Church and the better understanding of her character. And thus, too, the Church is brought into tune (as I may say) with the spirit of the age, which is really helping on her work, while seeming to thwart it. Poor deluded sons of earth! Statesmen, legislators, men of trade and commerce, your clever inventions, your great discoveries, your politic manoeuvres—all are doing our work. Your acts do more to aid our cause than your words to injure it. The ship which speeds your cargoes to the friendly port, conveys our missionaries to the land of the savage, or our religious to the bedside of the sufferer. The wires of the telegraph, which circulate throughout Europe, with the velocity of light, the tidings of a victory or the words of a sovereign, also bear through the realms of the Church the announcement of Mary's accomplished glories.†

* The Crèche, or Child's Training Institution at Paris.

† The Definition of the Immaculate Conception was known by a telegraphic despatch, at Paris, within a short time of its utterance.

The iron road, which speeds the delegates of empires to the seat of a congress, bears a theologian to a conference, or a councillor to a synod.

But, to these causes of our Catholic progress, which are independent of the Church, and often in their intention, at least, opposed to her, we must add others in which she has borne a conspicuous part. You will readily anticipate, that among these I shall assign the very foremost place to the influence of Cardinal Wiseman. Highly as the services of that eminent person are estimated even at present, it will remain for the future historian to trace their real influence, and dwell on their actual amount. That one so singularly qualified by the versatility of his genius and the variety of gifts, to blend into harmonious and effective union, the national with the Catholic elements of strength, which he found ready to his hand, should have been raised up in our times, permitted to labor in our country, and preserved to consolidate our Church; this is surely a signal token of the Divine Mercy towards us, and a remarkable instance of that wisdom which has, in all ages of the Church, found the proper instrument for the needful work. Whether or not I am correct in imagining that the defect under which our Catholicism has labored (and in a measure, still labors), is that of a certain pusillanimity—the quality of character which the great moral philosopher of heathen antiquity defines as that of men who, "being worthy of great things, undervalue their claims,"* of this, my brethren you must be far better judges than I, whose acquaintance with the subject is of so much more recent origin. But I take upon myself with unhesitating confidence to say, that if there be one aim more apparent than another, in the writings, the discourses, and the acts of Cardinal Wiseman, it is that of *deepening the English Catholic mind in the spirit of* (what I may call) *true ecclesiastical magnanimity*, or, in other words, that due appreciation of our claims which is the main-spring of all vigorous action. Consider, if facts do not bear me out. What was the object of the Moorfields Lectures, by which the Cardinal, then but a young man, was first made known to the literary world in Catholic England, but to impress upon his hearers the greatness of the Catholic Church?—of his Roman Lectures on the Holy Week, but to

* "The little-minded man is one, who, albeit worthy of great things, defrauds himself of his due."—Aristotle, *Ethics*, B. iv, c. 3.

illustrate her power of giving effect to the great mystery of the Gospel?—of his articles in the *Dublin Review*, but to dispel the pretensions of that usurper which a profligate monarch set up on the throne of the ancient and legitimate Church of England; or, to contrast with the meagreness of the ritual and the poverty of the devotional resources of the imported religion, the majesty of Catholic worship, the richness and copiousness of Catholic devotions? Or what, again, has been the purport of every public act of his eventful episcopate, and especially of that which has been its most characteristic act, the introduction of the Hierarchy, but to invest the Church in England with attributes of a settled polity, and to make her, as far as possible, in outside appearance, what she had ever been in reality, the lineal descendant of the Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury, linked together with the great Churches of the continent by the assimilation of rank and privilege, and with the Apostolic See, by deriving from it the form of her constitution, as she had first owed to the same source the tradition of her Faith.

Shall I be forgiven if I allude, in immediate connexion with the last topic, to the conversions from Protestantism, which date from about the period I have fixed as the beginning of our new era? I shall advert to them simply as a fact in history. If, as I have supposed, a new and less elevating tradition were indeed growing up in the English Catholic community in the place of that which is derived from antiquity and preserved through the Reformation; a tradition founded rather upon its actual state of depression than its hereditary glories—the accession of new subjects attracted to the Church solely by her imperial claims, in happy experience of her accidental drawbacks in this country, investing her in their imaginations with her true, in the place of any apparent and temporary, attributes, with chivalrous affection rushing towards her as the realization of their fondest dreams, and the living counterpart of their most glowing and exalted theories, may surely have been another providential method of invigorating our languid and almost sapless Vine. There is, again, another point of view in which I am prone to regard the conversions as an evidence (to such as need evidence) of the Church's vitality. What a trial have these conversions been of her strength, what a tax upon her elasticity! Imagine—if only you can imagine anything so preposterous—

imagine, I say, some sect among those which swarm around us suddenly receiving within its fragile boundaries some hundreds of educated men, gathered from many places, and differing in every conceivable point of comparison—the young, with their impetuosities; the middle-aged, with their crotchets; the elderly, with their failing capacities of enthusiasm and powers of accommodation to new circumstances; add to this complication of difficulties such further obstacles as must have been created by differences of education, profession, local association and the like, and what, think you, would have been the result? I will tell you. It would have been like casting a bomb-shell into a powder magazine! The whole air would have been filled with the fragments of the dis severed mass. The whole neighborhood strewn with the *débris* of the exploded fabric. The sect would have been shivered to atoms, and the ground covered with the victims of the experiment. See, on the contrary, the calm majesty with which the Catholic Church has comported herself under this great emergency. That which was her Lord's desire, has been her assured privilege. She has gathered her new children beneath her wing as the hen gathers the brood of a stranger parent, and made them her own. Nor has she merely received them; with plastic hand she has formed them (when they would be formed) upon her own model. She has tamed their stubborn wills, concentrated their erring affections, harmonized, united, and directed their various dispositions and their diversified gifts. Can I soon or easily forget the vague anticipations of disquietude which filled my own breast, when this very time ten years I stood on the verge of the Catholic Church, and it looked rather like some yawning chasm, with its features dim and ill-defined, than like a landscape full of beauty and promise. The passage towards it seemed rather like the sudden leap from a precipice into an abyss, than the gradual descent from a mountain to a cheerful valley. How different the reality! What words have I to express the forbearance, the sympathy, and the generous confidence which I have found in the place of the strangeness and the dreariness which, in my blindness, I anticipated.

From the causes, I pass on to the character, of the great Catholic revival. And I repeat, that its character has been religious, not secular or political. This is apparent whithersoever we go. Evils and defects are everywhere; but

they, at any rate, are not greater than they were ten years ago, and everywhere are there means of improvement and the tokens of promise. I come to Liverpool. I see not, but I doubt not, the mass of wickedness with which the Church has here as elsewhere to contend. The priests would tell me, I am sure, of the utter disproportion between the work to be done and the means of doing it; of the people needing instruction to the schools where they are to receive it; of the souls to be saved to the priests who are to save them; and so on in each department of spiritual necessity and spiritual provision. Still, everywhere, as far as I can see, there is the fact, and yet, more, the spirit of improvement. Everywhere are new churches, and where new churches are, there are always new congregations, new schools, in short, new centres of spiritual power. Here, as in other places, the religious orders are co-operating in friendly union with the secular priesthood, and the ancient and more modern religious orders with one another. St. Benedict is helping you with his thirteen centuries of spiritual warfare and his corresponding accumulations of merits; St. Ignatius keeps kindling the unquenchable fire of his chivalrous zeal among you; St. Alphonsus is realizing the missionary life of our Holy Redeemer in the midst of an unbelieving age; St. Philip is renewing his labors of love at your very doors. These, my friends, are encouraging signs, and what is more, they are the pledges, as well as the evidences, of God's love.

On the other hand, we cannot fail to remark, that, not only has the Church received no help from the world during the period in question, but that every attempt which has been made to obtain political concessions in her favor has been followed by disappointment. In spite of Catholic Emancipation, which was expected to do so much for us, all our principal grievances remain unredressed. If anything at all has been wrested from unwilling governments, it has been secured by means of private negotiation, and not by public remonstrance. Still, our crying evils are unmitigated. Prisons, hospitals, work-houses, army, and navy, are still, as they ever have been, centres of persecution, schools of proselytism, in which the vaunted religious liberty of our age and nation is monopolized on the side of a dominant and aggressive establishment. In short, Protestantism has still the keys of influence in its hands. The utmost we have been able to effect, and this but imperfectly, has been to

ward off new encroachments, as in the defeat of the measures for the violation of conventual seclusion; and, if report speak truly, we are indebted for our success here far more to the accident of the French alliance than to the justice of our cause or the influence of our supporters. When the Legislature has moved at all in our regard, it has been in the way of persecution, as in the instance of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act.

Though it is no part of my object to give a political turn to the present lecture, I am obliged to refer to these facts in support of my argument. That they are true in the main, all parties will be disposed to admit, and none, I apprehend, more readily than those who sincerely believe that, in withstanding the advances of our religion, they are doing God service. But my object in making a passing allusion to these circumstances is two-fold:—1st, to show you how much we have been able to effect without, or rather in spite of, human agencies; and, 2ndly, how insignificant has been the real effect of the measures which have been devised against us. That our progress has been of a religious kind, and due either to directly religious causes, or to the providential over-ruling of mere social improvements, I have already endeavoured to show you. A word or two, now, upon the effect of political efforts directed towards our depression. These have been chiefly two: the Titles' Act, and the Derby Proclamation. Now, we cannot fail to observe, that both of these measures affect us only in matters of a purely external kind. I do not, of course, mean that the use of ecclesiastical titles is such, for manifold and serious inconvenience would have arisen, had our bishops been precluded from using, or receiving their proper designations in official instruments. But, such not being the purpose of the act, even according to the comments of its own framers, it has put no material restriction upon the exercise of episcopal liberty. With respect, again, to the proclamation, which merely revived certain dormant clauses of an existing act; it has produced even less visible effect upon the public manifestations of the Church than the prohibition of Titles. It has rendered inconsistent with the law, or rather with the actual application of the law, those exterior displays of religion, which many of our own friends had already regarded as inconsistent with a sound policy; though it is still a question, (which great legal authorities have solved in our favor), whether even its literal con-

struction (and assuredly in the case of a penal enactment, we have no concern with any construction except the literal) precludes more than the use of ecclesiastical *vestments* in out-of-door processions.

But the actual condition of the Church appears to me yet more surprising, when, to the political measures directed against her, we add the many conflicts of a more internal kind, through which the mercy of God has carried her safe during the last ten years. It is difficult to speak by comparison, when, in fact, the Church in England may be said to be as yet in the very infancy of her militant life. But, positively speaking, the waves of adversity seem to have broken over her in singularly rapid succession during the period we are reviewing. Her most illustrious champions, in what seemed to them the direct discharge of duty, have been subjected during that interval, to the annoyance of protracted legal proceedings, though with what result, in the establishment of claims, or the vindication of character, in what other result indeed, than the pecuniary benefit of the lawyers engaged, it seems difficult to pronounce. In the train of these now celebrated suits, and on the tide of the popular demonstration of 1850, have followed other and more ignoble processes, which again we have outlived. What on the whole has been the result? Acts of parliament, proclamations, prosecutions, what have they effected? I will tell you. They have stopped a procession in Tipperary, silenced a bell at Clapham, and, O most marvellous achievement of all! they have compelled the good Passionist Fathers, much against their will, to dress like gentlemen.

Such, briefly, has been the history of the Catholic Church in England, during the last ten years, and such, to speak generally, is its actual position. And now, my friends, bear with me if I conclude with a brief sketch of the duties which appear to me to devolve upon us, and especially upon you, the laity of the middle and higher classes, who form the chief strength of our body; to whose intelligent devotion and active zeal we have so many occasions to appeal in the exercise of our Christian ministry, and so rarely appeal in vain. It is, I am sure, unnecessary for me to add, that nothing is further from my intention than to set myself up as your teacher. In much that I am about to offer to your kind consideration, I feel assured that you will instinctively and at once agree, and when you may see good reason to differ, I know that I shall receive your indul-

gence which is the utmost that I have any right to expect at your hands.

If then, my friends, you have gone along with me in feeling that the danger of our former state of depression consisted chiefly in its tendency to debase and contract our views of our own ecclesiastical footing in this country, you will readily admit that, at all events, we have reason to be constantly on our guard against this liability. It is of the utmost importance that we should not merely acknowledge, but live and act in the conviction of our being Catholics, not merely "Roman Catholics," (if by that prefix it be intended to express not our prerogative but our distinction from others claiming the name,) the members of Christ's true Body which alone represents Him, not by pre-eminence, but by exclusive right, in the midst of the heretical societies which deny our claims and usurp our privileges. To realize this truth is our peculiar duty, as it is also our peculiar difficulty. Our happier brethren of other nations have no temptation to forget it. It is impressed upon them by every object which surrounds them, and incorporated with all their customary modes of thought and speech. They judge things according to the true standard, and call them by their right names. They know of no Church but the Catholic; of no clergy but her priests and ministers; of no Truth but that which was once revealed, and has been preserved inviolate in the custody of the Church. The churches of the land are theirs; the chapels or rather "temples" are with the heretics. They know not of "dissent," a word which implies a right of judgment on matters of revealed Truth. They know but of "heresy," which expresses the act of the perverted will. How different, alas! with us. The wealth and political influence, the current language and popular ideas are here all on the side of error. Error has usurped the chairs of learning, the pulpits of religion, the schools of education, the empire of periodical literature, and public speaking. She is domineering in her claims, and vociferous in her denunciations; and although every step by which the Catholic Church has advanced during the last ten years has been a step in the right direction, yet it is still true in the main, that, although faith is on the side of the Church, sight is enlisted in the cause of heresy and error.

It seems to me, under such circumstances, of great practical importance that we should habituate ourselves to the true view of our position, and, (as far as it can be done without

unnecessary offence) that we should call things by their right names. We must never concede in argument that religious truth can possibly overstep the boundaries assigned to it by God, or that the characteristic privileges of the Church can be shared by those who, whether by fault or misfortune, are external to her pale. Let us rely upon it that to exalt our holy Mother in the presence of the world; to tell out her glories among those who depreciate her; to meditate on the greatness of her privileges and the multitude of her consolations, is the truest wisdom, the truest charity, and let me add, the best of all roads to humility. For who is less likely to think too highly of himself than he who habitually looks up to the Church as the one and only adequate object on earth of his deference, his confidence, and his loyalty.

But you will ask me whether the habit of appreciating the greatness of the Church be not adverse to that tenderness in dealing with those who are external to it, which is peculiarly the duty of Catholics in an heretical country? I answer: by no means. We shall have but poorly mastered the spirit of our holy religion, if aught of arrogance, self-sufficiency, or harshness should come to be the result of joyfully meditating upon our privileges as members of the true and only Church. The circumstances of those around us must ever suggest to the thoughtful Catholic the utmost forbearance, both of judgment and of behavior in all his dealings with them. Who knows but we, had we been placed in their situation, had, with equal blindness, united far greater sin? The favors of God are assuredly pledges of hope and confidence to such as receive them. But are they not also motives to fear? If they be, on the one hand, tokens of predestination, are they not, on the other, aggravations of responsibility? So that, anything like personal vaunting, anything like haughty exclusiveness, anything like the spirit of condescension in dealing with our brethren of the separation, seems to me so utterly at variance with true Catholic charity, that I am almost ashamed of even supposing it necessary, my Christian hearers, to guard you against it.

Of course, this is not saying that I recommend free and indiscriminate intercourse with Protestants, or that, in any intercourse which necessity or charity may require us to maintain with them, we are ever for an instant to forget the *vital differences which separate us*. It seems to me that there ought always to be a "*reason*" for our associating with Protestants

at all. Necessity and charity are comprehensive words; and, I am apt to think, that within their wide limits they include every case of legitimate exception to the rule which makes our brethren, who are of the family of the Faith, the first and chief objects of our sympathy and regard. It is hard to conceive anything which dulls the edge of Catholic zeal and spoils the freshness of Catholic piety more than to associate habitually or unreservedly with those who have nothing in common with us upon subjects of eternal interest.

If there be one subject on which a convert to the Church has more claim to speak than another, it is upon the means by which Catholics are most likely to win strangers to the Faith. And, I speak from experience, when I say, that the very last mode of gaining upon Protestants is to slur over the distinctive features of our own religion. Depend upon it, my friends, that the only Protestants whose good opinion is worth having, will respect us just in proportion as they see us true to our principles. When the Oxford inquirers were making up their minds on the great question of joining the Church, their greatest drawback was found in *the language, and the public acts of Catholics*. They had formed their notions of the Catholic religion upon the authorized teaching of the Church and the Lives of the Saints, and the sorest scandal of all was, to find mere political Catholics, whether in this or other countries, ready to disown their relationship with the Saints, and lowering the characteristic doctrines of their religion to the debased views of an age and a nation, distinguished by nothing so much as by its hatred of the supernatural.

And, therefore, I am apt to think that we Catholics should be very cautious how we enter into controversy with Protestants. I may have been unfortunate, certainly; but I have never yet happened to know of a convert made simply by controversy. I have seen the hopeful, promising inquirer estranged by it, and I have seen the truth compromised in it; but, a conversion, at least, a lasting and genuine one, simply due to controversy, this I have never seen. It is not controversy which wins souls, but *positive teaching, and consistent example*. The best way to gain Protestants, is to begin by edifying our own people.

And this brings me at last to what would appear our great duty at the present time; to labor, each in his own sphere, and according to his own vocation, for the edification of our brethren. This work will differ in the clergy

and the laity. It is only a select portion of the latter class who, in aid of their clergy, will have to labor actively in this cause. The great majority must instruct their brethren by their examples, not in more direct ways. It is, my brethren, by carrying into the world the lessons of the Church and of the school, that you will best promote the extension of your holy and beloved Faith. One bad Catholic does more mischief to the Church than volumes of controversy can counteract. In your Oratorian Institute, and in such like Catholic associations, I see the great hope of that extensive social amelioration at which, as she rises in the scale of national importance, the Church must aim. These are the days pre-eminently not of *show*, but of *work*. To lavish our scanty means upon the exterior of religion, instead of seeking to strengthen it from within; to build fine Churches, when with the cost of them, we might edify the living body of Christ; to enter on the hopeless task of rivalling Protestants in their own department, that of exterior magnificence and display, instead of extending and perfecting that in which our own great strength lies, the conversion and building up of souls to eternity, is a course of proceeding for which insanity seems to me a much better name than imprudence.* It is not thus, my friends, that you will seek to tell upon the world. Through your Institute, the Church will, as I trust, strike her roots deep and wide into the social system of this place. Each one of you, in such measure as you follow out its spirit and intentions, will become a separate centre of influence, diffusing around you the light of moral refinement, intellectual cultivation, and, above all, Christian zeal and fortitude. You will not marvel that the Church should encounter adversity, for it is her element. Your confidence will not fail you if scandals befall her, *for it is necessary*, says our Lord, *that they should come*. Where her enemies read tokens of failure and the argu-ries of dissolution, you will discern only her occasion for the interposition of the power guaranteed in her behalf. The storms which terrify the timid and distract the weak, will but bind you more closely to your home of consolation and the rock of shelter.

"E'en as the child, whom scaring winds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;
So, the rough whirlwind and the torrent's roar
But bind us to our ONE TRUE HOME the more."

* See an excellent article in the *Weekly Register*, of August 11th, headed "Men or Stones?"

The second weekly Lecture was delivered on September 3, by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A. His well-known eloquence and heartiness drew together an immense audience, and repeated and protracted rounds of applause testified to the delight imparted by his glowing periods.

THE CHURCH VIEWED FROM WITHOUT.

The Rev. Lecturer thanked the President for having invited him to lecture in Liverpool; a city in which he knew he had many friends, and where he hoped he had not a single enemy. But, at the same time, he felt the difficulty of his position, in having to fill that chair after the most able lecturers who had preceded him; but he looked for indulgence and courtesy of his auditors in consideration of this being his first appearance in a new character. He also felt that it was a difficult duty to guide young minds, and to instruct them how to achieve real greatness, by serving Truth and God. This had influenced him in selecting his subject; for, though he was not about to treat it in a strictly theological manner, yet, since every thought of ours, every word and action ought to tend to advance the glory of God; so, he would endeavor to show how, indirectly—at work, during the hours of study, in our mutual intercourse, in our bearing towards society, and in our recreations, we might become Missionaries of our Holy Faith.

Having had experience (having once been an alien to the Church) he had a right to call attention to the aspect presented by the Church to those outside her. He was not going to speak of the doctrines of the Church, nor of her great distinguishing marks; but merely of what she was in the world, and what was her influence in society and on minds coming in contact with her. He meant to mention three marks attaching to her; three marks, not vindicating her divine origin, but still of obvious occurrence to the inquirer. First, in the Church, there was the very fact of *her existence*. That was a most important thing, not to be glossed over nor ignored. He remembered that during his residence in Rome, preparations were once made for a visit from the king of Prussia. Of course he was not a Catholic monarch, but nevertheless preparations were made for giving him a right royal reception. Of all the people in the world, the Roman people are the simplest and the most childlike; realising more than any others the precept of Christ commanding us to become as little children. On the occasion he was alluding to, an old Roman—a perfect type of a Roman, thorough-

taught in his religion, but in nothing else—asked about the religion of the Prussian King; "What religion is he? Is he a Christian?" "O yes; but he doesn't believe in the Pope." "*Ma che!*" (a universal expression of surprise in Italy, equivalent to "*Impossible!*") *Ma che!* well, never mind; he'll see the Pope to-day, and then he *must* believe in him!" That he exists is something; but not all: we ought to show his right to be the head of the Church. But still, his very existence at all is a great fact, and that he has subjects in every part of the globe; in empires, under the absolute sway of a single ruler, and in republics, where the feeling is that all men are equal. And all recognise him as the Father and King of all the subjects of our Blessed Lord. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," and that which is in possession of the mind has the first claim, and must hold its place until dispossessed by a stronger. This then is something, that the Church exists everywhere, and has existed everywhere since her foundation. No one can question or ignore her existence. To prove her right to headship is a different matter; but the first portion of the argument is, her existence: and from this it follows that she is either divine altogether, or a gigantic impostor. Her existence forces this enquiry to be solved; and the question must be answered. It might be compared to a magnificent river in a landscape; its silvery windings give a beauty and a tone to the whole scene; and it lends not only picturesqueness, but fertility; so that it is not simply beautiful, but it creates and is the cause of all the beauty that meets the eye. So with the Church; it is the object that everywhere meets the eye in the great landscape of the world. It is a candle; but its light is not hidden under a bushel. It is a city; but it stands on a hill. There is the light, whether men use it or not. The city stands on the hill; men may not travel to it: nay, they may attack and besiege it; but there it is. In every class of society, there is the Church, inviting, terrifying, subduing, but always influencing. It cannot be shaken off. There it is, whether they will or not. Before, behind, in books, in conversation, everywhere is the Church. Let us imagine a man without the Church, working as if she did not exist. Let it be the historian, whose business it is to chronicle, to investigate, to distinguish, to weigh probabilities, and so to write, that the student may gather those lessons which the historian ought to teach. Such is his business; let him proceed to it with the fairest

intentions; the first thing that meets him, is the Church; the second thing that meets him, is the Church; the last thing that meets him, is the Church. Whatever he wishes to chronicle, describe, sift, in all is the Church, teaching and governing all. Pass from the historian to the philosopher; he has to speculate on facts recorded; to discuss principles and to put them so that the world shall see them as he sees them. But the philosopher, with all his theories, must take things as he finds them; he cannot change facts; and as it was with the historian, so it is with the philosopher. At every step he meets the Church; and into every problem he investigates, the Church enters largely. So with the statesman; his business is to make laws, advance civilization, &c.; and when he comes to do his work, he always meets the Catholic Church. He may wish to avoid, to ignore, to destroy it; but he cannot get rid of it. In spite of everything, arms, bribes, insults, still there it is. When he "comes down to the House with his Bill," and his well-prepared measures, that country which is the most Catholic is still "his greatest difficulty." Every statesman may say the same. So with the lawyer, he finds the same. The English statute law which he believes to be the very perfection of human wisdom, is the result of Catholic hearts, swords, and arms. Our boasted Common Law is the very code established by that great Catholic monarch, Alfred the Great, and perfected by a Catholic royal saint. And the never to be forgotten Magna Charta was exacted by a Catholic prelate, leading on the Catholic barons of England in the name of religion. Neither can the warrior ignore the Church. Who is the patron of arms? Saint George, the patron of Christian chivalry throughout the world. What grander or more sublime than the Thundering Legion: what nobler than the Crusades? In peace also, in the arts and sciences, what are they without the Church? In architecture, see what religion has inspired in such buildings as Saint Peter's, at Rome, and our own Cathedrals, lovely even in their ruins. In painting has not religion furnished the loftiest subjects? So much so, that in the Great Exhibition of Dublin, where there was the finest Gallery of Paintings, that ever was collected in modern times; there were so many madonnas, saints, martyrs, and Catholic subjects of every sort, that visitors exclaimed in horror; "Why, it is a popish Mass-house: this is a conspiracy, an aggression, they force Religion on us; we thought popery was dead,

and were watching her tomb. Behold! the stone is rolled back, and she lives!" Look at the traveller also; his case is the same. In France, in Italy, on the Mississippi, on the Amazon, still, the Church. "What are those beads, those cords, those bells, those candles?" All these are because the church is at work. He hears the guns thundering from Sant' Angelo; all the bells of the city are firing salutes at day-break; he cannot sleep; the city is in commotion. He starts from his restless pillow; "What is the matter? Is some king arrived in the city?" "No; it's only the birthday of an apostle!" On one occasion the Lecturer was walking on Monte Pincio; the whole city of Rome had turned out in holiday costume; again there were thundering salvos of artillery; a diapason of joy pealed from all the steeples of the city; bands were playing; the urchins in the street were discharging pop-guns; anything to make a noise. "What is the matter" asked a Protestant clergyman, with a white cravat of the first magnitude: "What ever is up? Is it an outbreak of the secret societies? Or has Charles Albert marched into the city?" "Oh no; it is merely the *Gloria in excelsis* of Holy Saturday." Thus does the existence of the Church force itself upon every one without exception, and all are obliged in spite of themselves to say; "I have seen the Church: I can swear to its existence."

The second mark the Church exhibits to those outside her, is not merely her existence, but a sort of *magnetic attraction*, by which she arrests the attention. Men do not complain of the Methodists, the Mahometans, the Chinese; they laugh and are liberal till they come to us. This is the second thing; we exist and are an ugly fact. All try to explain how the Church gets her attraction: "I want to explain it away, but God hasn't given me the power." In society in general, (and to each man, *society in general* means a small circle in which he is known,) Popery is the subject of conversation at fifteen dinner parties out of twenty. The Lecturer did not remember that in his former experience he was troubled by the Methodists, except by one pertinacious, leather-lunged and shining light, that would persist in singing hymns under his window; Mahometanism had never crossed him, except in a shilling Life of the Prophet, which he once bought at a railway station. In society, in travelling, the Church of England is never mentioned, except by a Puseyite or an odd man here and there. But popery is spoken of everywhere. Not a novel, not a girl, not a boy just about to

begin his travels, but talks about the Church, knows all its doctrines and all its practices. They are all full of it, but they cannot get rid of it. Not only does the Church exist and attract; but a sort of mystery enshrouds and protects it. See how a priest is stared at as he walks through the town. What a commotion if he enter an omnibus. In the Lecturer's own village, the whole population turns out if he walks down the street. They stare after him with distended eyes and suspended breathing; they note his gait and his motions with awe, while perhaps his object in going down town is only to ask Biddy Murphy how she is. A short time ago, his patron was good enough to build a new cottage for him; and when it was complete, according to the good old English custom, he had a "house-warming." His friends were chiefly priests, of course; a few of whom were brought down by the train; but before dessert was over, flaming placards were posted on all the walls of the place, announcing a Bible Meeting. Thus, there is a something in Catholicity that frightens them. We are weak, without arms, and without influence; we are engaged entirely with the future world; but God casts his mantle about us, and his presence terrifies and awes them.

But, besides these influences, she possesses a wonderful power of influencing the minds and charming the hearts of great men. This might be proved within the Church, by recording the great men formed and guided by her; but he was dealing now with those outside her. He needed only to mention such names as Brownson, Hurter, Newman. No minds more philosophical than these anywhere existed. But though they were now with us, what made them so? Why, the power of the Church to engage, to attract, to warm the heart; to attract those to whom God has given greatness. There have been such converts as these in all ages. But this influence is not perceptible in those only who join, but in others who have never come within the pale: take such names as Johnson, Chalmers, and Byron. They never submitted to the Church; but they have all left written records of how the Church always affected them. The case of the last of these is particularly melancholy; he was deeply struck with the beauty of the Church and frequently uttered this feeling in the warmest expressions.

And why do men persecute the Church? Because they must do it, or the Church will advance and beat them down. They know the Church will attract all, unless they excite

malice and persecution against her. We ought therefore, to rejoice, because we know we are of those who have been persecuted from the beginning, and that we have to bear the cross.

In conclusion, he argued that these facts imposed a certain mission upon all who were brought into contact with the outer world, especially upon young men. For everywhere, whether in recreation, home, office, exchange, field, senate, or bar—these facts he had dwelt upon might be developed; not with bigotry, but openly and honestly. Let young men, therefore, perform the duty faithfully of pressing home these points. Here was the work cut out for them; this was their mission; let them do it heartily and with fidelity. They could not preach and administer the sacraments; but still it was in their power to do a very great deal in keeping the light of the Faith clear and brilliant, by preparing the oil and the lamp.

On Monday, September 10th, the third lecture of the session was delivered by R. Ornsby, M.A., Esq., Lecturer in the University of Dublin. The learned gentleman was engaged to deliver a series of three lectures on Self-improvement; a subject to which he was well qualified to do justice, as is clear from the masterly papers on kindred subjects, which have appeared in the *Catholic University Gazette*, and owe their origin to his pen. This lecture was the first of the three, and treated of "*The Art of Self-Improvement, its definition, objects, and instruments.*" The subject of the lecture was rather uninviting to the general public; and we were, therefore, prepared for a less dense audience than at the preceding lectures. Still the Hall was well filled, without being crowded; and the strong feature of interest was, to see such large numbers of young men present. Parasols and corduroys were at a discount; while broad-cloth and note-books were very brisk. We were glad to observe some theatrical celebrities present also; showing that we are known, and resorted to, by those not strictly of our own number. The second and third Lectures of the series were delivered respectively on Wednesday, September 12th, and Monday, 17th. The former treated "*The Art of Self-Improvement developed as a system of Rules;*" and the latter considered "*The Art of Self-Improvement, with reference to Scholastic and University Education.*" The lectures can scarcely be analyzed beyond their title; for they were so methodically put together, and one part was so dovetailed with

another, that a skeleton would be the whole lecture, and an outline would comprise almost every word spoken. We will endeavor, however, in our next impression to give the spirit of Mr. Ornsby's remarks. In general, it may be said of them, that there was no verbiage or oratorical display; they were quiet, solid, didactic, and most useful conversations, and full of hints, observations, distinctions, definitions, and cautions, all of the last importance to young men. At the conclusion of each lecture, the hymn "Saint Philip's Statue," was joyously sung to the heart-stirring air, "The harp that once thro' Tara's Hall."

Never Despair!

"The darkest time of night is just before day-break."—*Old Saying.*

Cease thy complaints, thou child of sorrow!

Heed not what to-day may bring;

Ere the dawn of coming morrow

Sorrow may have lost its sting.

Let the bolts of Heaven roll,

Deepening o'er the distant plain;

Let them roll from pole to pole—

They have come to go again.

From the fierce and angry north,

Round the frowning face of Heaven,

Storms may hurry blackening forth,

By tempestuous winter driven.

Rough may roar the rageful ocean

Through its rocks and caverns deep;

Soon 'twill flow in gentler motion,

Cradled in the arms of sleep.

Suns will rise and moons will wane

Like the glimmering taper's light;

Yet they come and shine again,

Rulers of the day and night.

Mark the blooming rose awhile,

How it turns to sickly hue,

Then assumes a cheerful smile,

Dressed in crystal drops of dew.

On the ivy-mantled wall

I have watched the insect lie,

Weaving its own funeral pall,

Ere it lay it down to die.

But when the dreary winter's gloom
Melts before the beams of spring,
Then it bursts the silken tomb,
Sailing on the colored wing.

Thus, when o'er the human soul
Joyless hours of wintry woe,
And the waves of sorrow roll,
Know that they have come—to go.

Mourn not then, thou child of sorrow,
Heed not what to-day may bring;
Ere the dawn of coming morrow
Sorrow shall have lost its sting.

The Conscript of Monte-Porzio.



LD Monte Catone had been stripped by the autumnal blasts till there was scarcely a leaf left on the acres of oaks and chestnuts that clung to his flanks. Their bare branches struggled, like sinewy athletes, against the southwestern blast, fresh from the headlands of Terracina, that rolled in billows of sound, hoarsely and drearily up its gorges and ravines. Another torrent had dashed through those mountain gullies once—a torrent of fire. For time was (in the days of the ichthyosauri perhaps) when Monte Catone was a volcano; and a mantle of hardened lava, brittle and cindery, is the only apology for soil that covers his sides. Fogs and clouds girdled as well as capped Monte Catone; and, what with the rushing winds, and the driving rain, and the rolling mists, it was a dismal looking night for the shepherds out on Tusculum and Rocca di Papa.

But there were worse doings than the storm in Monte-Porzio. A *vieux moustache*, with a company of dragoons at his heels, had galloped into the Piazza in front of the parish church: they dismounted, and proceeded, without leave asked, to billet themselves in the single *osteria* of the town. The country people had heard of such things, but their eyes had never beheld them. Monte-Porzio is fifteen miles from Rome, among the Alban hills; and one adventurous spirit had actually travelled all that distance away, to dispose of his vintage in the Roman market. Startling were the tidings he

had brought back to his native hamlet. To an awe-stricken circle of listeners, he related how the French armies had conquered the redoubtable soldiery of Rome; the Capitoline Guard had given in; the Civic Guard was disbanded, and had retired to the obscurity and safety of their counters and scales; the Swiss Guard were prisoners to a man; while, worse than all, the Noble Guard had sought safety in flight; for unholy hands had been laid on the Sovereign Pontiff, and Pius the Seventh was a prisoner at *Fontainebleau*. There was actually a new King of Italy, and the Monte-Porzians, so long and so honorably known for their loyalty to the Holy See, were now the subjects of a foreign usurper. But something heavier than this remained behind; something that touched themselves more nearly. It was rumored that the French style of Conscription was to be adopted in the Romagna, for the purpose of raising an Italian army. An Italian army of those days was not organized, in the hope that all the desperadoes and dregs of society would array themselves against religion and order for the sake of foreign *scudi* and *macaroni*; but because it was felt, that, could a legion of the sturdy sons of the Church be organized and tutored to execute their military tactics as a duty, a more trusty and unflinching body of warriors could nowhere be found. And so the news brought by the good vintner was only too true; but it was all so strange that the Monte-Porzians could scarcely bring themselves to believe a word of it; and they fortified themselves in their unbelief, by telling one another of the scantiness of their population, and the seclusion of their village. For Monte-Porzio was almost hidden, like an eagle's nest, in the fastnesses of the Alban Hills. The French *Sergeant* has business with the *Syndic* or *Mayor*; so while the landlord of the *osteria* is conducting him to the mayoral residence, we'll pause in our story for a moment, briefly to describe Monte-Porzio, and the country about it.

We will take our stand in front of *Monsieur Dragone*, a palace of the Farnese family; it stands just below our hamlet, and from its time-worn terrace, all the country round Monte Porzio is visible. Far away to the north Mount Soracte raises his precipitate and snow-clad summit. Midway between Soracte and the observer, the five hundred domes and steeples of Rome vivify the Campagna, like an oasis in the desert. Directly beneath the eye, herds are grazing where once Lake Regillus was crimsoned with Roman and Alban gore, and where the great Twin Brothers fought

so bravely for the seven-hilled city. Tivoli lies to the right, with its hundred associations of the Sibyl's Grotto, the crystal font of Bandusia, the *preceps Anio*, and Horace's Sabine farm; nearer than which, the ruins of the once flourishing town of Colonna tell how vengeance visited him that raised his hand against the Successor of the Fisherman. In the same direction, but far, far away in the dim Apennines, lies Palestrina, towards Subiaco, where the mendicant Saint begged his well-earned way to heaven. Behind, Tusculum's heights intervene between the observer and the site of the Latian Jupiter; Tusculum, whither Cicero's philosophical conversations convoked the most polished and most learned sons of Rome. Those spires to the left rise from the churches of Frascati; and the azure haze in the distance, is the wave of the blue Mediterranean, washing the salt mines of Ostia. One more feature in the landscape, and we are done; that white building is the Camaldolese convent, from which Gregory XVI, of blessed memory, issued to steer the barque of Peter. It is overshadowed by a gigantic cross, reared on the summit of Monte Catone, by the students of the venerable English College, whose country house is the most striking feature of Monte-Porzio.

The village itself is soon described. It stands on a cone-shaped hillock; it is unwall'd, (in this differing from most of the Italian towns of its class) because, should it ever come to be assaulted, the precipitous ascent to it on all sides would be a very proper protection for it; as Vauban and Tottleben will tell you. It enjoys a very pretty parish church, served by three good and zealous priests. In its main street, is one of those objects, so beautiful and so common in Catholic lands, an out-of-doors altar, surmounted by a sweet picture of the Blessed Virgin, which is known in Italy as *The Madonna of Gennazano*, or the *Madre di Buon' Consiglio*. It is remarkable for a peculiarly sweet expression of filial and maternal love thrown into the countenances of Mother and Child. Seven hundred souls, men, women, and children, call Monte-Porzio their home. They are chiefly poor; a few rent vineyards and oliveyards, and many serve them as laborers; while a considerable number tend their herds of swine, which they send out to feed on the acorns in the woods of Monte-Catone; and some are shepherds on the hills. These are helped in looking after their flocks by a large and shaggy species of sheep-dog; gaunt and hungry looking; more like wolves

than dogs. Nor does the comparison end with their looks. Should a shepherd perceive two of them "putting their heads together," or advancing stealthily towards himself, he would hesitate very little about interposing an ounce of lead as an *impedimentum dirimens* to their ulterior progress. The Monte-Porzians are generally poor.

However all this is not to the point. While we have been gossiping about landscapes, and spires, and mountains, the moustached Serjeant (by the bye, like some other people we could mention, he is not by any means so savage as he seems) has been talking with the Syndic. He has produced a large parchment, adorned with a large seal from his *sabretache*, which advises all whom it may concern, that Joseph, King of Italy, hereby authorises his trusty Jean-Baptiste Boncœur to enrol as conscripts by ballot one from every hundred of his aforesaid Majesty's subjects in the townships of Monte-Porzio and Frascati, to serve as private soldiers in his Majesty's Italian army, during a period of ten years, at the daily pay of five sous, per man, imperial French moneys. Peppe Bianchi, the bandy-legged town crier, takes his trumpet at the syndic's command, proceeds to the Palazzo Torlonia, and makes proclamation to the aforesaid effect. Dismay seizes on the Monte-Porzians at the announcement; but on no breast does it inflict a greater pang, than on that of Pietruccio Galvani, a stout young cooper, whose adze and mallet are the sole sources of subsistence to a poor bed-ridden and widowed mother, and a helpless sister, afflicted with the falling sickness. For Pietruccio feels a kind of presentiment, that out of the hundred male adults of Monte Porzio, he is the one destined to wear red trousers and a long blue coat.

It is next day. The Syndic has donned his gold-laced cocked hat and stained scarlet cloak to lend unwilling solemnity to the event; Peppe Bianchi stands at his left hand, his dinged trumpet suspended by a crimson cord from his right shoulder. Poor Peppe! he's in a very low key as well as his trumpet, and his legs look more curvilinear than ever. Serjeant Boncœur has marshalled the eligible men of Monte-Porzio, who stand before him in an attempted straight line, particularly offensive to the correct eye of the Old Guard. Pietruccio is there; but somehow his eye seems brighter than it was last evening, when the rumor first fell on his ear; and his gait is more buoyant. How is it? Why, Pietruccio is very devout to our Blessed Lady, and many

an hour does he spend before the *Madonna of Gennazano*; and before her altar the dim shadow of Pietruccio may often be discerned kneeling in prayer, long after every village sound has been hushed, save the "crick, crick" of the *grilli* on the vines, and every village light has been extinguished, save the pale fitful sparkling of the fire flies, flitting about in the cane plantations. Last evening, Pietruccio had thrown himself at Mary's feet, begging her intervention to protect him from the dreaded conscription; not for his own sake but for them to whom his presence was more than food and raiment. He had reminded his *Mother of Good Counsel*, that none had ever appealed to her in vain; and in the simplicity of faith, he had promised her, that should she save him from what he dreaded, he would, as a grateful return, sing her Litany before her altar every evening, till death should seal his lips and bid the daughters of music be silent. He had a trust that his prayer would be granted; so hope supplanted despair in his bosom. We will not delay over the lot-casting. After the first balloting, ninety of the hundred retired, free; and ten remained standing in line. The doomed man was among the ten; so was Pietruccio Galvani; but his hopeful heart never failed him. Santi, the *Vignorolo*, remained; and so did Croce, a naturalized Greek, of whom some ugly stories were in circulation, connected with the Greek troubles earlier in the century. But I think these must have been Russian fabrications; for at this time, Croce was the most harmless fellow alive. He was one of the *ne'er-do-weels* found in every community, who are their own worst enemies, and ready to do anybody a good turn but themselves. The others were chiefly day-laborers; but the smartest man of the ten, was Pietruccio, the cooper. Alas! Pietruccio, your square, broad shoulders have raised an approving smile on so much of Serjeant Bonceur's features as a wide-spread eruption of hair will allow us to take cognizance of! Alas for the bedridden mother and the epileptic sister! The laborers have got off with harmless numbers; Croce has drawn *seven*, and falls back emancipated; number *eight* comes to the lot of Santi; while the fatal *number ten* is drawn from the box by thy true and honest right-hand, Pietruccio.

If his brave heart gave way now, it was only for a moment; but even during that moment, he never felt despondency or alarm. For he knew that if Mary had failed to grant his prayer, it was rather through some demerit

in himself, than through want of kindness in her. It seemed hard; but he knew it was all for the best, and that his conscription was after all but a blessing in disguise; and he felt that Heaven would provide some friend for his now helpless charges. So when Serjeant Bonceur pinned a tri-colored cockade into his peaked hat, he put on as cheerful a look as he could, and spoke some hearty words to a commiserating crowd of dames and damsels, who raised a lugubrious moan at the sight. For Pietruccio was as likely a young fellow as any in Monte-Porzio, and a general favorite.

His poor old mother was dreadfully cut up about it, but he brought in a sure supporter of his arguments, when he soothed her with the comforts of religion. And then came S'or Giuseppe, the kind parish priest, who bade her be of good cheer; that she had always been a good mother and a good christian; that her children were models of what Catholic children should be; that everybody pitied her; and that he would see that she wanted for nothing during Pietruccio's absence. His words were calm and assuring, and very soon the bereaved household joined him in uttering a hearty act of resignation to God's blessed dispensations.

When evening came, a peaked hat, with a tri-colored cockade in it, lay before the altar of *Our Lady of Good Counsel*; and when the shades of night shrouded the little hamlet, dimmer and dimmer still, like a dissolving view, grew the figure of the kneeling Pietruccio, till his fine, manly countenance was only just discernible by the flickering beams of the Madonna's ever-burning lamp. Now it happened, as he knelt and prayed, that the party at the *osteria* had broken up, and who should come swaggering along the street, humming a Romaic *canzone*, but our careless friend Croce. Passing Our Lady's Altar, he pays the customary reverence by rudely doffing his hat. He catches a glimpse of Pietruccio—hesitates—stops—beats his forehead madly, and calls himself a *brigand* and a *facchino*. "*Via qui—Come here, Pietruccio,*" says he, suddenly, "*look at me, porco benedetto* that I am! How could I think of allowing this? that you, such a useful, good, fine fellow, with so many to love you and care for you, and so many to depend upon you, should be taken to the wars, with nobody left to look after your poor old mother? Why, such a thing shouldn't be endured for a moment. Here am I, with never a friend or

relation on earth ; I, Croce. I'm the man to go a-soldiering of course. If I get shot, nobody's the worse ; and if I get back again when it's all over, why my pension of twenty *scudi* a-year will be a fortune to me. Then there's Our Lady's Altar besides ; who can dress it and trim it like you ? I'm the man ; come to the Serjeant." You may depend upon it, Pietruccio followed him with a light heart. He attempted to offer some honest remonstrances ; but Croce was inexorable. And the end of it was, that Serjeant Boncœur, hearing all the circumstances of the case, found out suddenly that, after all, Pietruccio being the only son of a widowed mother was, by law, ineligible as a conscript, and that he was free by the very fact. The Old Guard was pleased with the soldierly bearing of Croce, who still persisted in making himself the voluntary scape-goat of the village. The Serjeant formally accepted him as a conscript, removed the cockade from Pietruccio's hat, and with his own fingers fastened it on to that of Croce.

* * * * *

The Italian army was soon disbanded, for, shortly after this, the Napoleonic bubble burst ; but it was ten years before Croce again turned up in Monte-Porzio. His vision of the pension had long ago faded into thin air ; but by that time Pietruccio's mother and sister were laid side by side in the *Campo Santo* of the village. So Croce became Pietruccio's adopted brother ; and from the brother adopting him, he learnt more regular and industrious habits. The two rent a small vineyard between them, and the fruit of their joint labor has always been sufficient to keep the wolf from the door—and from some other doors besides.

Forty years have come and gone since the visit of Serjeant Boncœur and his clashing troop of dragoons to Monte-Porzio ; forty years ago Croce assumed the cockade. But during the forty years, Pietruccio has faithfully guarded his promise made at the village shrine ; never a night but he has sung the Litany of the Blessed Virgin before the altar of *Our Lady of Good Counsel*. He sang it in 1815 ; he sings it in 1855. In the green spring-tide and the scorching summer ; in autumn, when the grape and the olive's returning crops spread plenty and joy through the land ; and

"In the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the loud howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;"

just as the Ave Maria is tolling from tower and steeple, you may see Pietruccio lighting

up the candles at his Patroness's Shrine ; his tinkling bell summons the villagers to their doors, and his Litany forms an unfailing part of the night prayers of many a household.

Reader, should you ever visit Monte-Porzio, go out at the Ave Maria to the *Cross of the English*, that looks over Camaldoli ; sit alone on its colossal base that was piled up by hands which have since ministered holily at many an English altar, and amongst others at those of Birmingham, Liverpool, and London ; and by some that now lie "lapped in lead" ; let it be on the eve of SS. Peter and Paul ; turn your eyes towards the north. You may have witnessed the pageantry of military or of civic processions, and the gaudy glare of theatrical spectacles ; music may have charmed you in concert, or even in cathedral ; but your senses were never enthralled as they will be, when your eyes shall behold the magic illumination of St. Peter's dome in the distance ; and when on your ears shall fall the wild strains of Pietruccio's Litany to *Our Lady of Good Counsel*, as they sweep in eddying cadence up the gorges and ravines of Monte Catone.

Reviews.

Questions of the Soul. By J. T. HECKER. New York : D. APPLETON & Co., 1855, pp. 294.

The preface to this work opens with that hackneyed Shakesperian quotation. "The age is out of joint," but our author, instead of being inclined to add, with the perturbed Prince of Denmark :—

"Accursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !"

seems to think it a most fortunate thing that his lot has been cast among Yankees, in the middle of this nineteenth century, were it only for the chance he has of benefiting, by his book, such of them as are not too deeply immersed in dollars, smoke, gin-sling, and cocktail, to give him a hearing.

And we think him right. He has taken them on the right tack ; and if they will only lay down their intolerable self-conceit and fairly read his production, it may be the beginning of a better era than has dawned upon them since, as Cobbett said of them, "their Adam and Eve came out of Newgate," and, with the help of cant and Puritanism for nurses, issued in the motley and extraordinary people lumped together under the aggregate name of Jonathan.

His first question of the soul is : "Has man a destiny ?" and he, of course, answers in the

the affirmative. Man is not created, like the brute, merely to eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, sleep when digestion has done its work, propagate his kind, and then be dissolved into dust, and there an end. Neither is he made, as so many deem, for the purpose of making money, building and furnishing houses, "going-a-head," buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, providing for his family, and then taking leave of them with a doubtful sigh and a still more doubtful prayer;—though, as our author charitably remarks, "Not always does doubt spring from deficiency: in earnest hearts it is but another form of faith and prayer;"—or rather, as he might perhaps have said more correctly, it marks the place where in such hearts, if true to themselves, faith is to succeed it, and prayer to issue in thanksgiving for the boon; thanksgiving that the wanderer has at length found a resting-place, and is convinced that, in the glowing words of our author,

"Man has a destiny; and to corrupt, enfeeble, or abandon those instincts, faculties, and activities, which God has given whereby to reach it, this is the soul's suicide: this, and this alone, is sin."

After shortly advertent to the poor efforts of German transcendentalists, and their English and American sympathisers and imitators, to tell man what his destiny is, Mr. Hecker grandly bursts forth with—

"Nature is less than man. She cannot meet the inmost wants of the soul; tho' in her bosom dwell truth, peace, and love."

And indeed, of what use to man is this hidden peace of nature as long as he seeks satisfaction in whatever is most contrary to it? of what use her truth, since she cannot speak, and since man must be her interpreter? of what use her love, while man's pursuits are essentially selfish, and practically ignore that common brotherhood which the largely outspread board of nature silently promulgates?

Cease, then, says Nature, to interrogate me as to your destiny and your dignity: I was made for you, and you are made for God; or, in our author's words,

"The head, the heart, the hand of man proclaim that the end of man is to know, to love, to live for God! This is God's own destiny. Man's, therefore, is God-like. For God created man in his own likeness."—p. 31.

Here is enunciated, in another form, what our Lord so simply but so profoundly taught, when he intimated that the "destiny of the good and laborious servant would be to *enter into the joy of his Lord*. God's joy will be ours if we will now fit ourselves for it.

This is practically disbelieved by every bad man, and theoretically by all formal heretics, and schismatics, and rebels against Church authority. Sometimes they have the candor to confess their disbelief. We read a book published by an Anglican parson some years ago, in which he coolly says, in effect, that the idea of eternal beatitude, arising from the contemplation and enjoyment of God, has no rational foundation: that there is, and can be, no such thing; that in the words of our author—a little further on, (p. 32.) it "is all poetry, rhapsody, and smoke." And this lets us into the secret of the Reformation, with its cutting down of services and hours, its comfortable habits and times of devotion, its making crime of that poverty which Christ has pronounced blessed, its hatred of monasteries and convents, virginity, mortification, and every thing peculiarly Catholic. Certainly these things are all perfectly useless and absurd on the hypothesis of modern religionists; viz:—that any higher life than human intellect, and science, and art can compass is a dream, and that the only true function of heaven is that of a great spiritual police court, the thought of which is to keep men from such grossness as would defeat those very ends which an elaborate and refined selfishness has in view. Happily, however, as Mr. Hecker goes on to say:—

"There is a class of souls that cannot satisfy their nature with the common modes of life. The longing after the infinite predominates in these souls; and all other ties must be sacrificed, if need be, to its growth and full development." p. 37.

Verily, some of the questions of the soul, when it happens to be of this order, may well startle some of our easy-going Catholics on this side of the Atlantic.

"Can he who amasses wealth be a faithful follower of Him who had nowhere to lay his head, who blessed the poor and cursed the rich, and taught his disciples not to take thought of the morrow, for such was the manner of heathens? Can he who gains wealth by the industry of his fellows be a sincere believer in Him who made it a mark of discipleship to love one's neighbor as one's self? Is that loving one's neighbor as one's self, when men make their fellow-men servants, drudges, and slaves, and consider them unfit to sit with them at their table, or mingle with them in their drawing-rooms?" pp. 39-40.

Mr. Hecker next gives a cursory view of several of the attempts made by the Jews, heathens, and Protestants, to escape from "the corruption of that concupiscence which is in the world;" showing what failures they have been, and thus preparing his readers to find in the Catholic Church, the only principle

for the security of such schemes. He specially tells of the Essenes, but appears not to know that many modern scholars deem those to have been neither more nor less than the early Christians, mistakenly identified, as a community, with certain recluses in the time of the Maccabees. Lastly, we are told, p. 55, that "there is a large class of persons in the United States who look for and seek a more spiritual life;" a fact which the author attributes partly to the fact that "competence is more easily acquired than in any other land," and so people's energies are not expended on the continued attempt to "keep the wolf from the door;" and partly to "the deep forests, vast prairies, unexplored regions, and uncultivated lands," scenes a St. Bernard and a St. Stephen Harding would have selected for the location of their severely and romantically retired communities.

Detailed accounts, which we have not space to follow, are next given, of several of these Yankee efforts, all of course ending in smoke. Some of the points are amusing.

"We were of all creeds and opinions," says a narrator of the attempt on Brook Farm—no other, indeed, than the novelist, Hawthorne—"and generally tolerant of all, on every imaginable subject. Our bond was not affirmative but negative. We had found one thing or another to quarrel with, and were agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity."

These words would serve for a description of the state of things at the time, and in the hearts of the leaders of the "Reformation."

In another attempt, made at "Fruitlands," about forty miles from Boston, we trace the usual Manichean character of that asceticism which is not controlled by the Church.

"Neither flesh, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk pollute our tables nor corrupt our bodies. Neither tea, coffee, molasses, nor rice tempt us beyond the bounds of indigenous productions. We rise at early dawn, commence the day with singing, succeeded by a music lesson, and then a chaste repast. *Abstain, in preference to doing*, is the great aim, &c." pp. 81-82.

Few and simple are the words in which the author despatches "Fruitlands."

"Winter, stern, cold, inhospitable winter, approached. Fruitlands disappeared with the knot of its devoted and spiritually-minded enthusiasts, and Eden once more re-entered the domain of the history of the past." p. 82.

Verily, when we read these things, we are almost inclined to acquiesce in the remark of a Jesuit, that rural retirement for active religious communities was a snare of the devil, by which he took them off from the great work of converting souls.

Next comes the Anglican attempt of "The Brotherhood of the Holy Cross." But instead of wasting more time over these various specimens of *playing at monkery*, we would pass on to pages 110, &c., where our author thus lays down the idea of the real and true Church as first presented to men in the life of its divine founder.

"Jesus Christ," he says, "to be the way, the truth, and the life, to all generations, must be present to them, not in a dead book, or in any indefinite and abstract manner, but as their Teacher, Guide, Helper, Father, Friend, Brother. He must meet all the wants of man's heart, and satisfy all the wants of man's intellect. * * * If Christ is to be to us a Saviour, we must find him here, now, and where we are. * * * To recommend prayer and reading the Bible to one who feels the need of a personal guide, is to proclaim our insufficiency and incapacity. To tell him to open his heart, and communicate its life to one like himself, is to desecrate his heart and profane the sanctuary of the soul."

Many of our readers will recollect that Dr. Cumming, the presbyterian parson, published, some years ago, a sermon he had preached before the Queen; thinking, no doubt, what was "sauce" for royalty might *a fortiori* serve its subjects. In this sermon he said there were three religions; the religion of nature, the religion of the priest, and the religion of the Divine Saviour. Without stopping to ask whether this was not something very like saying the Divine Saviour was no priest, we wish to remark that Mr. Hecker's object is to show that the Catholic priesthood is precisely and exclusively what carries on our Lord's work to all generations, and but for which He might as well not have appeared on earth at all. And this he has most satisfactorily proved.

"The fact," says he, "of sin is before the sinner's eyes: the fact of pardon must be equally sensible and evident, to give repose to the sinner's conscience, and consolation to his heart. Christ personally spoke pardon to the sinner: He gave to the priests of His Church the same power, and promised to ratify the exercise of it in heaven. Protestantism, in repudiating this, fails to represent Christ, and is utterly inadequate to meet the wants of the human heart. The first step, in order to be a Protestant, is to believe one's sins are pardoned, without any rational basis for it." pp. 141-42.

"Granting, therefore, that faith is the only means of communion with God,—in the Protestant religion, no one can have communion with God, because no one, on a Protestant basis, can make an act of faith." p. 144.

And accordingly, he might have added, the term, *making an Act of Faith* is not found in the Protestant vocabulary. Such, however, is the blindness of Protestants, that they not only insist, as their only condition of salvation, on

what is impossible, but are daring enough to virtually charge on our Lord an inconsistency akin to their own. What else is their alleging, as is often the case, the impossibility of voluntary poverty? to do which, they must ignore the fact that He who gave such poverty His blessing was its greatest example, because, "being rich He became poor for our sakes." But let us hear Mr. Hecker on this "voluntary poverty."

"As He approached death He became more and more enamoured of His poverty. His garments were stripped from His body and He was nailed to the cross, poverty growing bold in the affection of her spouse. Even after death they did not loose their embrace; for His winding sheet was a gift, and the tomb in which He was buried was a stranger's. Let us now imagine that some earnest and sincere-minded youth should fall on these passages, and believe, and determine to follow his divine Master. He wends his way to the teachers of the gospel. What will be his reception? One of pity for his simplicity, or surprise at such extravagant folly in this enlightened nineteenth century." pp. 154-55.

He next supposes, in a similar strain, that "some young man or maiden," having read the sublime things in Scripture about virginity,

"Should earnestly desire to be holy both in body and spirit, and in imitation of Jesus Christ, and in accordance with His counsels, should consecrate their virginity to God. What has Protestantism to say to that? Instantly you would hear a tirade from the mouths of its ministers against this Queen of Christian virtues. 'Shocking! cruel! criminal! contrary to nature! destructive to the human race and society!'" p. 158.

"*O felix mundi exitium!*" says St. Augustine, in words the mere quotation of which is thought sufficient to refute them; but the Saint had ever before his eyes that awful day when his Master is to come and judge the world by fire; and surely, with such a prospect in sight, he might be allowed to think the gradual extinction of the human race by celibacy a much happier doom.

In this and in some other points the Protestant standard of perfect virtue has fallen below the heathen one. So true is it that from him that hath not shall be taken even what he seemeth to have.

We are sorry we have not space for some of the author's remarks upon "Authority" and "Rome." The sooner men see that in religion these are inseparable, the better for them. What is the child's first guide in religion? His mother's teaching. As he grows up, however, he finds that his schoolfellow's mother teaches her darling something directly opposite. How is he to know which is right? Only by seeking and finding a *universal* mother who

cannot teach *wrong*. And if Rome be not this mother, we should like to know what is?

We have past over, without notice, for want of room, much that is truly interesting, and beautiful, and convincing; but we hope the specimens of this work we have given will induce our readers to peruse it, and (what is more important,) recommend it to those of their acquaintance who are in need of such a book. It is specially adapted to such young men as have "hidden longings" for guidance, and meantime are in danger of injury from those soul-murdering books which issue from the intellectual looms of Germany, our own country, and the United States, and which captivate the weak intellect of youth when it is not fortified against them by the powerful and only sufficient antidote of Catholic teaching and example.

The Boy's Ceremonial, By FRIAR CROWTHER, Priest of the Eremitic Order of St. Augustine. RICHARDSON and Son, London.

That this little volume is conformable to the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and to the custom of the city of Rome, we have no sort of doubt, since it bears the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of Liverpool. But we cannot bring ourselves to feel that the way in which it is done, is quite conformable to good taste. It seems to us, that the encomiums bestowed on boys and their ministrations, are so enunciated, as to encourage them to vanity in themselves, rather than to decorous behavior about the altar. Besides, if the changes recommended in the minor matters of the ritual, where boys are concerned, are desirable (which is very questionable, since the Church graciously permits modifications in her ceremonial in countries where long usage has sanctioned them) at least, the innovation ought not to spring from little acolythes refusing point blank to do this or that at the bidding of the Priest. What sort of spirit is the following extract?

"If in practising these injunctions you are met by any remarks or strange looks from those who ought to know better, ask them to translate for you the 3rd of the '*Ritus servandus in Celebratione Missæ*!'"

Were this injunction carried out, we should have rather a precocious race of young servers. In fact, the whole tone of the book is to levelling; which induces many expressions not quite *ad unguem*. Take an example two.

"Some folks twist half round * * * other sprawl out their right leg."

The cloth which dries the consecrated fingers is styled a "a dirty little towel." "Don't

stick your arms out: "Keep kneeling:" and so on. For a gentleman so particular about titles, we were startled to find him calling Baldeschi, *Mr. Baldeschi*. It will be *Mr. Michelangelo* or *Mr. Tertullian* next. The Rev. author makes an appendix on purpose to quarrel with us for our now familiar style of addressing our beloved clergy. He objects entirely to our speaking of "Father This" or "Father That," unless we be talking to a Monk, Jesuit, or Friar. It will be some time, we think, before Father (Friar) Crowther persuades our good brethren in Ireland to talk of "Mr. Blake" or "Mr. Molloy, instead of "Father Thomas" or "Father John;" which to us seems infinitely more endearing. Briefly, the utility of this book is impeded by its style of execution, which we conceive would prevent some from putting it into the hands of boys. The publishers' part of the work is well done, as the book is well and cheaply brought out.

The Spirit and Scope of Education. From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. STAFF, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology, &c. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE.

The subject of education in this country has of late years engrossed the attention of our most distinguished men. Schemes of every hue and form have been set on foot to educate and upraise the masses. Bill after bill has been brought into parliament to facilitate and promote education. The Churches of England and Scotland each produced its panacea, and were followed in turn by the Lancashire School Association, Mr. Fox, the member for Oldham, being the principal advocate of a purely secular system. To find a perfect system of education, the world has been ransacked; but so far in vain, every known system for teaching the masses having been attended with unsatisfactory results. For whilst we see the Church establishment boldly proclaiming, that the "Word" shall be put into the hands of every child without note or comment; on the other hand, we have the leaders of the purely secular movement, as loudly announcing that religion and education shall not have a resting-place under the same roof. And yet, forsooth, Churchman and Secularist claims the admiration of their respective partisans each as being the greatest benefactor of the rising generation and their race. To the Christian who knows the effect which the frequent reception of the Sacraments has upon youth, it is consoling to see the look

of innocence and purity which stamps itself in the countenance of even the poorest of the poor of our Catholic children.

"The profanation of education, (we quote our author) the banishment and neglect of religion, the foolish attempt to raise or ennoble fallen man by the sole instrumentality of his fellow-man, is the greatest bane of modern times. Without religion there is not such a thing as true love of one's self or of our neighborhood; not such a thing as firm and enduring attachment to King and country; not such a thing as a sincere union of heart and hand for the common weal."

To the Catholic it is a saddening sight to see thousands of children turned loose upon the world to drift hither and thither as the bearing tide may please, and acting in every sense as if this world were their ultimate end.

"Wherefore does man exist? and what is his ultimate end? (asks the author of the *Spirit and Scope of Education*). Does he reach in safety the goal of his existence all is gained; does he miss it, all is lost for him, and for ever. To educate a child is to rescue the rising man from perdition entailed upon him by Adam's fall, and to render him capable of attaining his true end in this world and in the next. As a citizen of this world, he has to fit himself for the sphere of action in which Providence intends him to move; and as a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven, with his hopes in eternity, he has to produce fruits which will last for ever."

Such are the principles laid down by our author; and by a process of the keenest and most logical order he proceeds to show in what manner the ultimate end of man is to be obtained. It may be truly said he exhausts the subject in every detail; and we cordially recommend the perusal of this work to every Catholic interested in the great question of the age, education.

The Supremacy of St. Peter and his Successors, the Roman Pontiffs; being the substance of Lectures delivered by the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY, Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE. pp. 175.

The work is almost done in these old fields of controversy; and the only marvel is, that after this and such-like unanswerable works in polemics have appeared in continuous succession during the last fifty years, those separated should still continue to erect their men of straw. Our rev. author here demolishes one of this class in an indisputable manner, sustaining his thesis in a style, where neither logic, spirit, nor chivalrous gentle bearing are ever wanting. The student will find here an ample treasury of authorities.

Peter the Hermit; A Lay of the Holy Wars, and other Poems. By H. B. M. H. HUGHES, Student of the College of SS. Peter and Paul, Prior Park, Bath. Second Edition. Bath: LAMPARD, pp. 47.

This is just the kind of book we have been some time wanting to see. We have had Macaulay's Lays of Pagan Rome, and Aytoan's celebrations of the Cavaliers. And now comes a servant of God determined to show the world that the Crusaders can inspire as spirit-stirring tones as either. "The Angel of Death," too, is a fine series; and we only regret that the book has reached us too late for a review instead of a notice. We can assure such of our readers, however, as have a spare half-crown about them, that they cannot well spend it to better purpose, in the literary market, than by encouraging this young and ardent writer in that path of poesy which he has chosen, and in which he is evidently calculated to excel. We wish him *God speed* with all our hearts: and are thankful to see a book likely to be acceptable to our youth for its literary merits, and in which, at the same time, there is nothing questionable as regards either faith or purity.

A Panegyric on St. Patrick. By the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE.

The Church of Ireland. By the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE.

These are two discourses delivered in successive years on "St. Patrick's Day." They suit the occasion; they are patriotic, eloquent, and teaching that necessary moral lesson of profiting by the great and good example of Ireland's holy apostle.

The True Religion: What it is. By the Rev. P. MACLACHLIN. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE. pp. 250.

A series of controversial lectures, which originally appeared in the *Glasgow Free Press*. They are in reply to some strictures by R. W. Kennard, Esq., on a foregoing lecture by our author. Such is the parentage of the work before us; and to it we owe a masterly, temperate, and elaborate argument. The work is well brought out by the publishers, whose numerous publications are fast wiping out the title of "Silent Sister," which until lately belonged to our Church over the border.

The Use of Books: Two Lectures, delivered to the Cork Young Men's Society, by J. G. MACARTHY, president. Cork: J. O'BRIEN. pp. 47.

We received these lectures, courteously sent

by the author, with much pleasure. On the occasion of Mr. Ornsby's third lecture in our Institute, the chair was taken by the Rev. J. J. Murphy, of Cork, from whom fell some pleasing remarks respecting the kindly feeling of the Cork society towards ourselves, which we are sure every member of our body cordially reciprocated. Nothing could conduce to mutual edification and pleasure more than a direct intercourse between such societies, as that of the young men at Cork and our own; to promote which, we will do all that lies in our power. Space is not at our disposal at this late date to make any remarks on these good lectures; we will only say that we have read them over studiously ourselves, and have put them into the hands of some of our members. We ourselves read them with great profit, and the others have spoken of them with approbation. There is much vivacity and nerve in the style. The number of sources from which matter is drawn bespeaks extensive reading, as the elaboration of the subject shows that it has been much thought over.

Williamite and Jacobite Wars in Ireland.

Parts I. and II.; by ROBERT CANE, M.D. Dublin: W. M. HENNESSY.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon, but for want of a "sacred bard" their fame died out. In Dr. Cane these disastrous wars in Ireland have found a valuable chronicler, and if their events do not now become universally known, it will not be for want of extensive investigation, perfect impartiality, a pleasing style, beautiful typography, and reasonable price. The style reminds us of Prescott's Mexico and Irving's Granada, which all the world knows will force a man to read, whether he will or not. The title alone puzzles us. Is the epithet *Williamite* placed before *Jacobite* as a tribute to *might* taking the place of *right*? Probably in the spirit of the old couplet:

"Treason doth never prosper: What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Occasional Prayers for Men of the World and for Men of Business; compiled and paraphrased from the Holy Scriptures. London: BURNS and LAMBERT. pp. 64.

This is a beautiful little manual of prayers, and eminently in accordance with the spirit of the Church and the wants of the age. The Church is most pliable, except in doctrines; hence, in a busy work-a-day country like England, it is quite according to the Church's practice to devise something to meet the case. The prayers are short, and the book portable,

so that it may be used at any spare moment. The general divisions are: prayers for the *morning*, for the *evening*, in *affliction*, of *joy and gratitude*. The Scriptural parts are harmoniously dovetailed with the original portions. In the prayer for *Faith in the Church*, the author applies the 86th Psalm (*Her foundations are on the holy mountains*.) to the Church; we like Segneri's application of it to our Blessed Mother much better. We have seen some prayer-books bound in limp canvas, which we should prefer in the present instance, for a week's wear and tear in the pocket would utterly annihilate the paper wrapper which enfolds this manual at present.

MEDAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—

Mr. G. White, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, has favoured us with a sight of one of these beautiful medals. It was struck in Belgium, and its perfect execution does great credit to Philp of Liège, its author. Its form is the *vesica piscis*. The subject is taken from the Office of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception: the Blessed Virgin, holding a lily, crushing the serpent's head; above her is a star—*nova stella Jacob*. The legend, "*Maria sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis*." The reverse displays a striking likeness of our Holy Father, with the date of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. We do not remember another instance in Numismatics of a commemorative medal being struck in the oblong form, which has been, we think, peculiar to seals; but perhaps the immediate connection of the subject with our Lady, of whose purity the *almond* or *vesica piscis* is emblematic, would justify this departure from antecedents. On the whole, no more proper souvenir of the glorious Eighth of December could find its way into the bureau of the Catholic.

GOLD AND SILVER LEGAL MARKS.—The *Hall Mark* shows where manufactured or assayed: being an anchor for Birmingham; dagger, or three wheat-sheaves, for Chester; Hibernia for Dublin; castle and lion for Edinburgh; castle with two wings for Exeter; tree and salmon with a ring in its mouth for Glasgow; leopard's head for London; three castles for Newcastle-on-Tyne; crown for Sheffield; five lions and a cross for York. *Date Mark* is a letter of the alphabet, which varies every year, and with the different companies, thus:—The Goldsmith's Company of London have used, from 1716 to 1755, Roman capital letters; from 1756 to 1775, small Roman letters; from 1776 to 1795, old English letters; from 1796 to 1815, Roman capital letters, from A to U, omitting J; from 1816 to 1835, small Roman letters, a to u, omitting j; from 1836, old English letters.

A Legend of St. German.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—THE STORM.



HE ship was swift, the breeze
was fair,
The sky was azure blue;
The laughing waters sparkled
round,
With the ruby's lustrous hue.

And joyous was the shout that
burst
From that fair vessel's side,
As Britain's chalky cliffs at
length
Shone forth in all their pride.

For though the waves were
tumbling now,
Like dolphins at their play,
And scarce the breeze availed
to crest
The billow tops with spray.

Full well they knew, that vessel's crew,—
That scarce an hour before,
Those waves were grey with the driving spray,
And loud was the storm-wind's roar.

The mid-day sky had shrouded been
With darksome pall of night,—
Save when the lightnings flashed across
With blue unearthly light.

The pealing thunder roared and crashed,
As if the heavens would fall,
And earth be rent,—and nothingness
Again would swallow all.

The seamen trembled and grew pale,
With more than wonted fear,
As louder than the warring winds
Strange voices sounded near.

And shrieks of demon merriment,
Loud echoing round the mast;
For those whom none may look upon
Were riding on the blast.

But all unmoved St. German stood
Upon the reeling deck;
Though storm and demons raged around,
Right little did he reck.

He knew that such could never make
That little barque their prey,—
Since He in Whom he put his trust,
Was mightier far than they.

He took a little water
In the hollow of his hand
And blessed it in the name of Him
Who made both sea and land;

He signed it with the blessed cross,
And o'er it breathed a prayer;
Then raising high his holy arm,
He cast it in the air.

Wild cries and fearful shrieks of woe
Were borne upon the blast,
When, from his hand, the holy man
Those blessed waters cast.

And Hell's proud warriors confessed,
With howlings loud and long,
How, with His weakest instruments
God can confound the strong.

And when those holy dew-drops fell
Upon the troubled sea,
The waves sank down, the darkness fled,
The sunbeams darted free.

And with its soft and odorous breath,
To bear them on the main,
A fair, warm breeze came sighing from
The orange groves of Spain.

Fair Britain's chalky headlands soon
Came pleasantly in view,
Stretching, like giant swimmers,
On the waters calm and blue.

Full many a boat was on the bay
That little barque to meet;
And joyous Britons lined the shore
Their coming guests to greet.

So many a voice did welcome them,
And many a willing hand
Aided the weary mariners
To draw their bark to land.

Who wishes to abolish the festivals of the Catholic Church? Not the poor man, whom they console; not the meekly learned man, whose labor they assist; not the artist or poet, to whom they supply such sweet and glorious visions. But the christian pastors are called upon to suppress the festivals, to gratify a few insolent and gloomy pedants, who, in the pride of their political or literary fame, mistake genius for superstition, and faith for insanity. Remorseless taskmasters, who impose worse than Herculean labors upon the sons and daughters of the poor!—*Digby.*

The torch of criticism should enlighten not burn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are sorry to be under the necessity, through want of space, of holding over till some future time the following letters and communications:—

J. P., on the Institute Literary Society.

Magus, on the Italian Pronunciation of Latin.

Studens, on the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception.

J. Dalton, on Catholic Periodical Literature.

Athos.—(Call at the Institute.)

SKETCH OF DR. NEWMAN.

[The following pen-and-ink portrait of Dr. Newman, as sketched by the well-known German traveller, Kohl, will no doubt interest many. It was written some years ago, when as yet the subject of it did not belong to us. Time, the great thaumaturgus, has wrought many changes since then: and amongst the rest, we have enjoyed the happiness of seeing him, thus graphically described, brought into the one fold, which his learning has illustrated, his piety has adorned, and his sufferings for the Faith have edified.]

The sermon which I heard from Mr. Newman, was upon the subject which forms the main theme of his whole theory. The text was taken from Isaiah: "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills." In the course of his sermon, he urged that this edifice of the church was not the work of man, but was of God's own foundation; and that not only the building itself was built of God, but that also its watchmen, overseers, and wardens, the Christian priesthood, had received their office and their authority from God himself. Mr. Newman, as he appeared in the pulpit, struck me as a lean meagre-looking man, with a stern, motionless, and inexpressive countenance, which had nothing either attractive or repulsive in it. His eyes were small and without fire, as far as I could judge through the elegant spectacles which he wore. The sharp lines on his face appeared to me to denote a clever man, and the thin cheek and wrinkled skin marked out the learned and laborious student. His hair was combed quite smooth, and its straight lines ran parallel with the straight lines of his features, which looked as if he had combed them as well as his hair. I repeat once again, that I was assured Mr. Newman bore an ex—

cellent character. And if I make these remarks upon his features, it is not because I had a preconceived dislike to the man, whom I never saw but this once in the pulpit, but because we all, in some degree, carry the appearance and outward form of our principles, without being conscious of it, and consequently such remarks contribute as well to the characteristics of a thing, as a criticism of the thing itself. In his whole appearance lay a certain repose, I might say a rest and a holiness, which was, in the highest degree, peculiar, and it appears to belong to all pious men of his party. He spoke very calmly, or rather without any pretence to emotion. His arms were generally hidden under the border of the pulpit, his spectacles almost always riveted to his papers; without betraying any outward fire, without deep emotion, without enthusiasm, without employing the ornaments and convincing powers of eloquence, he read off his discourse upon the kingdom which the Lord had established on the hills and on the tops of the mountains. I can scarcely express the singular impression which was made upon me by hearing Mr. Newman utter, with the greatest apparent indifference, the most remarkable phrases, as for instance:—“The vast Catholic body of the Church of Christ throughout all the world is broken into many fragments by the power of the devil.” There occurred also other and stronger phrases, which he enunciated with a repose, and, at the same time, a decidedness, which struck me as quite peculiar from their contrast of matter and manner. “Newman,” said one of his friends to me, “avoids carefully all eloquence, all inflammatory declamation, all overflowing enthusiasm, and is anxious, that the clearness of the matter, and the necessity of his conclusions, should enlighten and strike every one who hears him.” But I fancy that he is calm, less from design and self-command than by nature, and such a repose being as it is not without severity and passion, strikes one as very unnatural in a matter of such importance and grandeur, as that which the Puseyites profess to put forward. Inward conviction, and the being perfectly possessed by an idea, leads, of itself, to enthusiasm, as when the fire of the Holy Spirit descended on the apostles, and made them glow with action, and speak miraculously in a hundred tongues. This want of enthusiasm, which marks the head of the Puseyite party, does not tell well for their cause, which they have built only on authorities, and knotty expositions and arguments.

CONCERT AT THE INSTITUTE.

On Monday last, September 24, a miscellaneous concert took the place of the usual weekly lecture at the Institute. The selection of music was pleasing, though unpretending. The character of the performance divided itself into two distinct classes, one being of the very highest order of art, and the other—not so. The whole was conducted by Mr. D. C. Browne, who presided during the evening at the piano. Mr. Baetens's *morceaux* on the violin strengthened his claim to rank among the first violinists of the day. There was a roundness of tone, a neatness of manipulation, and a distinctness and softness of expression, that could not be surpassed. Mr. H. Croft sang several pieces during the evening in a very brilliant manner. He seems to excel in pathos; his *Bloom is on the Rye* was one of the sweetest things we ever heard. Mr. Edwards was very brilliant on the French Horn. Mr. R. Campbell was exquisitely grotesque in *Alonzo the Brave*; rather diffident perhaps, but modesty enhances merit. Some portions of the performances we will not mention more particularly, than to say, that however clever they were, they were in rather questionable taste. To provoke laughter is not always a verdict of merit, for we have a critical canon, of high authority, that tells us of some exhibitions which, though they may please the many, “make the judicious grieve,” and that the applause of one of these outweighs that of a multitude of the others. The harmonized pieces were correct. The proceeds of the concert go towards the purchase of a piano for the Institute.

THOUGHTS.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the fallen industrious. Much might be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

Good kind of men, without religion, make me tremble with their perilous virtue, like rope-dancers without their balance-pole.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

"Exultavit ut gîgas ad eurrendam viam."—Ps. xviii.

WE are desired to notice a Society lately established at Hull for the conversion of those who are not Catholics. It is named "*The Society in Honor of the Twelve Apostles*." It consists of laymen, presided over by a chaplain, who are to aid the over-taxed energies of our too few priests in the work of evangelization, by means of prayer, edification, and mutual instruction. Controversy is to be avoided except in necessary cases. "The Society may consist of any number of circles, each circle to consist of twelve members, whose object it will be, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Twelve Apostles, to recover and bring into the Fold twelve lost sheep every year." A small manual contains the devotional exercises.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL, LIVERPOOL.—A general meeting of this society was held at the Catholic Institute, on Sept. 9th, on the occasion of G. Blounte, Esq., the President General of the Society in England, visiting Liverpool. There was a large attendance of the several Conferences. The President-General, having been introduced to the members by the Rev. J. Nugent, the Society's Chaplain, detailed some very interesting facts as to the progress of the society throughout the Catholic world. And after offering some very valuable suggestions for the better working of the society in England, he called on the members to renew their zeal in their work of charity, and by increased unity of action, to endeavor to multiply their numbers and efficiency.

ON SEPTEMBER 13th, a lecture was delivered to the Young Men's Society of St. Mary's, Liverpool, by C. Clements, Esq., a member of the Institute Philomathic Society, on *the Gunpowder Plot*. The lecturer, in a very able manner, showed the injustice and folly of attaching to the Catholic Church, and after a lapse of two centuries, the odium arising from the actions of a few individual miscreants engaged in the plot. An audience of about six hundred were present, and received the lecture with much applause.

ON August 22nd, a new Chapel, under the title of St. Mary, and Schools (by Hansom) were opened at Chippenham, (diocese of Clifton) by the Rev. R. Ward, of Frome.

A CONVENT of the Sisters of Mercy has been established at Cliford, (Beverley) by the Rev. E. L. Clifford.

AT DALKEITH, a new Gothic Church, Our Lady of La Salette, (Goldie, archt.) was opened on the — of August, by the Right Rev. Dr. Smith.

ON September 8th, the new Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields, London, (G. Blount, archt.) was opened by Cardinal Wiseman, assisted by several French and English Bishops.

ON September 10th, the foundations of a new Church and schools were laid at Nantwich, (Shrewsbury,) by the Rev. H. Alcock, of Crewe. We understand that one of our townsmen has contributed munificently to this good work.

ON September 16th, an Oratory, adjoining the residence of Joseph Gillow, Esq., of Preston, (Liverpool) was solemnly opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss.

ON September 19th, the beautiful Church of St. Laurence, at Greenock, was solemnly consecrated and opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Smith.

ON September 16th, at Clifton, the new Bishop of Plymouth, the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, was consecrated by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, assisted by the Bishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Newport. Dr. Manning preached in the evening.

ON September 22nd, at St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Liverpool, the Order of Priesthood was conferred on the Rev. J. O'Reilly, late of the University of Louvaine, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Liverpool.

THE REV. Messrs. Mahé and Riordan, the latter of Cork, are about to proceed as Chaplains to the Crimea.

MR. BULMER, the church artist, in describing the decorations of Salford Cathedral, begins a letter to the *Weekly Register* with these words: "This church (or, as the Catholics call it, cathedral,) is cruciform," &c. We really object to this style of thing altogether, and are very sorry to find Mr. Bulmer arraying himself with Protestants and Dissenters in treating us in this exceptional sort of manner. We really must go on as if there were no Protestants in the world. This custom of looking at things Catholic from the Protestant point of view is most intolerable and pernicious.

LITERARY ITEMS.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the three Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Cathedrals, held for a charitable purpose, has lately taken place. This festival has been got up on a scale of greater magnitude as regards the number of professional musicians engaged, and the high standing of the principal performers, than any which has preceded it. Relying upon the facilities afforded by the railways for visitors from the adjoining and distant counties, the Committee spared no cost, while the Conductor (Mr. Townshend Smith) spared no labor to render the festival worthy in every respect of its noble object. In the selection of pieces, the taste of the musical scholar and the appreciation of that part of the public which judges by its likings only where alike consulted; and the result has been a brilliant success.

In aiming at their charitable object, the committees of these festivals have incidentally done the district a service, the extent of which could not at first have been foreseen. By these triennial meetings, they have kept alive the careful study of sacred music, at once the noblest of all music, and the sublimest of all sciences, amongst the musicians themselves; and they have created and nurtured a musical taste amongst the inhabitants of the district. As an added pleasure, music is the purest that could have been presented to them; but it has a higher value. It is a potent educator of mankind, refining the taste, accustoming the perceptions to discover the beautiful, delighting the imagination with ceaseless variety, working only upon the nobler feelings, and approving itself to the soundest judgment, by the clearness of its principles and the nice adaption of means and end.

Looking at the subject in a merely artistic point of view, the Festivals have been of great value. But for them, English sacred music would hardly have been known even by name to the reading public, while such a class as the present non-professional musical public would not have existed.

As the most ancient of existing festivals, that of the three Choirs stands foremost in the list of civilising agencies; in some respects, however, we regret to find that it stands alone. It is at the present moment, the only Festival where English music forms the main item. At other festivals it would seem that nothing home produced is accounted good enough.

We are glad to find that Mr. G. Townshend Smith, organist of the Cathedral, has struck the true mean, neither excluding nor accepting foreign music or novelties of the day simply as such, but drawing mainly from the great storehouse of English and other classical music. In this respect the example deserves general imitation, while the decision has received the approval of all unprejudiced persons. The selection of music was this time emphatically a good one—good in variety, in intrinsic merit, and in appropriateness; and the success of its execution has been triumphant.

DR. BARTH, the African explorer, after spending five years in his journey to and from Timbuctoo, has arrived in safety and health, at Tripoli.

THE last letter written by the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., was to her Majesty, informing her, that, acting as her father's executor, he held a sum of money, which he was about to place to her credit.

A Working Engineer of Montreal, named Ross, claims to have discovered a new motive power which will waft a ship across the Atlantic Ocean in three days.

THE *Siècle* mentions a project for bringing out a new journal (*L'Alliance Industrielle*) to appear simultaneously in French and English. It is intended to be the organ of the commercial interests of the two nations.

B. PISTRUCCI, the great coin engraver during the reigns of George III. and George IV., died on September 16th, at Englefield-green, in his seventy-third year.

A PENSION of twenty pounds (!) per annum has been conferred by the Queen on Miss Brown, the blind poetess.

THE thirty-fifth exhibition of works of art at Manchester contains four hundred and seventy-seven oil paintings, one hundred and fifty water-color drawings, and twenty-two pieces of sculpture.

THE Director of the French Imperial Museums has purchased at Laon an altar-cross of the twelfth century, which once belonged to the Sisters of St. Francis of Sales, at a cost of five thousand francs. It is to be placed in the Louvre.

MR. C. DICKENS is engaged on a new serial work, the first number of which is to be issued in November. We shall hail, with much pleasure, the autumnal re-appearance of the well-known two green leaves.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

October 1.—A Waverly Reading, with explanatory remarks, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq., (late Dean of Moray and Ross).

October 8.—The Influence of the Church on Men and Manners, by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A.

October 15.—The first lecture of a series on Mental Philosophy, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.

October 22.—Musical Entertainment by the Students and Members of the Institute.

October 29.—The Souls and Instincts of Animals, by the Rev. J. Worthy, of Euxton.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

. A copious and swelling stream of poetical contributions has set in, and the supply promises to be continuous. We think a general reply to our poetic friends will be the most expeditious plan. We therefore beg to announce, that any style of composition would be more acceptable to us than verse, from those who do us the favor of sending us contributions. From the papers already in hand, we shall be glad to select, from time to time, such as suit our taste. The remainder must be consigned to the trunk-maker—that bourne from which no waste paper returns.

J. W.—If our correspondent will consult the Ordo for 1831, he will find that there were then five chapels and eight priests in Liverpool. At present, excluding the five convents, there are thirteen public churches and chapels, and forty-four priests. In addition to these, we must take into account the suburban churches, in order to arrive at an estimate of the places of worship kept up by the Catholics of Liverpool.

A Sunday-school Teacher, Preston.—Protestantism can lay no claim to the establishment of Sunday Schools. They were first founded by St. Charles Borromeo of Milan. We have to inform our correspondent, that there are several Sunday Schools in Rome, known by the name of *Adunanze*, where apprentices and poor children engaged during the week in labor are assembled on Sundays and festivals, under the direction of zealous priests, who, after the holy Mass, conduct these youths to a garden or vineyard without the city. Here innocent amusements are provided for them, and in the evening they retire to an oratory for prayer and sacred hymns, and they generally have a short sermon addressed to them before they separate.

— & —, Edinburgh.—Your suggestion relative to *The Oratorian* reached us too late.

E. J. C., a member of the Day school.—Your lines reached us too late to be used in our present number. We will consider what is to be done about them next month.

The Dublin Young Men's Society.—We thank you for your good wishes, and are glad to have gained your kind word. We shall be happy to hear from you again.—Make post-office orders payable to Evan Travis, 57, Scotland-road, Liverpool.

C. N. V. H., Islington.—We are obliged for the kind interest you take in our Magazine. We have not yet heard from the Stratford Popular Club; but hope to do so. We shall be glad of any communications you may be kind enough to send. We think you will approve of the arrangements we have made in London, on the subject you allude to.

J. O'C., Limerick.—We send according to order.—At present our staff consists entirely of volunteers, we have no paid contributors.

✂ We are unable, either through want of space, want of books of reference, or want of time, to reply to several questions asked. Where we can assist our readers, we shall be glad to do so; but they must bear in mind that our engagements are manifold, our time limited, and our knowledge circumscribed. In fact, we are an *amateur*, rather than a *professional* Editor; and we do not intend, as is the case with some periodicals we could mention, to keep a paid scribe to manufacture replies to imaginary questions put by phantom querists.

Obituary

On Tuesday, July 31st, GEORGE MOORE, aged 13 years, Scholar of the Catholic Institute. He was a very edifying boy, particularly zealous in the work of the Propagation of the Faith.—R. I. P.

On Sunday, September 16th, at Holywell, whither he had gone, in the hope that restored health would enable him to pursue his studies for the priesthood, ALFRED HURST, aged 14 years, late Scholar of the Catholic Institute. On the Wednesday following, a *Missa de Requiem* was sung for the repose of his soul, by his schoolfellows.—R. I. P.

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THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

Vol. 1.

CHURCH-GOING IN LIVERPOOL.



THE "Third Annual Report of the Liverpool Church of England Scripture Readers' Society. Instituted 1852," lies before us.

There is nothing very remarkable about this document, unless it be the single fact, that such a great combination of machinery has been so utterly inoperative.

We should never have gone out of our way to notice it at all, only for a paragraph occurring in pages thirteen and fourteen. The committee is summing up the results of its year's operations, which it does under several heads that are no immediate concern of ours, till it comes to the paragraph in question, where it pronounceth in this wise:—

"One other department of the work yet remains to be mentioned—namely, the efforts made by the society on behalf of our Roman Catholic brethren. Three distinct means have been employed to induce them to 'search the Scriptures,' and to excite among them a spirit of enquiry into the truth. First, *Courses of Lectures*, for the purpose of comparing the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome with the plain statements of the Word of God. Secondly, two *Classes for Enquiry* have been carried on, to discuss the chief points of difference between the Romish and Protestant Churches. Thirdly, it is a part of each Reader's duty to visit the Roman Catholics in his district." &c.

Very kind, indeed, of these good men, to give themselves so much trouble in looking after our erring souls, and in return we heartily wish them joy of the instances of Romish families and individuals brought over to the

Reformed Church, which they safely allude to in this very general way; only it does seem to us that they somewhat resemble Mrs. Jellyby, in *Bleak House*, who interests herself deeply in the conversion of African negroes, while her own children are unshod, unwashed, unfed, and unkept.

For, suppose such a thing as that the brethren of their own household want looking after; suppose that the doctrines of the "Reformed Church" fail not only to produce holiness of life in its children, but if they do not even secure the first auxiliary and proof of piety—attendance at Church on Sundays; and, suppose, that the priests of "the Romish Church" do contrive to attain this primary and cardinal point, at all events, how would it be if these sanctimonious personages were to abandon us to the error of our ways—were to leave the dead to bury their dead—and employ themselves in what we would deem the more congenial labour of caring for their own, instead of wasting their energies upon us, outer aliens, who, we fear, generally do not justly appreciate their very kind efforts in our behalf? Saint Paul declares a man to be little better than a heathen that neglects the affairs of his own household. And in the business of life, one could not strongly commend the man that should leave his own house in flames to lend a hand at the fire-engines that were playing on a conflagration in a neighbor's premises. Or are these gentlemen ignorant of the wisdom of the old axiom:—*Est caritatis lenè ordinata, domi incipere*. In plain English—"Charity begins at home."

One scribe, in the *Westminster Review*, goes further than these unselfish Liverpudlians. He not only taunts us with being in error, but he absolutely makes us out to be irremediably vicious, and lays all the crime of Liverpool at the door of the Irish immigrants. Heaven help them, poor fellows! If poverty, the deepest

crime in the Englishman's decalogue, be a crime, then are they steeped in guilt; their offence is rank. But in our next, we mean to measure swords with the sapient reviewer of the *Westminster*, who makes this rash assertion, with the calendar of the last Liverpool assizes staring him in the face.

To return to our muttons. A very accurately prepared table of statistics, which appeared about three weeks ago in the *Liverpool Mercury*, as to the attendance on Sundays at the various churches and chapels in Liverpool,

will aid us in testing the question at issue, whether the Catholics, Dissenters, or Protestants are most assiduous in their attendance at religious worship on Sundays. And it must be borne in mind, that the figures quoted below are prepared by a non-Catholic for a non-Catholic journal.

The numbers quoted as attending on Sundays were ascertained by actual calculation at every service held at each church and chapel, and the total of all the services is the number given.

Number of Churches or Chapels.	Denomination.	No. of Sitzings in Church or Chapel.	Attendance on Sunday, as ascertained by actual reckoning.
55	Protestant	63,009	44,842
9	Presbyterian	8,080	6,784
11	Baptists	7,100	5,464
4	Unitarians	1,900	1,638
11	Independents	8,450	7,282
32	Various sects of Methodists	24,784	17,779
17	Various sects.	4,450	2,014
		118,353	85,803

ATTENDANCE AT CATHOLIC CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

	Seat room	Numbers as actually counted.						Total, morning and evening.
		First service	Second service.	Third service	Fourth service	Fifth service.	Sixth service	
St. Nicholas's, Copperas-hill	1050	436	541	518	1723	737	—	3955
St. Patrick's, Park-place	2000	1357	1791	970	2330	1184	—	7633
St. Francis Xavier's, Salisbury-st. .	1600	455	522	1302	510	—	—	2789
St. Mary's, Edmund-street	2000	1000	1073	846	1035	1335	538	5827
St. Alban's, Athol-street	800	805	888	188	—	—	—	1879
St. Joseph's, Grosvenor-street	1800	441	572	438	1039	1236	—	3726
Holy Cross, Great Crosshall-street .	700	355	576	758	163	—	—	1852
St. Anthony's, Scotland-road	2000	1262	1270	1124	1087	1594	706	7043
St. Peter's, Seel-street	1200	406	492	556	1195	994	—	3643
St. Vincent de Paul, Norfolk-street .	550	396	373	484	238	—	—	1481
St. Anne's, Edge-hill	800	377	478	426	213	—	—	1494
St. Augustine's, Great Howard-st. .	700	472	594	916	326	—	—	2308
Oratory St. Philip, Hope-street . . .	400	311	319	373	—	—	—	1003
• Oratory La Salette, Blackstock-st.	300	—	—	—	—	—	—	1500
Total	15900	8063	9487	8899	9859	7080	1244	46130

• This Oratory was not included in the statistics in the *Liverpool Mercury*.

Now for a few deductions from these figures. The census of 1851 gave the population of Liverpool as 376,000. Now, setting the Catholics down at about 90,000 adults, and deducting that number from the whole population, it will leave the Protestants and Dissenters 286,000 in number; or, striking a ratio between them, from their attendance at Church on Sunday, we may put down 158,885 for the former, and 127,115 for the latter.

Thus, then, stands the case :—

The Protestants, with church accommodation for 63,009 people, gather in to worship 44,842 souls out of their total of 158,885. That is to say, they collect at all their services put together about two thirds of the number which their churches would hold at one time. Or, putting the case the other way, suppose all their worshippers at the two or three services, as the case may be, collected at once, they would do very little more than

occupy two out of three benches prepared for their reception. We have never enjoyed the felicity of beholding a gathering of the sons and daughters of the Establishment; but, from the figures given, there must be "a beggarly account of empty benches." Had we turned into St. David's, Brownlow-hill, for instance, on the Sunday when the numbers were taken, we should have witnessed the phenomenon of a church with sittings for 1200, occupied by 41, 71, and 33 persons, at the morning, afternoon, and evening services respectively. The ratio between the number of Protestants in town, and the church-goers, is as 4 to 1.

The Dissenters stood thus:—Number of Dissenters, 127,115; Church accommodation, 55,344; number actually present on a given Sunday, 40,941. So that they occupy 8 out of 11 sittings; and 1 out of 3 are gathered in from the highways and byeways.

Now for the benighted Catholics. Suppose them to number 90,000 souls in this town (which we believe to be a just estimate), with church accommodation for 15,900, they assemble for their Sunday devotions to the number of 46,130. This is an attendance of more than 1 out of every 2; and the only wonder is that the ratio is so high, when we consider the thousands of homeless, moneyless, raimentless, foodless creatures that call the Catholic Church their mother in Liverpool. We fill our accommodation three times over. And, if anybody doubt it, let him pass a Sunday morning in St. Anthony's or St. Patrick's, or indeed in any Catholic Church in the town, and he will witness such a sight as not "all the King's soldiers nor all the King's men" could realize in behalf of the Protestants.

And yet, forsooth, these are the men that vouchsafe to send us their Bible-readers, and who get up lectures and discussions for our enlightenment and edification. Their Parsons are over a hundred in number; and their Readers amount to twenty-seven. Upon this latter class alone a sum of £2,404 11s. 1d. was expended during the last year; a sum, we will venture to assert, equal to the united incomes of all the Catholic clergy in Liverpool.

Let them hand over to us any superfluous churches or cash they may have (and they would seem to have plenty of both), and we will engage to turn both to usurious account in bringing up attendants at Church services; but as for their sending their spiritual laborers into our fields, it is simply insanity, at a moment when their own vineyard is thus

deserted, weedy, fruitless, and unprofitable.

And in general, it may be said of them, that were they, like the Catholics, to mind their own business; were they to pay less attention to polemics, and more to morality; were they to join with us in our common crusade against dishonesty, indecency, drunkenness, and vice in general, Liverpool would not be the sink-hole of sinfulness and immorality that it is.

ON PARODY.

Of all species of wit, parody is perhaps most calculated to yield a quiet enjoyment to the merry faculties. No loud laugh accompanies its perusal, but the satisfaction derived from the perfection of the resemblance between the original and its parody, fills us with a sort of gentle laughter in the sleeve, the more enduring from its gentleness. This species of wit, if we may venture to define where so many have failed, consists in implying a congruity between mean and dignified ideas or things; this congruity being implied by the resemblance of phrase, measure, or manner.

To any of our readers of the Beckman type, curious about inventions and discoveries, we can only say that some learned men—more learned, perhaps, than philosophic—attribute the invention of parody to Hipponax, of Ephesus, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era, and whose mastery of his art was so great, that two sculptors, who carved a statue representing his deformed little body, committed suicide on having launched at them the terrors of his ridicule. Pretty as may be the tale, we must assign the "invention" previous to the sixtieth olympiad, and to a greater author than the Ephesian refugee—human nature itself.

From the character of this wit, no subject is safe from being made its butt—the holiest of beliefs, the words of divine writ, the prayers consecrated by the use of ages, our best affections, the most beautiful sentiments, are as open to it as all that is false and meretricious. It requires good taste for its guide, and the fundamental canon of that taste is, to parody or countenance the parody of nothing, save what is justly deserving of ridicule, or will not suffer by the wit. Fortunately, all the parodies, so far, at least, as our own reading extends—which ridicule any of the above classes—are as poor in their wit as detestable in their taste. The mock litanies, by which the Puritans and

Cavaliers attempted to cover each other with ridicule; even the Jacobite *Te Deum* on the House of Hanover—the best of its miserable class—would not now find admittance into *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* or *Reynolds's Miscellany*. Rail as any of us may against the present age, we must admit that if there is no progress in moral and religious feeling, there is at least an advance in *refinement*.

We must, however, make a distinction between what may be called caustic parody—intended to cast ridicule on the original—and the pleasant or genial parody, which cannot be taken otherwise than a compliment—even a mark of affection—for the original. Such were the elections in old medieval times of the King of Fools and the Abbot of Misrule, which were but to extend a Greek distinction—dramatic parodies. To enumerate all the cases which come under the legitimate jurisdiction of caustic parody would be a difficult task, but that exaggerated sentiment, affectation, pompous diction and conceits owe allegiance to it, none will deny.

One of the best of the caustic parodies in our language, to which prudence and space require us to confine ourselves, is that by our whilom parliamentary representative, Canning, on the late poet laureate, Southey's "Inscription," for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin the regicide (of Charles the First) was imprisoned thirty years. The original was written during the temporary insanity produced amongst the English Liberals by the outbreak of the French Revolution, and before their practical but unlogical good sense had perceived its necessary final consequence. We give the original, as the Doctor's conversion to Toryism did not increase his anxiety for its circulation, and it may be new to some of our readers:—

"For thirty years secluded from mankind;
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls
Echo'd his footsteps, as with even tread
He passed around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist.
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars, he poured a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty would dream! but such
As Plato loved: such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshipped. Blest hopes! a while,
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled."

The parody which appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" selects not for its vehicle the

murderer of a king, to whom, through the infirmity of our humanity, a sort of *prestige* attached; but one Mrs. Brownrigg, a milliner of London, whose cruelties had caused the death of her two apprentices; it is entitled "Inscription for the door of the cell Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg the 'prentice-cide was confined, previous to her execution

"For one long term, and ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echo'd her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street
St. Giles! its fair varieties expand;
Till at last she went in slow drawn cart
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal hole.* For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Safe scheme
Such as Lyncurgus taught when at the shrine
Of the Ortheagan Goddess, he bade flog
The little Spartans, such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Hard laws! but time shall
come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed

In collections of parodies by the same hand those of James and Horace Smith stand pre-eminent, compared with any others extant. Destitute of the creative faculties which for the soul of poetry, they possessed in the highest degree the power of imitating its life. Unlike Bon Gaultier, who, in the parodies, never gets rid of his own innate poetry, and often, amidst the "slang" and curt phrases, elevates the original, they had the tact of seizing on the weak points of each author, and so insinuating his peculiar style as to delude many into the belief that the "rejected addresses" for the re-opening of Drury-lane Theatre, after the fire, were the genuine productions of these whose well-known initials were appended. The peculiarities of Sir Walter Scott—his reverence for lineage, his patronage of all that was worthy yet "ignoble;" his display of the grand accessories of his subject, rather than the living, and moving, and thinking subject itself are well hit off in the caustic vein. Our illustration is the parody on that part of the sixth canto of *Marmion*, beginning—

"With fruitless labor Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound."

and concluding by describing *Marmion*:—

"With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of *Marmion*."

And well, indeed, does the parody serve its purpose, for the contest is not between the Norman chivalry of England and the flower of Scotland, left dead on the field of Flodden, but between the firemen of the Eagle Insurance Company and the raging element consuming the Drury-lane Theatre.

"An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length, the mist a while was cleared,
When, lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
Twas Joseph Muggins—name revered!
The fireman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe—
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'—
And poured the hissing tide.
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled, all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well—
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save:
But, ah! his reckless, generous ire,
Served but to share his grave:
His blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke, he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphurous stench, and boiling drench—
Destroying sight—o'erwhelmed him quite:
He sunk to rise no more!
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved:—
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps:
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps—
Why are you in such doleful dumps:
A fireman! and afraid of bumps—
What are they feared on! 'od rot 'em.'
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

There is perhaps no other contemporary writer whose productions afford a more ready vehicle of parody than Thomas Carlyle. The service which he has rendered the English language by his importation from our German cousins of the old Teutonic modes of expression has contributed in no small degree to rid us of the attenuated style of the last century, formed in slavish subserviency to French moods, altogether alien from the genius of our tongue, second to none save that of Greece in copiousness and pliability. But all reformers to produce much effect must somewhat exaggerate their claims, for few of us will move out of our grooves from mere rational considerations. Some little singularity, affected or otherwise, is necessary to give the requisite salt to the imagination. The quotation, which is from

Punch deals with the question of "Bloomerism" after Mr. Carlyle's manner in dealing with more momentous subjects.

"A mad world this, my friends—a world in its lunes, petty and other; in lunes other than petty, now for some time in petty lunes, pettiottes or pantallettes, about these six weeks, ever since when this rampant androgynous Bloomerism first came over from Yankee land. A sort of shemale dress-you-all Bloomerism; a fashion of Sister Jonathan's. Trousers tight at ankle, and for most part frilled; tunic descending with some degree of brevity, perhaps to knees, ascending to throat and open at chemisette front, or buttoned there; collar down-turned over neckerchief; and, crowning all, broad-brimmed hat—said garments severally feathered, trimmed, ribboned, variegated, according to the fancies and the vanities: these, chiefly, are the outward differences between Bloomer dress and customary feminine old clothes. Not much unlike nursery uniforms you think this description of costume, but rather considerably like it, I compete. Invisable are the merits of the Bloomer dress, but such it has. A praiseworthy point in Bloomerism—the emancipation of the ribs; an exceeding good riddance the deliverance from corset, trammelling genteel thorax with springs of steel and whalebone, screwing in waist to Death's hour-glass contraction, and squeezing lungs, liver, and midriff into an utterable cram. Commendable, too, the renouncement of *sous-jupe bouffante*, or ineffable wadding, invented, I suppose, by some Hottentot to improve female contour, after the type of Venus, his fatherland's and not Cythera's. Wholesome, moreover, and convenient the abbreviation of trains serving, in customary female old clothes, the purpose of besom and no other: real improvements, doubtless, these abandonments of ruinous shams, ridiculous unveracities and idolatries of indescribable mud. Python disputes about surplises in pulpit and alb, elsewhere, fire-place to controversies in theatres and lecture-halls, concerning petty lunes and frilled trowsers, paraphernalia, however, not less important than canonicals, I judge for one. But here are we, my friends, in this mad world, amid the hallooings, and bawlings, and guffaws, and imbecile simperings and titterings, blinded by the November smoke-fog of coxcombries and vanities, stunted by the perpetual hallelujahs of funkeys, beset by maniacs and simpletons in the great lunes and petty lunes; here, I say, do we, with Bloomerism beneath us bubbling uppermost, stand, hopelessly upturning our eyes for the daylight of heaven, upon the brink of a vexed, unfashionable gulf of apehood and asshood, simmering for ever."

The poetry of Thomas Moore, with its many excellences, possesses grave faults, and none perhaps greater than the false sentiment, exaggerated beyond all nature, which pervades many of his lyric pieces, and the fact of many excellent parodies having been written on them, shows that the general verdict coincides with our opinion. The false sentiment contained in his

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered there."

" Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn' till night,"

is well and deservedly parodied in,

" When in gaol I shall calm recline,
Bear my best coat to some pawnbroker near,
Show him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
And ask him a price that is not too dear.

" Bid him not search for bank-notes in the pocket,
For they were lugged out to pay an old debt;
And all he'll find will be an old locket,
Of Sal's, she gave me, when last we met."

But we must conclude. The influence of parody is, indeed, great; when heavy and elaborate reasoning would utterly fail in its proposed object of repressing what in common, but expressive, phrase is termed "nonsense," the wit succeeds. Artistic composition, and the grace of style, will cause many a false opinion or sentiment to find acceptance, which if presented in a ruder garb, would be immediately rejected. The parody by displaying the same art, and the same grace on low or unworthy objects, restores the balance of mind, and the opinion or sentiment stands or falls on its own merit. No exhibition of the imitative power can permanently injure the true and the beautiful, though its systematic indulgence may cloud an individual mind and unfit it for their appreciation;—and gloomy indeed is the sign of that age which rates wit higher than truth and beauty. One thing it is ever necessary to remember, that the sword of caustic parody may be used in an unjust as well as in a just cause, and that it should never be drawn except in defence of our higher motives and of good taste.

FASHION.

What is fashion? Our fair readers will think us very daring when we attempt to define it, for most surely we have no pretensions to fashion practically, albeit we may have our opinion about it theoretically. Let us however attempt it, and perhaps they will be amused at our unconscious absurdity, whilst we, delighted to entertain them, even at our own expense, will congratulate ourselves at the seeming failure.

Fashion then, as it seems to us, is such a mode of thinking, speaking, dressing, or conducting one's self, as is consonant to the taste

of that portion of society who have the power of setting that taste.

Does fashion depend upon beauty? Far from it. Many fashions are exquisitely ugly. We need not here allude to the flat or pointed heads of certain tribes of the American Indians, distortions produced by pressing the soft skulls of the poor infants between boards; nor to the pointed shoes of the Plantagenet era which were so long that they required to be fastened to the knees by chains. We need only look at the pictures of the fashions used in the days when George the Fourth was Regent, to enjoy at once a good laugh, and be convinced that whatever be the principle of fashion, it is not beauty. Sky-blue frock-coats, with wasp waists, huge rolls of linen for neck-ties, boots with tassels at the knees!

Fashion depends not on any fixed laws. Its very essence is to be continually changing. Your eye is no sooner accustomed to it, than it melts into some fresh modification. Hats have been peaked; have been broad at the top; have had narrow brims and broad brims, broad bands and narrow bands. Bonnets have been shaped like coal-scuttles at one time, and at another like small saucers pinned on the back of the head, for by what other mechanism the ladies fastened them we know not. Sometimes they required "uglies," to aid in furnishing that shade one would imagine a bonnet was itself intended to supply. Sometimes, as now, their type seemed taken from a gigantic umbrella without its stalk and handle, or from a huge overgrown Brobdignagian mushroom. Sometimes wide sleeves seemed beautiful, sometimes narrow. Sometimes blue was pitched upon as the loveliest color, and then again cloaks must be made with a large red tippet, the more glaring the better. In one year, all the fashions are arranged according to elegance and perfection; in another, the clumsier and ruder and rougher they are, all the better do they conform to the inscrutable idea which reigns in that strange region, the charmed circle from which fashion emanates.

In amusements it is the same. To be fashionable, an amusement need not be really amusing, unless we think Cochin-China fowls are in themselves more interesting than homely geese or turkeys. We are old enough to remember when every lady, short-sighted or long-sighted, tall or short, elegant or dumpy, must be fond of archery, just as cross-stitch reigned in drawing-rooms years longer ago than we desire to remember, and was displaced

by crochet, which in its turn is departing, and will leave behind it a veritable literature of its own.

Does fashion depend upon high birth? Not absolutely. It is not always highly-born people who "set the fashion," and fashion may reign even where aristocracy, in the proper sense of the word, does not exist; as much in revolutionary, as in regal or imperial France, as much in Broadway as in Pall-Mall. On weather it certainly does not depend, nor on genius, though both these things may be "the fashion," that is, the possessors of them may be "the fashion," though they themselves are not "fashionable."

It is for the multitude who follow it a purely arbitrary thing, a taste in the first instance belonging to a few, who, like the late Count D'Orsay, and (behind the scenes, the tailors or bootmakers who advertised by his means,) have the power of beginning or setting in motion any mode or manner, and who know how to leave it off, or withdraw it, just when it is on the wane, in consequence of the natural changeableness of the world. Men therefore often create fashion who are themselves the most remote from it. And, once set a-going, like the circles on a stream, it widens as it proceeds, till what was at first the choice refinement of the Court, disappears among the pawnbrokers.

INDEPENDENCE.—To be truly and really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

None profit by experience except those who would get on very well without it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not wish to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

THE GREAT VALUE OF ACTION.—So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted; or, so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, and want are instruments in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power. It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted unto thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin.

DEATH OF DANIEL POWELL, ESQ.

On Friday, the 19th of October, it pleased Almighty God, by the death of the late Daniel Powell, Esq., to deprive the commercial world of Liverpool of one of the most enterprising and most honourable of its merchants, the Catholic charities of one of their most generous benefactors, and the Catholic community of one of the most resolute of the defenders of its rights.

Of the Catholic Institute he was the untiring friend; he presided at the laying of its foundation stone, and at many meetings of much importance to its interests, and contributed largely from his time, his energies, and his substance to the advancement of its ends. A zealous and sincere Catholic, always uncompromising in his avowal and advocacy of the doctrines most distasteful to those without the pale of Holy Church, he has died respected and deplored by a large and influential circle of Protestant friends. An active politician, he was ever found in a prominent position on the side of liberality and of popular advancement. Ever ready with his purse, to promote all works of benevolence, his truly Christian charity did not content itself with the mere granting of pecuniary aid, but was always prompt to add the kind word of consolation, or to afford, in friendly counsel, the advantages of his abilities and experience. He lived an honest, enterprising, kind-hearted man, and at his death he has left many to recall his generous hospitality, but none to say that from him they ever received wilful injury or unkindness. His loss is regretted by friends of all sects and of every shade of political opinion, and to the judgment seat of God will rise in sorrow and in gratitude the prayers in his behalf of hundreds, whose afflictions his kindness has relieved.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

*For the use of those who wish to understand the
meaning of things as well as words.*

[By the BROTHERS SMITH, Authors of "The Rejected
Addresses."]

ABRIDGMENT.—Anything contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

ABSURDITY.—Anything advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards; dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

ADVICE.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

ANCESTRY.—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.

ARGUMENT.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

AVARICE.—The mistake of the old who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth just as they are going to run away from it, and who are thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation.

BAIT.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

BEAUTY.—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered; a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

BEER, SMALL.—See Water.

BLUSHING.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

BOOK.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

BREATH.—Air received into the lungs for purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

BUMPER-TOASTS.—See Drunkenness, Vice, and Ill-health.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grail.

I.

Across the sun-lit ocean,
He gazed with tearful eye,
And oft, with sad emotion,
He heaved a tremulous sigh;
But his sorrows were unspoken,
And he pined in silence on;
For his heart was nearly broken,
And his hopes of joy were gone.

II.

Those hopes which he had cherished
In his boyhood's eager day,
Each after each had perished
From his longing sight away.
Gone was the glittering treasure
Which fancy oft had shown
Of dreams of future pleasure,
And he was left—alone.

III.

And no loved hand was near him,
To hold his drooping head,
No kindly voice to cheer him
Beside his lonely bed.
And in his hour of danger
No kindred heart was nigh;
But the cold, unheeding stranger,
Met his dim and languid eye.

IV.

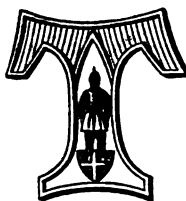
And though that he was dying,
He never mourned his fate;
To him 'twas bliss when flying
From scenes so desolate.
For now that joy was banished
From his lone, despairing heart,
When earthly hopes had vanished,
He was longing to depart.

V.

He died, alone—untended,
On a far and foreign strand;
His hour of life was ended
Far from his own loved land.
But memory brought around him,
Ere yet his soul had flown,
The spells which once had bound him,
And his dying word was "HOME."

Tom Howard, the Liverpool Apprentice.

"Honest occupation better than easy dissipation."



OM HOWARD was a Carpenter's apprentice. He was sauntering back to his workshop, one day, along Lord Street, with his hands in his pockets, his nose up in the air, and his eye into every shop window, giving a nod of recognition to one comrade, or receiving one from another, and all the while singing lustily the popular melody of the day. A cab passes by; on its foot-board behind is hanging on a smallish urchin, with a brown-paper parcel fastened to his back by a piece of string. There is room for one beside him, and in a moment Tom fills the vacant place. Comfortably seated side by side, our two youngsters soon find out that they are old chums.

"Hallo, is that you, Tom?"

"Nobody else, Walter; how d'ye get on?"

"O, gaily! You're still an apprentice, I suppose?"

"I'm sorry to say, I am. And you; still at school, eh?"

"O dear, no. Let me see, it's three months since I left school; yes, I've been in business now fully three months."

"In business! You're an apprentice I suppose."

"Not by any manner of means, my dear boy. Something far better than that."

"Indeed; chip-seller, custom-house officer, or what?"

"Something better than either of them. I'll tell you: I'm a book-seller's agent."

"Book-seller's agent; what's that?"

"Don't you know? It's a capital job, and no mistake. This was the way of it. I was in the Free Library in Duke Street a little more than three months ago, looking at the papers, when as good luck would have it, an advertisement in the *Mercury* caught my eye that has been the making of me. It was to this effect: "*Wanted a few respectable young men to solicit orders for a new and popular work on the war, which is selling largely in London. A liberal commission will be allowed.*" Next day, I donned myself up in my other coat, went to the address mentioned in the paper, and asked to

be employed. At first they were inclined to poke their fun at me, thinking me too young; but I gave them a few sharp answers—a little Liverpool clack, you know—and the end of it was that they engaged me to sell their books for them, allowing me a shilling on every five shillings' worth I might sell. It's capital fun. I always had a pushing way with me; so I go about among the merchants on 'Change, and through the offices, and sometimes I cross in the Eastham or New Brighton boat, selling as I go. You see, that's better than being always cooped up in an office or a workshop."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Tom.

"I believe you, my boy. Why, I clear fifteen or sixteen shillings a week, and that's not so bad for a lad of fourteen. In fact, I've left my father and mother, and am living in furnished lodgings. Come and see me sometime; number one hundred and twenty-seven Cumberland Street, next door to a coal-yard, the sixth storey, up the ladder at the end of the passage."

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, somewhat dazzled at this splendid recital; "I shouldn't mind changing places with you. You don't know what dull work carpentering is; no sitting down, always on your legs, always driving that everlasting plane."

"And besides, I forgot to tell you, master gives me an allowance every day," said Walter. "I'm only short of one thing now—and that's a good suit of clothes. So I'm saving up, to buy an outfit at Hyam's, and that will do the trick for me at once; it will double my gains in a week."

"I'm in rather a different fix from that," said Tom, sorrowfully. "If I leave the shop, every minute is put down; and they give me jobs a journeyman couldn't do, and journeys too long for a horse. I have two masters to please, master himself and mistress; very often, I haven't a free Sunday; kicks and dry bread, those are an apprentice's pleasures."

"And you stand all that?"

"I can't help standing it; I must learn my trade."

"Just as you like about that. I would rather be making money, walking about, and taking the world easy. Always remember the motto on the Liverpool arms: *Deus nobis hac otia fecit*, which your knowledge of Latin, Master Thomas, will teach you, means —."

But before he had time to furnish the translation, two smart lashes of a whip dexterously applied round the side of the cab put a stop to their colloquy, and unceremoniously lodged

Master Walter and his friend in the abundant stratum of mud that generally adorns Lime-street in drizzly weather.

This put Walter into a passion, who stood rubbing his shoulder, and assailing the cabman with a selection of epithets picked up in his peregrinations about 'Change and the merchants' offices, or in his voyages to Eastham and New Brighton. Of course, a large crowd was soon assembled, for the cab happened to be pulling up at the stand near the *Holy-lamp-post* in front of Saint George's Hall. Tom, more timid than his companion, slipped out of the crowd quietly, and made the best of his way back to his workshop.

"Here you are at last, you lazy scamp;" cried Mrs. Browne, (one of the *masters* above alluded to) the moment he set foot over the door-way. "What o'clock was it when you left here this morning? D'ye hear me? Are you going to answer me, you rascal?"

"They kept me waiting so long," grumbled the apprentice.

"Where did they keep you waiting?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"At the plumber's, because the master was sick in bed."

"O, you bad boy! you're at your lies again. Why it isn't five minutes since he left here. Threats and promises are lost upon you; you're quite incorrigible. And look what a sight you are; you must have been rolling in the gutter."

"Now, look you here, sir;" interposed Mr. Browne: "here's a little job that will keep your fingers going till supper-time;" and he pointed out to him a heap of tar-smeared boards in a corner, the last remains of a barge, that had many a time floated adown the Mersey's busy tide. "You see these planks. Now, to bed you don't go to-night till you have planed every one of those as clean and white as new deals. So the sooner you begin the better."

Tom rubbed his eyes, and quite done up with his morning's excursion, set to work with no very good grace. Like every lad working near a dissatisfied master, he was clumsier than usual, spoiling the wood and the tools, and in fact he was clearly in for another thrashing, when luckily twelve o'clock sounded. The journeymen hastily put on their coats and jackets, and hurried off to dinner, leaving the disconsolate Tom alone in the deserted workshop. He now began to breathe more freely; he threw down his chisel and plane, and stretched himself at full length on the work-table, on a copious bed of fragrant shavings. All the good luck of Walter came back to his

recollection, and the thought of it rendered his own condition more insupportable than ever.

"What a lucky fellow you are, Walter," said he to himself. "While I'm lying here, crying myself to death on my shavings, and shut up like a prisoner in this filthy workshop, you are free, you are walking in the fresh air in the finest streets in Liverpool, or perhaps at this very moment, you are sailing across the Mersey in the Eastham or New Brighton boat. Oh, you fortunate fellow, not to be an apprentice!" While indulging in these and similar thoughts, whether it was the closeness of the shop, or the fatigue of the morning, Tom felt his senses little by little growing confused; his head turned to one side; his heavy eyelids closed; he was in a deep and heavy sleep.

And now came all sorts of dreams and nightmares, each more horrid than the last, to trouble and assail his slumbers. First, it was his mistress's face; then that of his master, in what poets call "a fine phrenzy;" but somehow Tom answered all his rebukes so readily and so justly, that Mr. Browne stood quite dumbfounded; but alas! in this moment of his triumph, the harsh and well-known tones of the lady's voice broke in to undeceive poor Tom, and to recal to him the disagreeable fact that he was still Tom the Apprentice, everybody's whipping-post and football.

"Pretty work, this;" said she. "Is this the way you make up for all the time you lose this morning, you idle dog. Come, Sir; jump up this moment, and get the handcart out of the shed. Charley will help you to load it; and will tell you where to take it. Come; look sharp now."

"And who's to drag that great handcart?" asked Tom.

"Why, you, sir; that is if it please your lordship."

"But I can't move it by myself."

"Oh, indeed! And do you suppose Mr. Browne is going to let a man lose a day for fear of working your bones a little? Very likely. Come, now; don't let me have to tell you again; but jump up and get a-going."

Tom had nothing for it but to obey. They loaded the cart and harnessed him to it. Charley pushed behind till they had passed the Sailors' Home, and got to Paradise Street. Here he left him, wishing him a pleasant journey with his load.

Most people know what Paradise Street is about two o'clock in the afternoon; if they

don't, they had better take a hand-cart, loaded with deal planks, and try to make their way among cabs, carts, lorries, wagons, omnibuses, drags, and every conceivable and inconceivable sort of conveyance, and perhaps they'll have some idea what it is by the time they get into Church Street. There was our poor friend Tom, in the middle of all the hubbub and confusion, dragging like mad at his great heavy hand-cart, and scarcely making any headway at all. The wagoners swore at him; the

cabbies, more merciful, satisfied themselves as they passed with twitching the flies off his eyes or his ears; perspiration flooded him; the harness tortured his shoulders; the noise confounded him, till he reeled like a drunken man. He had managed to reach Welsh's cigar shop at the corner of Paradise Street and Lord Street, and here he fairly stuck fast. In vain he pulled and tried to get a start; his poor shoes slipped on the greasy pavement; if he got one step forward, he seemed to slip two



back. Some pitied him; some laughed at him; and at last, to crown his troubles, the pole of a lumbering omnibus caught the side of his cart, and without more ado lodged himself and his load safely in the gutter. Some of the crowd now came forward out of sheer pity to help to re-load his cart. It was at this moment that Walter, ever cool and confident, was seen making daylight for himself among the crowd.

"Hollo, Tom, my boy, what a mess you are in," cried he; "but don't flurry yourself. There's no great harm done yet. A helping hand from some of these good folks will soon

set you to rights. So, while they're getting your planks up, step into these vaults to dry your clothes and get a glass of something comfortable."

Tom lets himself be persuaded; they go in, and over a glass of warm punch, provided by Walter, all the fortunes of the one, and the misfortunes of the other, are freely discussed. The conversation is engrossing, and drives Tom to the confines of envious desperation. Time flies on; till at last, after the expiration of perhaps half-an-hour, Tom cries out suddenly, "Well, but what about my hand-cart?"

"Aye, to be sure," said Walter, "upon my life, I had forgotten all about it."

If he had forgotten it, somebody else had remembered it; for, on coming out of the vaults, a single glance was enough to satisfy them that the cart had disappeared.

"Oh, dear! what ever has become of my hand-cart," cried he in dismay.

"Hand-cart!" said the newspaper boy from the next shop, "Was it a light-blue one and full of deal planks?"

"Yes; where is it?"

"Oh, far enough by this time. I seen two young men a-wheeling it away about twenty minutes since. And didn't they go it along Whitechapel? Rather!"

Tom was seized with horror; but it was only for an instant. After a moment of silence, he cried out, "It's a blessing from heaven, and no mistake about it. I cannot return to my master, now that the cart is gone. Neck or nothing, I leave him. I'm an apprentice no longer; Walter, I join you; I too am a bookseller's agent."

"Well said, my lad," cried Walter; "spoken like a man, as you are. To-night you share my supper and my bed; to-morrow I present you to my master. Tom, I'm your friend, and your fortune's as good as made."

"I'm all right," said Tom; "nothing to do but knock about town, and plenty of money for my pains." Oh, I wish I had only known of this sooner!"

And in fact, his golden dreams seemed destined to be realized. He cleared ten shillings the very first day, and to the apprentice this income seemed more gorgeous than "all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." And his good luck lasted several days; but somehow this endless walking up and down the streets, this ferreting into all the holes and corners about Liverpool, this exposure to all sorts of weather, the broiling sun and the pelting rain, seemed to him at first somewhat less exciting than he had anticipated. But use is everything; and in course of time, he began to come round to Walter's opinion, that nothing was comparable to the free-and-easy life of a bookseller's agent. Walter's friends and associates became his. From being sober and industrious, as he once was, he became dissipated, lazy, and fond of gambling. At first, he attended to his work pretty regularly; after a time, his master saw him only once a-day or so; and at last, he was absent for whole days and finally for weeks together. A long term of indulgence was accorded to him, but

his irregularities and dissipation became at length so much beyond all bounds, that he was shown to the door, and his friend Walter along with him.

"Well, what's to be done now," said the two friends.

"I'm not sixteen years old yet," said Tom, "so I shall go back to my apprenticeship."

"And I shall set up in business," said Walter.

"In what line?"

"You know Harry Grundy, that used to be at Mr. Carrier's, of Ilkeston; I'll set up a jewellery stall with him!"

"And some fine morning, you'll find that he has bolted with the capital, stock, and profits. For you know Harry understands a little sharp dealing, occasionally."

"But what if I steal a march upon him?"

"And make yourself a thief?"

"Hush; mum's the word! Not at all; merely a sharp practitioner."

"Good bye to you, Walter; I prefer the workshop to the hulks, so I return to the chisel and plane."

But it doesn't always follow that because a man wishes to work he can do so. Tom soon discovered, that after his long continued habits of idleness and vagabondage, it was no easy matter for him to submit to regular, continuous, and heavy labor. The master who was induced by his sturdy appearance to receive him into his shop, very soon repented of his bargain. The moment Tom stood at the work-table all his old disgust came back upon him, and he set to work so languidly and so lazily, that from morning till night he drew upon himself the reproofs and reproaches of his master and the foreman. At last, they grew tired of him, and he was turned out once more. He then tried the bookseller again; but with his torn coat, his carpenter's paper cap, and above all, with his lazy, dissipated, and debauched appearance, his old employer declined having anything to do with him. Two means of livelihood now presented themselves to Master Tom, begging and stealing. He was fertile in resources, and did not select either of them. Never; while a chip could be sold, or a rag-and-bone could be gathered. He stiches an old shirt up into a bag, gets a sort of lantern, fastens a nail at the end of stick, and so, duly and properly equipped as rag-and-bone gatherer, he sallies forth after dark to grope in the gutters and sewers, disputing with the homeless dogs of Liverpool the possession of a bone or a morsel of mouldy crust.

One evening as he was rifling an ash-pit, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and looking up, he perceived a young man of about his own age, in a Talma wrapper, a noble waistcoat and trousers, with an Albert gold guard, as thick as a ship's hawser, hanging at his button-hole, and sparkling rings on half-a-dozen or more of his fingers.

"Here I am again," cried Walter, snatching the bag, stick, and lantern out of Tom's hands; "send those tools to the devil, and listen to me."

"I have listened to you only too much already," said Tom with much sorrow, "you have been my ruin, when you disgusted me with my honorable trade, and enticed me from my lawful apprenticeship. Leave me now; you only wish to draw me into some new trouble."

"You are raving, my dear boy," said Walter, not at all disconcerted. "I have my pockets full of money; and I am going, not only to give you a good supper, (and I'm sure from your looks you stand much in need of one), but, more than that, once more, I am going to make your fortune for you."

"You are set up in some new line, I suppose," murmured Tom.

"The prince of lines, my dear boy: I am engaged in the handkerchief and watch line; d'ye twig?"

"I'm afraid, I do *twig*," replied Tom.

"It's a paying business, very; far better than planes, port folios, or bone-bags."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well, die of hunger, if you prefer it."

"There are many things I should like better than to die of hunger."

"Take my advice then. You're just the man to get on in our line. You have a very demure look; and no one would ever think of suspecting you. In a short time, you could make from fifteen to twenty shillings a-day."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I make twice as much, and I'm only a beginner."

"How do you manage it?"

"Nothing easier. Look here; you see the handkerchief sticking out of that fat old gentleman's pocket; look at it well."

Walter, walking away a few paces from Tom, went and knocked against the old gentleman who was hobbling slowly along. Having made a hasty apology to him, Walter walked forward, made a little detour, and returning to

Tom, "*There you are*," said he, drawing a splendid silk handkerchief from his sleeve. Tom was amazed. "Now then, it's your turn," said Walter. "You see that crowd round the newspaper shop, reading the latest news from the Crimea. Slip in among them; push against everybody; have a soft and light touch; and I'll answer for your success."

"Hang it," cried Tom; "I can't lose much by the change, thief or rag-gatherer; here goes."

He makes the attempt. His hand slips furtively into the first pocket he can find; it belongs to an old gentleman that is anxiously reading the telegraphic dispatch. In the depths of the pocket his eager fingers clutch a heavy snuff-box. Tom's heart beats against his ribs like a sledge-hammer. No doubt, it is of gold. He is drawing it softly out, when he finds himself clutched in a powerful grasp, and a hand larger and stronger than his own nails his hand to the bottom of the pocket. He strives madly to drag himself away; but that iron, stern grasp holds him still ruthlessly. He would flee, but his limbs obey him no longer. He strives to cry aloud, but not a word can he articulate. Beaten down with fear, his heart throbs till it almost bursts; he is faint, and suffocated; he really feels that terror is killing him.

A voice rings in his ear:

"You lazy, good-for-nothing rascal, is that the way you make up for lost time? Come, jump up, you young monkey, and get to work with you. Do you know that it is after half-past two o'clock, and you've scarcely touched a plank yet."

Tom opened his eyes. Making out the visage of Mrs. Browne, he shut them again in a moment. He then began rubbing them very hard, opened them again, and made out the same visage once more. He raised himself up, and began to look about him. He was in the workshop of Mr. Browne, still lying on the work-table, on the copious bed of fragrant shavings. Once more he rubbed his eyes with a hearty good-will. "Now then," said his mistress, "what's the matter with you? Don't look at me like that, it's enough to frighten one." And she still grasped her apprentice by the arm, never loosening her hold for an instant. "What ever's to do with the lad? He is all of a sweat; and his eyes glare like a mad dog's. Why you must have had the night-mare."

"The night-mare!" cried Tom, "Is it possible?" He sprang up. "Then it was only

a dream, and I am still at Mr. Browne's; I am still an apprentice?"

"You are; very much to my sorrow," replied the good lady; "but are you going to be a fool out-and-out?"

"Then I haven't been a bookseller's agent?" continued Tom, whose face still exhibited traces of alarm, "Then I haven't been a rag and bone man; and I'm not going to be hanged?"

"Hanged!" cried Mrs. Browne, in the greatest state of alarm, "Will you give up your nonsensical talk, I say; for it quite frightens me, and disturbs my digestion, especially after them oyster patties."

But Tom didn't hear a word she said. "So, I'm still an apprentice," said he joyfully, "still a carpenter;" and seeing his jack-plane lying on the floor, he snatched it up, and pressed it eagerly to his lips; and after that, he served his rule in the same manner, and hugged it to his heart.

At this moment Mr. Browne walked in, and then there was another scene.

"Master," cried Tom, throwing himself at his feet, "please to give me a good thrashing, to make me quite sure that I'm your apprentice still."

"Hollo! what's the matter with you now," said Mr. Browne, with a very dissatisfied look.

"Browne," said the lady, "I'm sure the boy's gone mad. For more than a quarter of an hour that I have been talking to him, he has never made me a sensible answer, but has been talking all sorts of extravagant nonsense. Deary me, we can never keep an apprentice that turns us all topsy-turvy like this."

But by this time Tom was at work. He had adjusted a plank on the table. The shavings were flying about him, right and left, and deluged the whole table and the floor.

"Let him work," said Mr. Browne at last, after looking at his apprentice for some time, "I never saw a man work like that. It is not merely a willingness, it is a passion for work. Make your mind easy about him; I'm satisfied we shall be able to make a workman of him yet. I know very well what has made this change in him; it's that box in the ear I gave him this morning. Haven't I always told you, my dear, that there's nothing like a good thrashing from time to time for encouraging an apprentice?"

But the end of it was, that from that day till the close of his apprenticeship Tom never drew upon himself any more of these encouraging boxes in the ear. Not that his

term of service wore away without tedium and temptation. For in the weary hours of labor, that fatal longing for freedom beset him many a time, that seduces those youths who know not its deceptive glitter. And chums and comrades, beginning the facile, downward career of vice, strove to allure him aside to pleasure from the uncompromising path of duty and labor. But he withstood their repeated assaults with brave and manly determination, persevering in honest, hard work, and gradually but surely securing triumph over all the difficulties of a hard trade, and the still greater conquest of himself. In course of time he became foreman of the shop; and at this very moment, Mr. Thomas Howard is a master carpenter, successor to the late Mr. Browne, and employs seven journeymen and three apprentices. What would have become of him, had he yielded to the first impulse of disgust and discouragement, and had he abandoned his apprenticeship, his calling, and his work? Probably, he might have become what was foreshadowed in the dream, sent no doubt by his guardian angel.

Work then, ye young, for work is your best friend; work it is, that saves you. It is for you a source of grace, virtue, and happiness. This is the great secret of living well; work instructs and amends; it renders us habitually industrious and clever, frequently rich, always estimable and honorable. In fine, work, with the proper intention, procures peace upon earth, and happiness in heaven.

Whenever we find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, we may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

To most men, experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, or of his faults behind his back."

If we would only give ourselves half-an-hour's serious reflection at the close of every day, we should preach to ourselves seven of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.

Silence is the best remedy for anger: if you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

LIBERAL CATHOLICS.—Those who surrender the outposts of the Faith to the enemy, for the purpose of thereby more securely defending the citadel.

Reviews.

A Glance behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France: With a comparative view of the working of the Church system abroad and at home. Second edition. London: LUNLEY. 1855. pp. 308.

The obstinate blindness of Puseyites is something astounding. Here is one of them, whose object, as one would suppose from almost every page of the work, is to show the total difference of the "working" of the Papal system from that of the Anglican; and who yet, on the very title page, pretends to identify the two.

Take, again, the confession implied in the Dedication, where we find that "unity is lost to Anglicans," and that the said unity "forms the sure and enduring basis of an organization for the restoration of which we should do well to unite in prayer." Of course they would; but, in the meantime, the very thing likely to hinder the success of the prayer is their impudent assumption of that unity for the restoration of which they ask:—for what less is implied in their continual boast of constituting "a branch of the Church Catholic?"

The next confession (for we shall find plenty of them as we go on) is that the Anglican establishment, "except in a few individual instances, has ceased to be that centre from which the spirit that vivifies all charitable foundations should emanate." What is this but an acknowledging in other words, that she has ceased to be a portion of the Church of Christ? If ever *exceptio probat regulam* it is here. We see, on the one hand, certain generally diffused and spontaneous results; on the other, certain individual struggles against the stream, certain efforts disapproved, discouraged and snubbed by the authoritative heads. To what conclusion can an honest mind come but that the former *system* is Catholic, and the latter anti-Catholic, and therefore anti-Christian? For there is no medium, and to mince matters is the real uncharitableness. We recollect feeling hurt at hearing a priest say that the Catholic was the only Christian: but on reflection we said to ourselves: Were those at Antioch, to whom the name of Christian was first given, in union with St. Peter, and the great body of Christians then existing, or were they not? If they were, (and who doubts it?) then it is of no use to pretend that other bodies, not so united, have a claim

to the appellation. The world understands this principle perfectly well, and applies it with admirable shrewdness, in the things of the world. Let a corporation be founded with certain exclusive rules and privileges, and in vain will any persons endeavor to share these privileges who either have been cut off from the body, or, never having belonged to it, pretend that an imitation of it is equivalent to identity. Such a claim is laughed to scorn by every man of sense; and similar would be the case in spirituals if men brought to the consideration of these the same amount of deliberative and unprejudiced reason which they take good care to exhibit where the paltry interests of time solely are concerned.

But perhaps the most ludicrously suicidal passage in the whole work is the concluding one of the preface; where the author (our readers will hardly believe it) declares that

"There can be no reason why—provided our succession be as indisputable, the supremacy of our visible head as valid, and, THEREFORE, our sacramental system as efficacious—we should fail in surrounding the Church in England with, &c.,"

Now here is a plainly implied avowal that the efficacy of the sacramental system, in the English establishment, depends on the validity of the headship of Queen Victoria, who yet is debarred, by the 37th Article of that establishment, from the ministration of that system! So that the "Queen's Clergy" derive their authority from one who is incapable of doing what she yet is supposed to commission and authorize them to do! Did ever fatuity go farther?

A theory, or rather a no-theory, like this, leads of course to dishonesty when the holders of it are pressed. The author represents the Superior of the English Benedictine College at Douay as enforcing the self-evident proposition, that

"No Church which disclaimed a visible and jurisdictional authority could ever be safe from sectarian disputes. I said we held that convocation rendered any higher appeal needless." p. 29.

Now here the author was guilty of a known untruth: for the patent fact is, that whenever convocation is allowed to speak it renders higher appeal ten times more needful by its endless squabbles: and therefore the more judicious High-and-Dries and Evangelicals detest and try to smother it. It is only the simple and silly Puseyites who make an idol of it; forgetting that, Dagon-like, it is sure to tumble, and will most probably smash them in its fall.

It is delightful to find the author contrasting

the beautiful ecclesiastical arrangements for the Catholic poor with

"That wretched mockery of religious worship a *workhouse chapel*, with its bare walls, naked altar, high pews, prison windows, a damp musty atmosphere, chilling soul and body with one deadly blow;" p. 32.

or rather it *would* be delightful, could we forget, as we read, one after another, the interesting details throughout the work, that accumulated responsibility which rests upon the head of one who can see and describe such things and yet resist the voice of God, inviting into the Church, St. Cyprian's "home of unity and peace."

Not only is there this strictly religious contrast: Catholicity, as the author shows, has flung its radiance all around, and entered every corner and cranny of humanity.

"I looked on the tender and compassionate sisters, one of whom walked before me gently leading in a blind and infirm old woman; and the good-natured *conciierge*, who had a friendly salutation and a kind word for every one he met,—and thought of those human harpies who call themselves matrons and nurses to their victims, or the liveried jacks-in-office whose occupation it is to drive the destitute from their doors." p. 32.

And now for the dead.

"A little corpse was laid out of a young girl who was to be buried to-morrow. Several persons came and kneeled beside it. One old woman stood by, carefully keeping off the flies. The head was crowned with flowers, and a thin square of cambric covered the face. Flowers were strown over the coffin. How different, thought I, from the parish dead-house, and the two gaunt paupers hurrying through our streets with a black box strapped together, and containing probably the mangled remains of some young surgeon's anatomical investigations. Here, the poor must feel there is something in religion. They share its hopes and consolations equally with their richer brethren. There,—what can they think? It is not *my* business to inquire." p. 33.

Indeed! it was thus that Cain asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and it is thus that every Protestant, in self-condemnatory phrase and thought, shoves off from himself, and on to some one else, what life is given him to determine;—just as if he could be damned by proxy! With all this want, however, of the very element and essence of religion in the Protestant system, its members can be very sanctimonious, and appear much shocked at any inadvertent issuing of sacred names from the mouths of Catholics. Just listen to our author on this point.

"I remember observing it in a *religieuse* [wrongly written *religieuse*] to whom I was once introduced. Indeed the very first word I heard her utter was an exclamation which in England would sound very shocking even from secular lips." p. 35.

And what, do our readers think, was this horrible instance of what our author positively classes under the head of inadvertent blasphemy? Here it follows:

"I was apologizing to her for the *dérangement* I was perhaps causing her, when she interrupted me with *Mon Dieu! Monsieur, ne faites pas d'excuse: je suis charmée de faire votre connaissance.* And this was not only a woman of family and education, but of remarkable holiness of life."

To be sure she was; and she *showed* that holiness, as saints always show it, by *inadvertently* making manifest that they have *set God always in their sight*, as the Psalmist speaks; and therefore, when a stiff, stuck-up parson, with his starched jack-towel-like white cravat rolled about his neck, and his sanctified look, utters his *niaiseries*, they first turn to their God with a holy protest, and then proceed to demolish the unfortunate word-monger. In brief, good Catholics have the name of God so frequently on their lips because they have Him constantly in their hearts; whereas Protestants, whose whole religion is a constrained effort to bring something near which is far distant, find it a task to think of Him, a penance to love Him, and therefore think He is pleased with their never mentioning His name except formally and in Church, or at the *family-altar*, as they call a despatched breakfast-table, covered with the relics of ham and eggs, redolent of potted shrimps, and where some disgusting-looking plate or saucer has been shoved into the centre to make way, in a corner, for the "Family-Bible."

The author is next astonished, p. 36, at "the Bishop joining, as lustily as any one, in "The Psalms for the day chanted to Gregorian tones." This certainly must have surprised one accustomed to see the spiritual lords of parliament on their cathedral thrones, looking on their prayer-books, with cold dignity, while the choir is doing the necessary work. We suppose the author felt inclined to put, to his lordship, a question similar to one put by a Chinaman to certain dancers whom he saw figuring at Almack's: "Why," said he, "don't you pay people to go through this troublesome ceremony for you?"

In p. 39 we again find the author lying for the good of his church.

"I said the Sovereign was the only visible head of the English Church, but it was in temporal, not spiritual matters. The privy council's power was very far from being recognised by the church, and the proof of this would be, that no sooner would a convocation be re-established (which it was our earnest hope would shortly be the case), than its first

act would doubtless be to reverse this very decision." [The Gorham one,—p. 39.]

These *would-bes* and *earnest hopes* are pitifully ludicrous; but the author found that he had caught a Tartar in the principal of the Séminaire des Promenades at Arras, to whom this blatant nonsense had been uttered.

"Ah!" he said, "but you have not got your convocation yet? there does not seem any certainly that you ever will have it; and when you *have* got it you will have no security that all its members will be agreed, and there would be no appeal." "In that case," I said, "a very improbable one, (!) we have the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Those of our readers can best apply the practical comment here who happen to remember this same Archbishop's answer to Mr. Maskell, who applied to him for a solution of difficulties. Dr. Sumner very honestly replied to this effect: "You have your Bible; and there is nothing which makes me one whit a more authoritative interpreter of it than yourself. I have the honor to be, &c., &c."; But of course the Puseyites know much better than His Grace, what his powers are; and they occasionally stir him up, with no gentle hand, for not exercising what *they dream* him to have received.

The author gives a very interesting account of the Abbé Mullois, the chosen chaplain of the Emperor; but for this, and many other things, we must refer our readers to the book itself; whom we would respectfully solicit, as they read, to offer up a prayer for the unfortunate writer; whose knowledge leaves him without excuse. Our few remaining notices will be such as combine with what we have already examined to enforce this, and to show more clearly what an object of compassion he really is.

"I had been told there was an English Church in the Rue Royale, and that once a fortnight the celebration of the holy Eucharist was held there, alternating with..... I found this English Church was a Wesleyan Meeting Room, so that in fact the holy Eucharist is only thought necessary once a month, or twelve times in a whole year, to the English residents in Paris! I thought of my own weekly, which I hoped soon to make a daily, celebration, and felt that even then I should make a very poor figure among these hard-working priests, in whose churches celebration follows celebration from half-past five till twelve at several altars. No wonder that, judging from the scanty hebdomadal services with which, so far as their experience goes, English people content themselves, they refuse to acknowledge our religion as forming any part of the true Catholic Church." p. 77.

"Being *Sacrament Sunday*! I pursued my way to

the Rue d'Aguessau. The cheque-takers sat at a little table, receiving the money and giving change. I thought of the buyers and sellers our Lord turned out of the temple. My next neighbor lolled back during the whole service. I could not detect that she made any responses, though she persisted in repeating every word of the Absolution. During the Litany she as well as others maintained their sitting position, and fanned themselves languidly while confessing they were *miserable sinners*." p. 78.

In pp. 255 and 256 we find him in a high state of irritation at the want of politeness among converts. They are so much less *amiable* than they were. The secret of this is that Catholics, being possessed of truth, speak it, "call a spade a spade," and will not let their neighbors be damned, if they can help it, for want of a little plain dealing. He says to a sister Mary:—

"Among all the other converts with whom I have had any intercourse, I have been met in a bitterness of spirit, and a rancour of invective, which I have thought not only at variance with the laws of Christian charity, but even with the usages of polished society." p. 255.

This "polished society," is one of the Englishman's Trinity; and the other two are Mammon and Comfort: for any one of these he will at any time sell his soul. But it is fortunate that the parson gives his specimen of this awful affronting of the fine feelings and delicate nerves of Anglicans. "You shall see," says he to the Sister, when she ventured to express a doubt; and then comes his converted friend's letter.

"The Church, as you remark, has plenty of work for her children to do. I speak, of course, of the One, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, the same throughout the world, identical in doctrine and discipline, in perfect unity, obedient to the Vicar of Christ. The miserable system founded by Henry the Eighth has no claim to that title. It is a mere Erastian body, without a priesthood and without sacraments,—a mass of heresy and schism."

And for simply writing this, which every Catholic *must* feel to be not only true, but infinitely important, the poor convert is accused of such an offence as ought to shut against him the doors of "polished society." If so, we pray God we may never have them opened to us; and are prepared, in this and many other matters, to follow Christ "without the camp, bearing his reproach;" convinced more and more, every step of our pilgrimage, that every attempt to unite Catholicity and this world's fashions must be more than futile, and only embarrass and injure him who makes it. And with this remark we take leave of the sensitive parson and his too candid production.

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By Professor Wilson.
Vol. 1. BLACKWOODS.

After a full share of advertisements, and more than ordinary expectation, the first vol. of this handsome reprint of the celebrated "Noctes" is at length before us. The numerous readers of periodical literature are now worthily reminded of the deep sigh they breathed when they learned, some eighteen months since, that "Christopher North" was no more.

Once more we are in the little tavern off Gabriel road; the hour, midnight; and our companions, the great Editor of "Beloved Maga," good-humored Tickler, and the Et-trick Shepherd, the "tall square green bottle, and genial mirth." Christopher North reigns supreme, and as he disputes with the honest shepherd, Tickler now and again chiming in, we listen to much eloquent dissertation, subtle reasoning, and acute criticism. Hours fly away. Christopher North is again before us, and startled afresh by his wonderful genius, we view in our mind's eye his manly beauty, and are charmed in imagination by the melody of his voice.

Shepherd: "It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawive and commanding: you might fear it, but you maun love it; and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe."

The most charming characteristic of these "Noctes" is the vast number of topics treated of in their pages. "Music, marvel, melancholy, moonlight," fails to give a fair idea of the wonderful power of the critic's pen to enlighten and to please, as evidenced here. Early in the volume, North, speaking of a "Virgin and Child," remarks:—

"What meek maternal love, mingled with a reverential awe of her own divine Babe! How beautifully has Mary braided—scarcely braided—folded up as with a single touch, ere yet her child had awoke, that soft silken shining hair—tresses rich in youthful luxuriance, yet tamed down to a matron simplicity, in sweet accordance with that devout forehead and bliss-breathing eyes.

Tickler: Such pictures scarcely bear to be spoken of at all. Let them hang in their silent loneliness upon the wall of our most secret room, to be gazed on at times when we feel the emptiness and vanity of all things in this life; and when our imagination, coming to the relief of our hearts, willingly wafts us to the heaven which inspired such creations of genius."

Further on the shepherd soliloquises:—

"Such a show of clouds! A congregation of a million might worship in that cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent?"

My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro—half-minute time—in its bower of clouds; the great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem; and the overcharged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours, that ere long will melt into showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O, Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy shepherd's strain fantastic, but look abroad over the workday world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapour steps, and its mist domes, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and illusive glories."

In a different mood, when Tickler compliments the same personage for never being absent in company, and North, for never spitting on the carpet, he answers:—

"The one's just as bad as the ither, or rather the first's the warst of the twa. What right has ony man to leave his ugly carcass in the room by itsel', without a soul in't; surely there could be nae cruelty or uncourtesy in kickin' it out o' the door."

The Shepherd says that the critic

"Should tell you at ance what the plot is about, and how it begins and gangs on and is winded up, in short pithy hints o' the characters that feegur throughout the story, and a masterly abridgment o' facts and incidents, wi' noo and then an elucidatory observation, and a glowing panegyric, but above a' things else, lang, lang, lang, extracts, judiciously seleckit, and lettin' you ken at ance if the author has equalled or excelled himself, or if he has struck out a new path or followed the auld one into some unsuspeckit scenery o' bonny underwood."

He thinks that Ghost scenes should be seldom used:—

"Gin you introduce a real Ghost at a', it maun appear but seldom, and never but on some great or dread account, as the Ghost of Hamlet's father. Then what difficulty in makin' it speak with a tomb voice! At the close o' the tale, the mind would be shocked unless the dead had burst its cerements for some end which the dead alane could have accomplished—unless the catastrophe were worthy an apparition.

He finely remarks on the effect on the mind of standing amid a thunderstorm;—

"The heart quakes, but the imagination, even in its awe, is elevated. You still have a hold on the external world, and a lurid beauty mixes with the magnificence till there is an austere joy in terror."

On the homage due to nature by art, we hear North himself:—

Shepherd: "Sketchers are geyan apt, howsomever, to be wearisome wi' their critical cant, and even to talk o' nature hersel', as if she were only worth studying for the sake o' art."

North: "Very true James. There was a painter,

some twenty years ago, of the name of Havel—dead now I suppose—who really painted with some spirit and splendour. He was all in all with an amateur friend of mine; and I remember once contemplating a glorious sunset among mountains with the said amateur friend, when, after a "*syncope and solemn pause*," he exclaimed to himself in soliloquy, 'Havel, all over, Havel, all over.' He complimented the sunset, James, Nature's own midsummer sunset at the close of a thunderous day, James, by likening it to, or rather identifying it with, a bit of oiled canvas, run over by the brush of a clever Cockney!"

And on political morality Christopher remarks:—

"Nothing, my dear James, as you well know ever prospered long, even in this wicked world, but plain dealing. Public and private morality are not to the outward eye the same,—for the coloring is different. But essentially, they are one, and every attempt made to separate them recoils on the heads of the schemers, and strikes them all to the earth."

The "Noctes," abound, too, with beautiful poems and pleasant songs—

"There's joy in the blithe blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There is joy in the dance and the wine;
But there's a delight will ne'er perish
'Mong pleasures so fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain."

With the editing of this volume, however, about which Professor Ferrier "makes so much ado" in his preface, we are by no means satisfied. In the first place, we cannot believe that the course which he has adopted is "that by which the author's reputation has been best consulted, and such as he would have approved of had he been alive." We know that to many of those who are alluded to in these pages, as "feeble rascals," "Irish jackasses," or "old ruffians," &c., Christopher North made literary, and to some personal, amends during his lifetime. We know that more than one of these were afterwards numbered amongst his most intimate friends; and feeling the justice of the severe remark of a contemporary, "That the school in which Christopher North was a master did not fight with the weapons of gentlemen," we have little doubt that had these "Noctes" re-appeared before his death, most of those scurrilous epithets would have disappeared.

And with the editor's own part we are further disappointed. Amongst the "glossarial notes," which he takes care to tell us in his preface, "are subjoined for the sake of those who labor under the disadvantage (?) of having been born on the south side of the

Tweed," there are many, indeed we fully believe a majority, that might as well have been omitted; numerous words are construed which, with the context, could not possibly be misunderstood; many really strange words are passed by, and some explained twice over, and, can you believe it, reader? we unfortunates south of the Tweed are not expected to understand such terms as "wiselike," or that "wizen" means the throat, and that "lugs" signify ears. Towards the close of the volume also, in explaining the meaning of the common phrase, "hit off to the nines," our Editor expresses his total ignorance of its *unde derivatur!* There is, moreover, running through both preface and notes, a matter of fact pretension to literary knowledge especially disagreeable; we like a little room for our imagination, some exercise of memory, a little play for our fancy, and we fully believe that all likely to read the "Noctes," know who were Byron, Hobhouse, L.E.L., De Genlis, De Stael, or Joseph Hume, the author of Vivian Grey, or W. H. Ainsworth, quite as well as Mr. Professor Ferrier.

But, to return to the work itself, we welcome old Christopher to his share of our leisure hour, as, "in his sporting jacket" on the hill-top or by the rivulet, he long ago delighted our childhood; and however we admire the sound sense of the honest shepherd, or appreciate the kindness or well-timed remarks of Tickler and the others, like a cathedral in a city, Christopher himself rises above them all. Although he gives to all his impersonations an original tone, and provides each with an original and gifted mind, yet 'tis when he speaks or writes in *propria persona*, that we feel every line to be instinct with genius. Thro' him and his "beloved Maga," how many have learned, for the first time, to appreciate and warmly admire literary excellence, though tainted with false doctrine, and surrounded with distasteful politics: to them how many are indebted for their love of beautiful nature, their command over degrading prejudice, or a kindness in social life? In his pages how many opinions do we find which a long future has fully ratified, how many criticisms afterwards proved sound, and how many reputations permanently founded? In these delightful "Noctes" will be frequently met with just estimates of many, in the very commencement of their careers—a keen perception of the excellencies of Campbell, a beautiful extract from "Delta," a tribute to the genius of the gifted Audubon, or a kindly com-

pliment to Mary Mitford—at once beautiful and just. In conclusion how many will peruse this reprint, feeling that the prophecy is signally fulfilled of that friend, who, he tells us, had in his early youth already carved out a future life for Christopher North—a life leading to honor, and riches, and a *splendid name*.

The Dublin Review. No. LXXVII. October, 1855. London: RICHARDSON and SON.

Here is a goodly repast for any moderate feeder on books; indeed for an ogre of any conscience. We certainly have none of those deeply learned papers in science, archæology, or foreign literature, which have given the *Dublin* its high status among kindred publications; and only one of those rigid (*ineluctabiles*) polemical dissertations—moral bridle-bits—that have kept our Puseyite friends in their wits, since Whateley, like the pea-bird, raised the warning cry, *Tendimus in Latium*! But we fail to regret their absence, when our eye lights on the appetizing *carte* displayed in the table of contents. The *pièce de résistance* is a long and searching article on *Luther*. Rather an ominous title, after all that has been said, sung, and written on the libidinous father of Protestantism. The paper, however, brings together an immense amount of new matter, or groups old material in new combinations, so as to give a “sun-picture”—all the better defined for not being too discursive—of the career of the Augustinian renegade. *Food and its Adulterations* comes next; a paper to which every one will turn with curiosity: but it will disappoint them. For it merely contains a hash of extracts from *The Lancet’s* commissioner, that have been “going the round of the papers” any time these last five years. An entertaining and instructive *Pilgrimage to El Medinah* follows; it will tempt many who read it to purchase Mr. Burton’s book, an effect already produced on ourselves. This was a pilgrimage undertaken, by a gentleman in the East India Company’s service, to the tomb of the Prophet. For *El Medinah* is the Medina marked in our library atlases; for he tells us that, “*El Medinah* merely means ‘the city,’ and is but a brief and familiar form for *Medinah el Nabi*, ‘the Prophet’s City,’ by which designation it has been known in Moslem history from the very date of the Hegirah itself.” It would seem that our geographers write most of the names incorrectly in their maps of Arabia. Mr. Burton gives a ludicrous instance of this

in the case of a city called *Madri*, which in Arabic means “I don’t know,” evidently the answer given to some enquiring traveller. Of the great peninsular wilderness of Arabia, the Pilgrim learnt only “that its horrid depths swarm with a large and half-starving population; that it abounds in wadys, valleys, gullies, and ravines, partially fertilized by intermittent torrents.” It may be conceived how new the ground is that Mr. Burton has gone over, and therefore how much interest attaches to his narrative, from the jealousy with which the Moslems guard this, their sacred territory. “*El Medinah and Mecca*,” says the Reviewer, “are still regarded as cities, which the tread of an infidel foot would desecrate, and the rigour with which the exclusion of foreigners has been enforced has hitherto sufficed to preserve one spot, at least, sacred from the explorations of the Geographical Society.” Mr. Burton, however, aided by a perfect acquaintance with Eastern manners, a complete masquerade as to dress and social observances, a knowledge of Persian, Hindostanee, and Arabic, great tact, and indomitable perseverance, succeeded in hoodwinking his jealous Moslem fellow-pilgrims, and not only visiting the renowned “Tomb of the Prophet,” but keeping a regular diary of his adventures and observations. This was not done without danger. “His note-book was composed of long slips of paper, and made to fit in the breast of his gown without being seen. At first he wrote his notes in Arabic, in order to avoid the risk of discovery; but after a time, emboldened by impunity, he continued them in English. In all cases, however, they were made with great caution and privacy.” From these notes he now reproduces his “full, true, and particular account” of the *City of the Prophet*, for the delight and instruction of those “who stay at home at ease.” A review of De Ravignan’s *Times of Clement XIII, and Clement XIV*, is the next paper. In this work, the learned Jesuit does a triple service; he replies to Fr. Theiner’s *Life of Clement XIV*; he champions his Order (and he does it like a true champion, *sans peur et sans raproche*), and he vindicates the Holy See in defending the character of Clement XIV, and establishing the validity of his election. This may seem strange for a Jesuit; but he does it, and does it well. He paints Ganganelli, as a Cardinal of “well-known piety and moderation,” one revered for his “eminent virtues,” and who, on receiving the Tiara “had not the choice between good and evil, but between two evils of prodigious magnitude.

But in making every allowance for this Pontiff's personal virtues, and the difficulties in which he was placed, the Fr. Ravignan never becomes his panegyrist so far as to abandon the cause of the Society for a moment. The reviewer feels the good father has left nothing unsaid that could be urged in any view of the subject; and that, assuming his facts to be authentic, which cannot well be disputed, his case is clearly made out. The next two articles form a kind of moral pillory, on which two kindred spirits are very properly gibbeted. *The Action against the Cardinal*, and *Rome and Sardinia*, in a very able style, nail the ears of Messrs. Boyle and Victor Emanuel, *arcades ambo*, to the whipping-post of public opinion. *Anglican Rationalism* and *Sidney Smith* complete the number. Of these papers we will say nothing; as we have not space at our disposal to enter upon the former; and we purpose having a substantive review of the latter work ourselves in an early number. And so we take leave of this varied and entertaining number of the *Dublin*.

Is Physical Science the Handmaid or the Enemy of Christian Revelation? By the Rev. J. A. STOTHERT. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE. pp. 76.

"A globe, an inch in diameter," says Mr. Stothert, "consisting of air of the ordinary density at the earth's surface, if it could be removed into space, one radius of the earth, say 4,000 miles, would expand into a sphere exceeding in radius the orbit of Saturn, as Sir Isaac Newton has calculated." After reading our author's treatise carefully through, during a pleasant trip across the water, we cannot but regret that he has not subjected his own pamphlet to a process of expansion similar to the above. This might have been done, and still the result would not have suffered from tenuity. For into these seventy-odd pages we have an incredible amount of science compressed; sufficient, indeed, to have been advantageously diluted into a couple of average volumes. Nearly every scientific mine has been explored, and the store of gems collected is inlaid in a judicious posey of argument and reflections. To Mr. Stothert may be applied poor Oliver Goldsmith's epitaph; "*Omnia teligit, et nil teligit quod non ornavit*;" for has he not been before the public as a lawyer, an archaeologist, a historian, a theologian, a lecturer, and now a philosopher? And in every capacity, the public verdict has pronounced him excellent.

NOTICES.

We have received the following excellent works, of which we have only room to remark that each is good in its way. They are all from the fruitful presses of Richardson and Son, of Derby, and Marsh and Beattie, of Edinburgh. To both these houses the Church in England owes much, especially to the former, with whom, acting with the Rev. T. Sing, of Derby, originated the idea of the cheap reprints of Catholic works, that have flowed among us in such an abundant and fertilizing stream since 1842.

1.—Ascetical.

The Children of Mary Instructed: Richardsons (Should be found in all families and confraternities of young people). *The Hidden Treasure*: Marsh and Beattie (the first translation of Blessed Leonard's esteemed work on the holiness of the Mass). *Manual of La Salette*: Richardsons.

HISTORICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus: Richardsons. *Interior Conversations with Jesus and Mary*: Richardsons. *Manual of Confession*: Richardsons. *Book of the Confraternity of the Holy Family*: Richardsons.

2.—Controversial and Apologetic.

Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church—By H. W. Wilberforce, M.A.: Richardsons. *Why I have become a Catholic*—By a Shopkeeper's Wife: Featherstone. *Answers to the Objections raised against Religion*: Richardsons. *Hay's Enquiry: Can Salvation be had without the Faith?* Richardsons. *What Every Christian must Know*—By Rev. J. Furniss: Richardsons. *Reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith*—By A. Dick, Esq.: Marsh and Beattie.

3.—Hagiography.

The Legend—A History of our Lady: Translated and versified by G. P. Coddan: Richardsons. *Brief Sketch of the Life and Miracles of B. Germain Cousin*—From the Italian of F. Boero, S.J.: Richardsons. *St. Edward the Confessor, King of England*: Richardsons.

4.—Pamphlets.

Facts and Correspondence, relating to the Admission to the Catholic Church of Viscount and Viscountess Fielding—By the Right Rev Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie. *Maynooth—A Speech Delivered in Parliament*—By J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P.: Richardsons. *The Discourse Delivered at the Opening Session of the Second Provincial Synod of Oscott*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne: Richardsons. *A Letter to the Provost of Edinburgh*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie. *The New Penal Law—Its bearing upon Scotland*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie. *A Discourse on the Mission and Influence of the Popes*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie.

All of which we cordially recommend.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

Three Lectures on Self-Improvement, by R. Ornsby, Esq., M. A., Oxon., Professor of Classical Literature in the Catholic University of Ireland.

In our last number we promised our readers an outline of these excellent lectures, a promise which we have now much pleasure in fulfilling, because even a skeleton or chart of Mr. Ornsby's observations will be valuable to those members of the Institute who wish to bear his suggestions vividly in remembrance.

In the first lecture, the subject of which was "The Art of Self-Improvement, its definition, objects, and instruments," Mr. Ornsby began by explaining the nature of an art, and observed that it was concerned with producing results, but not results of every kind, distinguishing the results effected by instinct, chance, passion, and unreasoning aptitude from those of art. The former depended on causes of which those who produced them were themselves ignorant; there was no progress, and no command over the cause, characteristics the reverse of which appeared in arts. After explaining the origin of arts from the investigation of causes, he defined art in two different points of view, to be either a system of rules certainly producing a result, or a habit of using these rules to practice.

After discussing the subject of art at some length, the lecturer proceeded to consider the second element of the subject, viz, *self*; and showed how in early life, improvement is chiefly attained by the action of *others* upon you, by the management of your time and studies, by advice, by rewards and punishments, and how afterwards, improvement is mainly effected by yourself, and this, either unconsciously or consciously. On this head he commented at considerable length on the danger of egotism, or subjectivity, arising from the contemplation of self, and contrasted in this respect the present with earlier ages of literature, pointing out, and illustrating with anecdotes the importance of forgetting self and directing one's efforts to an end to be attained for the greater glory of God.

On the third element, improvement, he first considered what its object was, which, taking the word in the sense of "end," was improvement itself; in the sense of "material," lay the mind. The latter turned on two things, the discipline of the faculties, and the manipu-

lation of instruments. The faculties, (following a division found in St. Ignatius) he divided into the will, the reason, the imagination, and the memory, adding thereto the faculties of expression. Instruments were either internal, as thought, languages, mathematics, and logic, or external, as writing and conversation, which he classified under various heads. Lastly came the manipulation of the conditions and matter of study, as time and books. A system of rules on these subjects constituted the art of self-improvement. He concluded by discussing the question "how long does improvement go on?"

In the second lecture, Mr. Ornsby examined the subject of self-improvement as a system of rules, distributing his observations under the several heads above-mentioned. Commencing with the question, "What is the cause of the failure of early promise, so often observed in the career of those who distinguish themselves at school?" he proved this to be owing chiefly to deficiency of concentration, when left to themselves. An object must be gained, or else nothing is done. The object might be attained in various ways; by natural tendency, by arbitrary choice, the least advisable course, by watching the course of circumstances, and by getting on a particular track of reading, by following out questions of interest which occur in the books one is engaged with. The great rule however was to narrow one's field, a principle the importance of which he showed by instances like that of the life of Alexander the Great or of Cicero, which branch out into such an infinity of subjects.

He then pointed out the value of having certain heads of thought applicable to all subjects alike, to enable one to elicit from each the information it contains, giving specimens of such heads of thought as applicable to the history of a war, such as the present, or to a question of civil government, such as slavery. After some further remarks on this head, and on that of elasticity of mind, or control over the thoughts, and on the conduct of the imagination, the lecturer proceeded to give rules on the subject of memory, examining various systems of artificial memory, such as those of Sully, of Grey, and of Feinagle, and stated the principles of cultivating the natural memory, insisting chiefly on the value of systematic and periodical, though brief, review of what one has acquired. Writing he commented on, under the heads of analysis, extracts, journals, records of thoughts, and letters; conversation, under those of joint

study, of debating, of writing, of teaching, and of general conversation. Books might be divided into two classes, compendia, and original works, that is, *sources*, as containing the statements of eye-witnesses. In general reading, sources were always to be preferred.

After some observations on the subject of languages and the most useful of them, the lecturer went on to fix rules on the subject of distribution of time, entering particularly into the subject of early rising, and concluded by stating as the most important precept for turning leisure time to the best account, that of aiming at very little, but doing that little every day.

The third lecture, the subject of which was scholastic and university education, Mr. Ormsby commenced by contrasting the education of the boy with that of the man, the former being concerned chiefly with instruments, and depending on the memory, the latter with sciences, and depending on the judgment. The latter constituted the business of universities, at which there was an assemblage of means for learning each science. To learn one with advantage, a tincture must be obtained of all,—and further, and more particularly, a thorough acquaintance with the liberal studies, as logic, rhetoric, the Greek and Latin classics, mathematics, &c., which lay at the foundation of all the higher professions. The necessity of this he showed by several considerations, viz,—that professional education depended on “getting up books,” on combination, on ascertaining general principles, generalizing from facts, &c., &c., all which belonged to university education; and also in a cultivation of the whole mind and demeanor, which was only obtained by writing and the collision of mind with mind. Stating the two definitions of a university, a place where we may gain universal knowledge, or to which students universally resort, he found in the latter that indirect training which was so necessary for professional success. Men find their own level in a university as in Parliament,—inequalities of character are reduced and local prejudices subdued. The lecturer then entered into a lengthened explanation of the constitution of the medieval universities and their colleges, such as Oxford and Paris, and showed how that ancient system, originated by the Catholic Church, had been swept away by the French revolution, but was now being reconstituted, particularly instancing Louvain, by the same power from which it had at first emanated. On the subject of the University

of Louvain, its colleges, and great professorial system, he dwelt at considerable length, since Louvain was exhibited by the Holy See as the model upon which the Catholic University of Ireland was to be constructed. Coming to the subject of the latter university, he went into the question of the state of the higher education in Ireland hitherto, and the evils of Catholics attending Trinity College, Dublin, and still more the Queen's Colleges, and pointed out how education was vitiated by the exclusion of what ought to be its leading principle. After remarking on the character of the subscriptions for the University, especially from America, as coming to so great an extent from the humbler classes, and showing what a noble interest those classes felt in this higher education, the lecturer went on to give a variety of facts with reference to the success of the Catholic University, that its members had doubled in less than a twelvemonth, and already contained representatives of all classes, the highest, as well as the people, and from various countries, thus strictly exhibiting the proper mark of universality. He spoke at large of the state of society in Ireland, in which Protestants were placed, among the rest, in the position of an aristocracy, and followed the natural course of aristocracies, which was to diminish in numbers, whilst the Catholics were daily increasing in wealth, in cultivation, and in power, and consequently imperatively required an institution like the present. Whilst all connected with the University were fully satisfied with the progress which it had made, he insisted that after all, numbers were not the real test. Institutions always began with a few; and moreover their real strength, and, where mischievous, their real danger, consisted in the fact that they were *institutions*, not merely assemblages of persons. He then showed at length what had been done in less than a twelvemonth, and described the various establishments which in the course of that time had originated in connexion with the University;—the University-house, Rector's house, School of Medicine, &c., and described the academical system of the University, students, exhibitioners, scholars, literati, &c., remarking on the latter, which is a degree for persons engaged in education, as a new feature. The lecturer then proceeded to explain the difference between catechetical and professorial teaching, and reported the success which had attended both these, as well with regard to the students, as to the interest felt by society in

Dublin. He then in general gave an idea of the professorial staff, and of the most distinguished of its members, and of the proposed system of university sermons. Such were the institutions which had been founded under the blessing of St. Peter. He concluded by a brief examination of the generation, to what extent self-improvement could supply the want of scholastic or university training, and by some remarks on the value of establishments like the Catholic Institute in reference to the University, and on the duties and position of Catholic young men in the present age.

October 1st, A Waverley Reading; by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.

We can do no more than record this evening's entertainment; though it is with regret, we find ourselves compelled to withhold the learned lecturer's agreeable and instructive running commentary, in the shape of a torrent of anecdotes, and explanatory remarks on Scottish law and jurisprudence; the origin, nature, and present state of clanships; and the contemporary history of the times of Waverley. He read with great gusto, and the true twang, sacred to the Land o' Cakes.

October 8th, The Influence of the Church on Men and Manners; by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A.

We shall insert this lecture in *extenso* in our next.

October 15th. Mental Philosophy. No. I of the Series: by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.

It is well known to most of you, that Philosophy means *the Love and Pursuit of Wisdom*; and that it has, for its aim and object, the raising men from the *low* and *degrading* pursuits of this degenerate world, and the occupying them instead, with what is noble in itself, and necessarily *tends* to ennoble and to elevate the student.

The philosophy, then, of the human mind, our present subject, is the love and pursuit of wisdom as regards the *constitution* of that mind, its faculties, and the laws which control its operations. For, as regards the *nature*, or *essence*, of mind, whether divine, angelic, or human, the knowledge of this is *not attainable* by us in our present state, but is reserved for that *future* and *perfect* condition, in which, being permitted, in a way we cannot now comprehend, to see *God*, as He is, we shall of course see all *created* things in Him, and

therefore in *their* essence. For, as He is the only independent and necessary being, the sight, or perception, of Him will necessarily involve in it the perception, also, of every thing dependent on Him; that is, in other words, of the entire creation.

Neither need we wonder at this incapacity, in our present state, of understanding the essence of mind, when we consider, that even that of *matter* is hidden from us. The most that can be done, by the ablest and most successful investigator of any department of the material creation, is to deduce, from the facts which he has carefully arranged and compared, certain important truths respecting the *qualities* of bodies, and the laws which regulate their phenomena. Farther than this he cannot go. Of the *essence* of that matter which he can test and control, he is as ignorant as is the child to whom it is but a play-thing or a wonder.

Limited, however, as philosophical enquiry so far necessarily is as to its *objects*, we find ourselves, when we begin to reflect, in possession of two grand ranges, or fields, of thought; two departments into which *all that exists* is primarily divided; and those are,—God, and the dependent universe. Leaving the former of these to theology, the first and sublimest of the sciences, we descend to what is *created*; and here again is a division equally formed on eternal distinctions. It is that suggested by the fact, that, among the immense variety of creatures, there are *two great classes*; one made after the likeness of the Maker, and the other not; one intellectual and immortal, and capable of free action,—the other capable only of *receiving* impressions; in a word, the material and immaterial creations.

The only consideration which appears to clash with the primary division of the created objects of thought is that presented by the *inferior animals*; some of which do undoubtedly display such signs and tokens of a kind of *reason*, that, whatever we may *call* this, we feel compelled to separate it, even essentially, from anything that can be the result of the most subtle forms and refinements of matter. It will be sufficient, however, by way of disposing of this difficulty, to observe two things; first, that the wonderful discoveries, in modern physical science, respecting *imponderable* material substances, that is, substances *without weight*, such as light and electricity, go far towards establishing the theory, that the souls of brutes need not on account even of the most wonderful approximation to reason, be

ranged under the strictly *intellectual* division of created substances; and, secondly, that there are certain barriers which these souls are absolutely precluded from passing. Whatever acuteness of instinct, or fidelity of affection a *dog* may show you, you cannot, by any elaborateness of method, make him comprehend the notion of space, time, or God. He is incapable of abstracting, or of generalizing; and therefore the substance, whatever it may be, which forms his *soul*, must be regarded as something essentially distinct from a human mind, in which these processes and these conceptions form an essential part of what nature has intended for its occupation and destiny. Indeed, it has often struck me, when reflecting on this subject, that one of the strongest arguments against the *immortality* of animals is that they are incapable of *conceiving* that immortality; while the fact, that to the human intellect the conception of infinity and of an infinite Being easily becomes familiar, affords, independently of revelation, an easy proof that such intellect is *created* for that infinity, and that infinite Being is our last end as well as our first beginning. His infinite wisdom and goodness would neither have *given us* a capacity for what we were not intended to enjoy, nor have *denied* to *brutes* the conception of what was to be their portion.

Dismissing, then, this apparent difficulty, as at least not affecting the practical purpose and design of the above-mentioned division of things created into material and immaterial, we may now proceed to remark on the very different character of the two species of philosophy, the natural and the mental; notwithstanding that they alike depend upon an intelligent *deduction* of facts for the successful pursuit of them.

In considering this difference, the principal thing that strikes us is the comparative *ease* with which the study of mind may be pursued. *Here* is no need for expensive laboratories, long arrays of instruments, laboriously fitted-out expeditions, experiments to which the health and sight frequently fall victims; no exclusion of the great mass of mankind from the study, no confining it those favored by fortune with the means of costly and difficult implements of investigation. *Every* man may be, in his measure and degree, a mental philosopher, who is able and willing to make use of the powers God has given him in examining the phenomena of his own mind and of those of his fellow men. The only thing needful is, that he be convinced there is something nobler,

even in the pursuits of this world, than the accumulation of money, worldly rank, or sensual gratifications; those three enemies alike of God and true human progress which act with so fatal an efficacy upon the mass of mankind, and fix grovelling upon earth souls which otherwise might soar in air and taste empyreal pleasures.

While this facility of investigation constitutes a decided advantage in the study of mind over that of matter, it must be confessed, on the other hand, that the latter also has its advantages. Inasmuch as *mathematics*, which is a fixed and certain science, enters into the greater part of physical investigations, the conclusions drawn from a full and fair induction cannot be disputed. There only needs, therefore, a thorough investigation of facts in order to unanimity. But it is otherwise in *mental* science. From the more subtle nature of the subject, there arises less probability of men being agreed. Hence we have had system after system, each displacing the one immediately before it; and even at the present day the philosophers of the mind are nearly as wide apart as ever. The cause of this, I apprehend, is twofold. Men do not confine themselves, as they ought, to the strictly proper objects of the science; and they do not take sufficient pains to be agreed as to the meaning of their fundamental terms. Hence follows a *vagueness* which is detrimental to the exact pursuit of truth, and which has no counterpart in the physical sciences. With respect to the former of these causes, no great time has elapsed since mental philosophy began to insist on being a science by itself, instead of a mere department of what was called, rather vaguely, metaphysics, or, from a Greek word for *being*, ontology, or some other name. With respect to the latter cause, we shall be better able to comprehend instances of it when we have entered farther into our subject. But it may be as well to remark here, as in the most convenient place, that the science of the human mind has been principally expressed by the two words of Greek derivation, *psychology*, or the science of *soul*, and *pneumatology*, or the science of *spirit*. The latter word we find used by Lord Bacon; in words which, by the way, powerfully confirm what was said above respecting the essential difference between human and merely animal souls. "I do not," says that great authority, "approve of that confused and promiscuous method in which philosophers are accustomed to treat of *pneumatology*; as if the

human soul ranked above those of brutes, merely like the sun above the stars, or like gold above other metals."

While this passage of Bacon justly rebukes those guilty of the confusion charged on them, it also pointedly shows that neither the word he uses nor *psychology* is a sufficiently clear expression of our science. For as long as we allow (and who can help allowing) that the brutes have *souls* of some kind or another, so long will it be wrong to call the philosophy of the *human* mind a mere science of soul, while, to the other term, *pneumatology*, there are still more powerful objections. It is derived from the Greek word *pneuma* which, like the Hebrew *ruach*, the Latin *spiritus*, and the Saxon *gas* or *ghost*, signifies *breath*. If the question is put, How do these words all come to signify both a material emanation and the substance of mind, whether divine, angelic, or human? the reply is obvious. As no *mental* object can be expressed except by words which primarily express *material* objects, we naturally take those words which are used to denote the *least* gross of these latter, and apply them to mind, in which there is *no* material grossness at all, because there is *no* matter. While, however, this does very well for ordinary purposes, the inconvenience of adopting it when we wish to be exact is sufficiently obvious from the fact, that an opening is thus afforded to materialists; who argue that, because we are obliged to express mind by words which properly denote matter, therefore there is no essential difference between the two substances. Do not imagine that I am here raising, as the saying is, a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him down. Far from it. To mention only one instance, a late President of the United States of America, the celebrated Jefferson, expressly says, in one of those numerous treatises of his which have come down to us, that to say God is not material, is to say there is no God. He could conceive of no existence which was not material, and he no doubt thought himself borne out by the common use, among philosophers, of the figurative terms (for they are nothing more) of which I have been speaking.

It is of great importance, therefore, in fixing our terms, to select such, for the definition of the sciences, as at least have no recognized and known derivation from material use. And this, as Dugald Stewart has observed, is the advantage possessed by the word *mind*. This word may,—nay, if an observation made above be well founded, it *must* have been

originally taken (that is, the Latin word *mens*, which furnishes us with it must have been so taken,) from some word employed to denote something material; nevertheless, inasmuch as we do not now know what that word may have been, and have not before us the figurative process employed in the transference, it answers the purposes of exact science quite as well as if there had never been such transference at all.

The mention of the erroneous opinion that there is nothing but what is material naturally leads us to the contrary error of the celebrated Bishop Berkely, who taught that *mind* is the only substance, and that *matter* is nothing but a series of *impressions* made on mind according to the will and arrangement of the Great First Cause. Before showing how the Protestant philosophy paved the way for this, and how the Bishop was strictly justified in drawing the conclusions he did from the works of preceding writers whose authority was admitted by his contemporaries, I wish to observe that he seems to have had two motives in deducing, by a chain of argument which is irrefragable if you allow the principles on which he built his argument, what necessarily appears to all men a complete paradox. The former of these motives was a good and noble one; with the latter we, as Catholics, cannot sympathize. Seeing as he did the lamentable tendency of the age to materialism, he thought if he could only convince men there was no such *thing* as matter, mind would resume, and more than resume, its supremacy, as the only substance in the universe. It is needless to observe that he overshot his mark; and that, instead of men listening to him as to one who was re-establishing the authority of mind, the general impression was that so concisely and humorously described by Lord Byron, where he remarks that—

"When Bishop Berkely said there was no matter,
The world thought 'twas no matter what he said."

So far, however, though he of course failed of his end, and reasoned from false premises, the philosopher's reasoning of itself was stringent, and his end laudable; but I fear his second motive was a wish to undermine the foundations of Catholic belief. You know that for some hundred years back the great bugbear of Protestantism has been, and is, our great, holy, central, and most enlivening and consoling doctrine of Transubstantiation; a doctrine, by the way, so undeniably held by the early Christians that we find some of their writers arguing for our Lord's divinity, as a thing dis-

puted, from His real presence in the fact. which was *not* disputed. As to the former, the first Ecumenical Council was convened to declare it; as to the latter, no council found it necessary to declare it till after the rise of Protestantism.

Now Bishop Berkely, though vastly above any of the common low motives of worldly minds, was not without a certain subtle ambition which led him to think he would do a great thing in serving his church and country by an argument which would attack this glorious doctrine. And he thought he found his fatal weapon in the denial of material substance. For, certainly, if there were no such substance there could be no *transubstantiation*, or *change of one substance for another* while the accidents or qualities of the Bread and Wine remained the same. In fact, on the supposition that there is no material substance, all that we see, and touch, and taste would be *nothing but* accidents or qualities; and, as it is confessed that these remain unaltered, there would be no alteration at all, because there would be nothing *else* to alter. It therefore becomes important, in the service of Catholicity, to expose that philosophy in the steps of which Berkely did but consistently tread when he advanced, in a train of reason which, as I have already said, cannot be refuted if you allow his principles, the paradox of the non-existence of material substance.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

October 22nd. *A Grand Concert, by Members of the Institute and other Gentlemen.*

On this evening the routine of lectures was again agreeably diversified by a musical entertainment. And the numbers attending testified that recreation goes down better than even the most eloquent didactics. A *grand concert* was a misnomer; it was simply a miscellaneous concert of glees (German and English), songs, instrumental solos, and concerted pieces. They were all above the average in execution. The German glees were all top and bottom; they wanted the middle parts bringing out, or else there was a good deal of the German dash about it. Mr. R. Campbell's Irish songs were, of course, *encored*, as also *Nelly Bly*, by Master Taylor, a scholar of the Institute. The concert was got up by Mr. D. C. Browne, who presided very ably at the piano during the evening.

DOINGS OF CHEMISTS.

Amidst the tumult of war, and the wrangling of parties, it is pleasant to observe the philosophic mind, seemingly, and, doubtless, really callous to those baser subjects, directing science in the path of discovery, and eliciting from the union of principles of induction, when brought to act upon materials around, facts of great importance relative to our social advancement. It may happen that while engaged in this work, to a few the philosopher seems neglectful of nobler pursuits; but we ought to remember that to him, the midge borne before his eyes on filmy sail or the worm beneath his tread, speaks to his susceptible mind as eloquently as the minister from the pulpit, of the power and majesty of God; and that by such, a chord might be touched in his breast, which responds with an earnestness and zeal that might well cause the cheeks of many of us to be mantled with a blush of shame! This may be said of those who are not of us, although they would be apt to turn with jeering contempt to laugh at that which they, poor souls, do not, and apparently cannot, fathom, were it not that they see others who are more than their compeers in art and knowledge, already under the holy mantle of the Church. However, we can afford to turn a deaf ear to them in these cases, for the sake of the good they do in their way.

Among the class mentioned, the battalion of chemists, if I might be allowed the expression, claims pre-eminence, not, perhaps, from their faculties being more acute than those of other men—although it is indisputable that in this they claim a high position—but from their selecting a department of the field of knowledge, where everything cultivated contributes to the well-being and social advancement of the community, in the science of life. The daily labor of the chemist tends to the development of the uses and benefits to which matter may be turned; and as we are told that nothing has been created in vain, and also, that as governor of the world, man can employ these in a rational way, we should be ready to bid the chemist God speed in his enterprise.

During the last fifty or sixty years, it cannot be doubted but this class of men has been true to their calling, as well here as on the continent, and that there results daily from their researches discoveries of the highest importance. The most useless, nay, loathsome, of substances, have, under the magic touch of the chemist, been turned to valuable commo-

dities, as well in relation to their money value, as to the revolutions which their introduction into manufacturing industry causes in other arts.

A discovery of this description has lately come before the scientific world in the subject *Aluminum*, a metal extracted from alumina, the basis of alum, porcelain, bricks, &c., and found in all soils to a considerable extent. The existence of alumina was nothing new, even before the days of *Roger Bacon*, the Franciscan monk, who may be said to have laid the foundation of experimental chemistry in England; it was thought, however, to be a simple body, in which belief succeeding chemists remained steadfast till the days of *Sir Humphrey Davy*. This philosopher indirectly showed that it was not a simple indivisible substance, from the fact that vapors of potassium—a light plastic metal extracted from pearl ash—passing over it at a red heat, extracted oxygen from it. Wöhler, of Giessen, was more successful in his researches upon this subject, in 1828; but, although he opened the path, the track was left doubtful by his meagre description of the natural properties of the metal. No further notice was taken of this fact, except that it was recognised as a triumph of science, till *M. Ste Clair Deville*, a French *savant* of celebrity, under the encouraging patronage of his government, took the matter in hands, and succeeded in obtaining the metal in large quantities, at least sufficiently so to examine its properties more truthfully. The method pursued by this gentleman is similar to that followed by Wöhler; namely, of preparing first the chloride of aluminum, and then heating this in a confined vessel with sodium—a metal obtained from common or culinary salt. The result of this heating is the reduction of the aluminous compound with the formation of common salt, which can be removed by solution in water. The finely divided metal is subsequently fused and cast into ingots or any other appropriate shape. It appears that the natural qualities of aluminum adapt it with more fitness to many purposes than iron or even silver. It has an argentine hue, is capable of receiving a fine polish, is light and as sonorous as the best bell metal. It is ductile and malleable to a degree, and may be lamellated without annealing, which is not the case with iron or copper. It is very tenacious, conducts electricity eight times better than iron, and is not tarnished by exposure to moist air or sulphurous vapors; hence its superiority over

iron and even silver for decorative and household uses. From its tenacity, hardness, and lightness, its specific gravity being nearly equal to flint glass,—it has been suggested as a substitute for steel in the manufacture of warlike implements, such as cuirasses and the like; and also its introduction into the cutler's art has been meditated. Time, however, will have to mature and simplify processes before these ends can be accomplished; but from the interests which chemical philosophers evidently take in the question, there is every probability that such will not fail to be accomplished. It will be a boast for those who are cognizant of the fact, even if science should fail in this effort, to assure their friends that, however ungainly their home may appear, yet the walls of the mansion are built of wedges of precious metal! How will the *free-men* of Liverpool comport themselves with this plain fact before them?

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF NAPOLEON I.

Napoleon! thy name has left a spell
To stir the nations, and to heave the sea
Of populous mind: the past eternity
Has stamp'd its impress on thee, and men tell
Of thee and of thy course, as sounds the shell
To th' ocean-billows, tho' remote they be.
Symbol of strife! one name alone o'er thee
Shall triumph, and thy boasted influence quell:—
The crozier, mitre, chalice, font, and shrine;
These are the gifts of peaceful sovereignty:
A king they speak, but 'tis a king divine,
Whose sceptre sways the heart all tranquilly.
Thy legacies, the three-hued "Rainbow," Star,
And blood-gorged Eagle, signs of hopeless discord are.

A GLIMPSE OF WINTER JOYS.—Thank Heaven for winter. Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies and fleecy skies and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not so much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But winter, dear, cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremorn discoursing excellent music. Then the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthy firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul!—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

THE MUDDLETONIANS ;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. I.

I left home, a mere boy, in the year 18—, and spent the next twenty-eight years of my life in a foreign clime. I had now arrived at an age when the world is no longer new to the imagination. The mind, matured by experience and often, too, by sorrow, estimates more philosophically both men and things, and gives to both praise or blame, not as an echo of popular clamor, but according to their real worth. I longed to revisit the scenes of my early youth, there peacefully to enjoy by an honest fireside the fruits of the arduous labors of the spring of life. Accordingly, one early day of the month of July, 18—, I stepped on board the good ship *Vasco di Gama*, and after a pleasant, and, for the period, a rapid voyage, cast anchor opposite the borough of Muddleton, in the county of——. Reader, I need not tell you exactly where it is; every county has one or more good towns of Muddleton with some scores, hundreds, or thousands of Muddletonians.

I had no particular anxiety to settle at once in my native village; indeed my long absence from England made me wish to spend some time in roving about from place to place, quietly philosophising and observing the sayings and doings of the new generation. On the morning after the ship's arrival off Muddleton, I took a boat and got myself conveyed ashore, and thanks to the most vociferous and importunate of the many touters who swarmed about me on landing, soon found myself welcomed in the principal hotel of the place, which bore the antiquated denomination of the *Old Inn*, and not the less for that reason obtained my preference over its more modern rivals. I had no reason to repent the choice I had made. The house was old and quaint, but very strong and comfortable. Its trim garden, though the season was late, yet bloomed with a variety of sweet flowers. The landlord was a hearty-looking old Boniface of the old school, and his port wine altogether unexceptionable, though moderate in price.

Muddleton looked a pleasant place enough, gently sloping upwards from a noble stream, and gradually dying away over the hills among the teeming valleys and wooded uplands of one of our most fertile counties. Prominent from the river rose the steeple of the Town-church, as ugly and dingy a brick building as ever was raised in that most unartistic age—the reign of the First George. The old church

had been accidentally burned down, but it was of too mediæval and Popish an aspect not to have its lofty arches and symbolical pinnacles replaced by the more suitable flat roof and square windows of the pure reformed Faith. The good town had plenty of religious edifices besides for the due “accommodation” of its pious denizens. There were St. James's and St. Luke's, St. Thomas's, and Trinity, besides, for members of the Establishment; then, in main thoroughfare and back street, rose here a Bethel or a Zoar, there an Ebenezer or a Bethesda; further on a Wesleyan, or a Zion any-thing-arian of bran-new yellow brick, and sundry other ugly piles from which, at times, issued forth the edifying strains, roars, squeaks and groans of Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Ranters, Shakers, and Mormonites, and a host of others, of old and new connections, and every complexion besides, too numerous to mention.

Right opposite the “Old Inn” there stood another and rather stately building, with no inconsiderable pretensions to architectural beauty. “In fact, sir,” said the grey-headed waiter to me, as I rather admired its proportions, “in fact, the best church we have in Muddleton.” The Catholics called it “St. Gregory's Church;” the aforesaid members of the multitudinous creeds styled it, “the Romish Chapel,” and some affected almost to ignore its existence, others, to predict its downfall, while all united in the most bitter hostility to the ancient Faith of which St. Gregory's was both the symbol and the temple.

Behind this Church of St. Gregory, in a modest though neat cottage, dwelt an unostentatious, good man, of middle age, whom his own people affectionately called *Father Ambrose*, but who was better known in the town by the ominously sounding name of *The Priest*. He was of foreign blood, though of English education and manners, and but few would, at first sight, have taken him for a stranger. Of a grave and somewhat melancholy face, the result, probably, of early misfortunes, the Father might be seen early and late in the back lanes and among the slums of the water-side, the ordinary abodes of the very poor, in busy search after lost souls, or at the bed-side (often such bed-sides!) of the sick, exhaling sweet words of comfort and peace, and inhaling the pestilence of filth or fever. Retiring in his habits, he had no other acquaintances than his flock, his books, and his church; yet no house was better known in the town than his, and his door might be said to be for ever open to the many poor who flocked to it for succor, and seldom in vain.

Such was the Pastor of St. Gregory's Church, even in the estimation of many enemies of his creed, as I learnt ere I had been many days in Muddleton. Why such a man should have been hated and persecuted, as the sequel of this history will show, is a mystery to a philosopher, but none to the Christian, who remembers his master's prediction: "*If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.*"

There were other notabilities in Muddleton. It was a corporate borough, and therefore enjoyed the inestimable blessing of a mayor and town council, among the members of which were an ex-lieutenant, R.N., two or three doctors, a sprinkling of lawyers, and sundry tailors, cheesemongers, and other most useful subjects of the realm, who rejoiced in thoroughly English, if not aristocratic, names. There were Hobsons, Dobsons, and Nobsons; Higges, and Digges; Flubbses, Chubbses, and Stubbses. There were Midges, Ridges, and Bridges. While one gloried in the sweet appellation of Tippetts; another bore the appetizing name of Tripes. Few boroughs in England could boast of a richer concatenation of family patronymics than fell to the lot of the burgesses of Muddleton.

Nor was there any lack of spiritual guides among the good citizens. They sat under as many reverences as might have supplied a pretty decent convocation. The Ebenezers and Bethesdas, the Zions and the Zoars had each one or two heroes in white neckcloths and more or less seedy black coats; who, while they affected to despise the dignified-looking clergy of the Establishment, nevertheless assumed their titles of reverend, and aped their ways and their dress as much as broken-down tailors or bankrupt chimney sweeps can imitate the dress and behavior of gentlemen. There were the Reverend Ezekiah Fusby, of the Baptist persuasion, and the Reverend Joel Newlights, the Independent Minister. Not many doors off, might be seen a brightly-burnished brass plate, indicating the residence of that burning and shining light of the Primitive Methodist Connection, the Rev. David Piggin, a diminutive native of the Principality, but of whom it might be said that he bore—*Mens magna in corpore parvo*. This gentleman beautifully contrasted in external appearance with his controversial antagonist, the burly Reverend Goliah Tupps, the Wesleyan preacher, with herculean whiskers and stentorian lungs; and the renowned conflict between the colossal Philistine of old and the valiant Hebrew shepherd, often found a modern counterpart in the theological single

combats of these eminent divines, to the no small edification of the enlightened Muddletonians. I say nothing of the smaller fry of the Gospel Ministry among the Shakers, Ranters, Mormonites, and the rest; and pass on to the last, though not least, of the reverend body, the clergy of the Church as by Law Established. These were, upon the whole, as proper and gentlemanly a body of men as ever graced the pulpits or cheered the dinner-parties of a second-rate country town. They wisely, for the most part, let Father Ambrose and his church alone; for abuse, you know, is a dangerous weapon, and besides is not considered a gentlemanly thing. As to the Dissenting preachers, they received from the clergy that well-bred indifference which goes by the name of a thorough snubbing.

I said, *for the most part*; for as there is scarcely a rule without exceptions, so there shone forth, among the clerical gentlemen of the Establishment in Muddleton, a star of the first magnitude—the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's—a formidable champion of Evangelical truth, and a fierce abhorrer and denouncer in pulpits, drawing-rooms, and on county meeting platforms of Puseyism and Popery. He was one of the heroes of the United-of-all-Nations Protestant Alliance Association, and having a peculiar talent for interpreting dreams, and revealing the arcana of apocalyptic mysteries, he went among the vulgar by the name of "Prophecy Comyns." This gentleman, some half-score years before, had come from the Sister Isle, like a ship on ballast, intent on laying in a rich cargo, and dropping, no one knows how, among the old ladies of Muddleton. What with some shrewdness, a smooth face, a faultless necktie, and plenty of impudence, he soon created a *furor* among the fair members of the Muddleton religious world. Who shall tell what pretty purses (empty, of course), what countless pairs of slippers—very loves of patterns—made their way with scented notes to the lodgings of the popular curate? Fortune speedily smiled; richer prizes were not long in expectancy. One fine morning the "*Muddleton Independent*" announced, with a flourish, in its columns, the marriage of the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, M.A., with the relict of the late Sir Consequential Bumble, Knight, an aldermanic worthy, who, some twelve months before, had turtle-souped and port-wined himself into the grave. The zealous Evangelical had bagged a still buxom widow and £5,000 a-year!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

"Exultavit ut gigas ad currendam viam."—Ps. xviii.

ON September 24th, the Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital of the Sisters of Mercy. It is to be provided with five hundred beds for the sick poor of all denominations, and will be supported solely by voluntary contribution.

ON September 24th, the Chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Newcastle-on-Tyne (diocese of Hexham), was solemnly opened by the Bishop of Hexham.

THE sum of £472 15s. 6d. was realised by the bazaar for the new schools at St. Augustine's, Granby Row, Manchester.

ON October 24th, a new church was solemnly consecrated at Barnstaple (Plymouth).

ON October 16th, the Young Men's Society connected with St. Mary's Church in this town, celebrated their annual gathering in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. The spacious building was crammed in every part by a respectable, orderly, and, apparently, a happy assembly. About nine hundred sat down to tea. The Institute string-band, and the Holy Cross brass-band lent their services. The Rev. J. Sheridan occupied the chair. The speeches of the evening were by the Rev. Chairman, Rev. Messrs. Nugent, Grant, O'Brien, Noble, and Messrs. M'Donnell, Clements, and Devlin. Mr. Daly, the hon. secretary, read the society's annual report, which was extremely satisfactory. Not only is the society flourishing in numbers, but the touchstone is, that St. Mary's beholds monthly the sight of four or five hundred *young* men approaching the holy communion. The members have instituted a News-room and Library, a Debating Society, a Course of Lectures, a Savings' Bank, a Friendly Burial Society, &c. This last association is not a means of inducing parents to poison children, but a Christian union to secure decent interment in consecrated ground for those of their brethren that are too poor to secure this blessing by themselves. It must have been delightful to Father Sheridan to sit there with the flower of his flock, all aiming at religious life, gathered around him.

** We are anxious to make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Bulmer, the artist, for any pain our remark in our last number may have caused him. We have since learned that the expression to which we took exception, was not from his pen, but from the *Manchester Guardian*, a Protestant journal.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE library of the Marquis Campana, at Rome, has been enriched with a precious engraving of the Divine Comedy of Dante, executed in 1488, at Venice, by Scoto, of Monza. On the margin are passages taken from the "*Inferno*" and "*Purgatorio*," of Dante, in the undoubted handwriting Galileo.

DICKENS's new serial is to be called "*Little Dorrit*."

VOLUMES three and four of Macaulay's History of England are to appear in December.

A COIN of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who flourished about the middle of the second century, was found at Lancaster a few days ago.

MR. BAILEY is on the eve of producing a new volume of poetry. These are glad tidings to all that have read his "*Festus*." In a letter recently written by the author, he makes the following remarks about his forthcoming work:—"I believe that the two principal poems which are intended to be in the volume, are each *sui generis*; nothing in modern poetry at all resembling either of them. They contain, however, the result of much thought and study."

MUSIC: *Mozart's Requiem*.—The clergy of Copperas-hill took advantage of the late foolish holiday in Liverpool, on the occasion of the Duke of Cambridge's visit, to turn the disengagement of their congregation to account, in celebrating a solemn *Missa de Requiem* for the poor soldiers that have fallen in the Crimea. Mr. Richardson seized the occasion to *get up* Mozart's celebrated *Requiem*; a mass which one seldom has an opportunity of hearing complete; and, indeed, the present occasion was the first time it was ever performed in Liverpool with a full orchestra; and his name is a guarantee that it was well *got up*. It was accompanied by a full instrumental orchestra. Many local musical celebrities were attracted by it, and must have been highly gratified. We have not room for lengthened criticism; but if we were to particularise any part as being grand, where all was so good, we would mention the *Reverendæ* in the *Dies Iræ*, the *Benedictus*, and the masterly performance of the *fugues*. The orchestra was complete in every department, and consisted of about a hundred performers.

We have not yet had an opportunity of visiting the Liverpool Exhibition of Paintings; but we hope to do so in time to be able to direct the attention of our Liverpool friends to some of its good points in our next.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

- November 5.—"Macbeth :—" A Shakspearean Reading, with critical, historical, and explanatory remarks, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.
- November 12.—The French Revolutions of '92, '30, and '48; with the Revolutionary Songs of each, by M. Cope.
- November 22.—Musical Festival, in honor of St. Cecilia: to be held in the Clayton Hall, Clayton-square.
- November 26.—Readings and Legends of the Wells, Rivers, and Lakes of Ireland, by the Rev. J. Nugent.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

James O'Carroll.—We answered your question in our previous number, under the initials, "J. O'C."

Discipulus.—Your essay on *the Development of the Soul* is too sublimated for both yourself and us.

R. V. S., London.—Your story will scarcely suit us. The events are too startling and improbable.

W. B. K., Liverpool.—Your sonnets on Rome, Paris, and Madrid, are very fair, especially the second. That one shall appear; perhaps the other.

J. Spencer.—Your Litany is very fair for a lad of twelve.

W. K. S., Liverpool.—Your *Sketches of Character* must stand over for the present.

"*Five Minutes from the Life of St. Francis Xavier,*" in our next.

Modestus.—Will you oblige us by sending the measure.

Peregrinus Catholicus, Glasgow.—This gentleman sends us what he calls "an article;" in length, thirty-one lines of five words each, and headed, "Vera Philosophia." For this favor we are to remit "five shillings, per P.O.O., or in stamps." *Peregrinus* also submits the titles of thirty-three other articles, with which he is willing to furnish us on the same terms. His modest proposal we decline. The article in hand would fill about one-third, or, perhaps, half a column; and, were we to pay for all our matter at this rate, we should have to disburse from £30 to £40 a-month for contributions alone, to say nothing of paper, printing, advertising agency, postage, carriage, &c. To meet all this we should require a more extended support than that usually vouchsafed to Catholic periodicals. We recommend our correspondent to put his *vera philosophia* on the shelf, and apply a little *common-sense philosophy* to his proposal; and we think that he will conclude with us, that the article is a waste of good paper, good time, and some very beautiful penmanship.

Aloysius.—*Second thoughts are best thoughts*, says the "Guesses at Truth." On *second thoughts*, we shall insert no letters in the Magazine; so please, hold us excused for not finding yours a local habitation.

Josephus.—On *the Work of the Patronage*, in our next or following number.

A Member of St. Mary's Young Men's Society.—You really must excuse us sending a reporter to attend and report the discussions of your debating society. We debar ourselves the pleasure of mentioning our own debates in these columns, as wanting in public interest, else, we assure you, we could fill the whole number with our own "sayings and doings."

DEATH OF FREDERIC LUCAS, M.P., ESQ.

OUR obituary of this day records the demise of FREDERIC LUCAS, M.P., Esq. To speak as we should of such a man, in the narrow limits at our command, is impossible; but we cannot allow the melancholy event to pass without some tribute, however brief, to his memory. In his private character, he made himself appreciated and beloved by those who came in contact with him; as a journalist, he was a fearless, uncompromising, and persevering champion of the right; as a writer, few equalled him in his nervous Saxon style and the vigorous intellectual grasp, handling, and sifting of his subject, some of his leaders being equal to anything that has appeared in the language; as a Catholic—on this head we will be silent, for his name is in all the churches; and our only fear is, that as his writings for the faith entitle him to be considered as a confessor of the Church, so may his sufferings for the truth give him a title to be enrolled among her martyrs.

CONVERSIONS.—The son of one Protestant bishop, and the brother of another, have lately been received into the Church in America, the Rev. G. H. Doane, son of Dr. Doane, Bishop of Jersey, and C. R. Bayley, Esq., brother of Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark.

Obituary.

On October 8th, MARY ANN GORDON STUART, wife of Donald Gordon Stuart, Esq., of Liverpool, aged 39. In her the poor have lost a kind friend; and the Catholic institutions of Liverpool a generous patroness; especially the Blind Asylum. R. I. P.

On October 19th, after an illness of thirty-six hours, DANIEL POWELL, aged 50, to the personal affliction of every Catholic in Liverpool. R. I. P.

On October 24th, FREDERIC LUCAS, aged 43. R. I. P.

. For the sake of our readers unacquainted with Latin, we beg to explain that *Quisquilis*, a word occurring in our table of contents, signifies in Latin "sweepings," and by it we mean the odds-and-ends that fill up our unfinished columns.

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DECEMBER, 1855.

Vol. 1.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG MEN.



BOOKS can preach sermons; so can running brooks, and stones; but the quintessence of wisdom, distilled from the experience of ages, is casketed in our proverbs. A proverb is always received with deep reverence, and carries more weight with it than half-a-dozen arguments. The proverb is believed implicitly, and therefore its applicability is never considered. "Don't let them insert the thin end of the wedge," said *The Times*, at the introduction of the Hierarchy; and immediately, 'the great unwashed' took up theory: "We wont have the thin edge of the wedge inserted;" overlooking the fact, that no insertion of any wedge, real or imaginary, was ever contemplated. The major part of their syllogism was passable enough, (so far went the proverb) but the minor wont bear analysis at all. Occasionally, however, many captious people question the correctness even of proverbs; and thus it happens, that more than once, we have heard the old saying, "*Honesty is the best policy*," attacked and denounced, because, as it is said, it advocates the doing of right upon an unworthy principle. For no doubt, mere expediency is, to say the least of it, a very despicable motive of action. But while we quite allow this, we entirely dissent from going the whole length of condemning all arguments that appeal to one's interest. For this would be equivalent to saying that, in persuading to a good action, or advocating a right principle, you must always insist on the highest motive, or none. And then, to follow these premises to their legitimate and only conclusion, every

casuist must become a theologian, every essayist a preacher, and every argument, a sermon. But this would be quite at variance with our established and received usages. There are suitable and recognized persons, times, and places for sermons; and for any one, beyond these, to begin to insist on supernatural motives, and to quote the Gospels or St. Paul at every hand's turn, it would be simply impertinence and ultra-crepidism. Listeners and readers look for texts in church, and for common sense out of doors.

We mention this now, because we purpose, in the present and subsequent numbers, to insert some short remarks on certain subjects of common occurrence, concerning which some hints might be useful to our younger readers. But if, while thus taking upon ourselves to advise, we employ what may be termed common-sense appeals and human reason, in preference to scriptural or moral arguments, we would have it well understood that we do so, not because we undervalue or ignore these, but because we know that they would come better from other lips; and our readers, as well as ourselves, would feel that the religious view of the question would be more appropriate to the pulpit than to our columns. And so to our subject.

Shakspeare has written much good poetry; but he never wrote either better poetry or better sense than in the following quotation from Hamlet. We have often admired it; and would have every word of it "charactered" on the minds of all young men. Polonius is counseling his son Laertes, who is just about to set out on his travels:—

"These few precepts in thy memory,
Look thou character.* Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

* An obsolete verb meaning to engrave.

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all. To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Here have we texts for a hundred of essays; but one as important as any is the line we have put in italics. The management of the tongue is of the last consequence to all, especially to the young; we will, therefore, bring together, in the present paper, a few unarranged remarks on this subject; and we will recur to some of the others in subsequent numbers.

I. THE TONGUE.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

When Dr. Johnson said that men were not intended to take snuff or else their noses would have been put on their faces the other way up, there was a mixture of wit and truth in his apophthegm, as there is also in the similar saying, that God gave us two ears and one tongue, that we might hear twice as much as we speak.

As to listening, it is generally an improving thing, for something of good may be drawn from almost every discourse we hear. Dr. Johnson said that he made it a point to gather information from every one that spoke to him. For, were it even a working-man, there were always some of the mysteries of his trade to be picked up. Besides, by listening we collect a variety of opinions, of which, by comparing them, we can take advantage, and so we get the benefit of other people's experience. It is, moreover, practising restraint upon ourselves, and gives us a habit of commanding. This habit of self-restraint ought frequently to be practised in every possible way. Even in indifferent matters, that might be done with perfect innocence, we should accustom ourselves to say, "I won't do it." For so the higher faculties get habituated to command, and the lower ones to obey; and by using this discipline in affairs of slight consequence, obedience may be ensured where it becomes a matter of moment. If we gratify our inclinations in all lawful things, we shall probably *overstep the boundary where the transgression*

would be unlawful, from the mere want of having trained ourselves to obey ourselves.

They who study appearances would do well to cultivate a habit of reserved silence; nothing looks more dignified, nor impresses others more favorably. The silent man's opinion is desired infinitely sooner than the babbler's, and people instinctively turn their eyes towards such a one, to see if they can divine by his eyes or looks what he thinks about it.

To listen attentively is always a pretty compliment to the speaker; and it shows your propriety of demeanor even though sometimes the discourse be not worth listening to. And when you do listen, listen attentively. No absence of mind; no intruding of other subjects; nor sudden inappropriate exclamations. Never listen when a conversation is going on that you are not intended to hear. Honor bids you, in such a case, either to give a token of your presence, or to move away.

Another exercise of silence is, not merely to be reserved in company, but to habituate yourself not to talk about everything you hear. Of course you will honorably keep all secrets that you happen to hold in confidence. In general, it is well to have as little to do with secrets as you can. Some people have an itch for knowing secrets; and they are generally the greatest babblers. When they have heard something new, they know no rest till they have confided it to some third party, with an injunction to let it go no further. Of course he tells it to a fourth, and so on, until it becomes what is called a *public secret*. If you consent to receive anything in confidence, entomb it in your heart of hearts. And as the grave never renders up its dead, so preserve your trust. Either do not receive, or do not abuse, confidence. Even should you suppose silence to be needless in the case, honor says, *do not be the first to divulge*. We once spoke of a critical matter to our worthy friend Loquax; this was injudicious in us, and taught us a lesson. We wanted Loquax's opinion, and in asking it, we implored him to mention the matter to no one. To this he assented. Ten minutes later, we found ourselves in a miscellaneous company of about half-a-dozen, and to our consternation, Loquax accosted us, in his usual round tones, with: "You've spoken to me in confidence about Mr. Smith's affair; now I advise you," &c. When we charged him with a breach of confidence: "Not at all," said he, "it made no matter about mentioning such a thing as that." Loquax argued

fallaciously; if it were to be mentioned, it was our place to do so, not his, for he was under bond to be silent.

Divulging secrets is a shameless breach of trust. Horace says that one guilty of such meanness should be refused admittance to his house, and that he dared not trust himself on ship-board with him. But the worst kind of babbling is, when you do not simply divulge secrets, but when you do it in a passion. Nothing can be so mean, as in a moment of pettishness and irritation, to throw into a former friend's teeth some deep trust, which, in an hour of sadness, or in the fulness of confidence, he had confided to your honorable keeping. If such a revelation tend to disgrace him, your meanness is a double stain on yourself.

Be reserved with strangers. Young people are particularly given to unbosoming themselves and unfolding the whole of their private history to a casual acquaintance, perhaps to a travelling companion. This is not wise, not even with tried friends. Burns says:

"Ye'll aye keep something to yoursel'
"Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

And Ingoldsby, in his usual jog-trot style, gives pretty nearly the same advice:

"Keep your own counsel in all that you do,
Or a counsel may some day or other keep you."

Nothing is more fatal than a habit of perpetual prattling. We know more than one who do this. They seem to consider themselves as called upon not only to keep conversation alive in company, but to say smart things as well. The consequence is, that they bring out whatever comes first to their lips, and all discretion is flung aside; and to sustain their reputation as sayers of smart things, they often utter very harsh and uncharitable words to some silent and unobtrusive member of the company, whose modest silence they would do well to copy. This tongue, this tongue, it is more unmanageable than a wild ass! How good was David's prayer, (and we quote him more as a wise man merely, than as an inspired writer,) "*O Lord, put a guard over my mouth, and a gate around about my lips.*"

In talking, consider your company, and select subjects likely to be agreeable; above all things avoid whatever may be personally unpleasant to any of them. For this reason never recall any trouble that any of them may have been in, nor any misfortune that may have occurred to them. Never use personalities; it is a mark of very bad manners to make observations on the persons or dress of those you are speaking to. Do not institute com-

parisons either between them and others. Mrs. Malaprop's sentiment was more correct than her grammar when she said that *comparisons were odoriferous*! Do not let your conversation be puerile; nor should your mutual intercourse be wanting in gravity, respect, and courtesy. Don't engross the whole conversation to yourself; and do not let every word spoken or every thing done remind you of an anecdote. O, those endless, weary stories, especially veterans that have done service in every version of Joe Miller since the days of Confucius! What a bore and a laughing-stock we all feel old Mr. Hardcastle to be, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, when every word uttered by his friends reminded him of his favorite *historiette*: "Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, reminds me of the Duke of Marlborough," &c.

It is a polite thing, in general conversations, briefly to mention the subject you are on to any new comers that may enter the room, to set them at their ease, and put them on the same footing as the other members of the company. Should it ever happen, that circumstances throw the burden of the conversation on you, always make it a point, once at least, to address every one present individually, from the highest to the lowest.

These few unstrung remarks we should have had some hesitation in offering to our readers did they emanate from ourselves. But they are gathered from many sources, which are all worthy of deference and attention. We, therefore, feel no delicacy in concluding with the words of Shakspeare, as quoted above:—

"These few precepts in thy memory,
Look thou character."

ROME AND AUSTRIA.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, seen the *concordat* between Austria and the Holy See, and the apostolic letters by which that document is confirmed. It was to be expected that the *Times*, with its usual ignorance of Christian and Catholic matters, its arrogance of assertion, and its spiteful virulence against Rome, would be "*down upon*" her on so charming an occasion. Accordingly, the "*Thunderer*" has concocted an admirable specimen of all these precious qualities. He begins, of course, with a laudation of that special favorite of all infidels and latitudinarians—the Emperor Joseph II. "It was his policy," says old Bloody, "to vest the government of the Church in the Bishops."

We had thought this vesting was a Divine organization, instead of a human "policy"—"and the supreme power over the Bishops in Himself." That is, the Bishops were to be complimented with the empty appearance of government, and a temporal prince was to be "viceroys" over them. Rather than this, we would send every man to his Bible, like the Presbyterians, and bid him find out there, that no prince or potentate of this world has the slightest claim to any power or jurisdiction in that kingdom, which was pronounced by its Divine founder (who surely knew best) to be "not of this world." Let us see, however, what there is in the *concordat* to justify the assertions of the *Times*, that it is a "self-spoliation, a voluntary betrayal of the most sacred rights of the crown, the clergy, and the people." Its most obnoxious articles are, the maintenance of Catholic privileges, free communication between the clergy and their head, episcopal and papal authority in the Church and her schools, the suppression of dangerous books, church jurisdiction in cases of marriage and betrothal, and the general right of deciding on the question of patronage. Now, who does not see that all these are essential to the free exercise of the Catholic religion? But the fact is, all depends on the quarter from which one looks on the *concordat*. To a man who, like the *Times*, calls the Pope "a foreign prince," all must appear absurd and unnatural; while to a true Catholic, who looks upon the Church as "the mother of us all," and on its visible head as "the father and doctor of all Christians," every thing will appear natural, and necessary for the carrying out of those designs with which the Church was founded. As to the *Times's* assertion, that "the Austrian Church views with the utmost alarm and terror the surrender of its liberties, and the enlightened portion of the laity regard such a proceeding with undissembled disgust," we receive it with just the modicum of belief justified by the quarter from which it comes. We all know who are the "enlightened portion of the laity," according to the *Times's* ecclesiastical dictionary, and we, of course, expect their hostility to every thing ultra-montane. We understand the religious orders are doing immense good among the motley races which submit to the Austrian sceptre; and we heartily congratulate both them and the seculars, and, indeed, all the good Catholics in the empire, on this complete *bouleversement* of the diabolical arrangements of that old scamp, Joseph II.

THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

It may be as well to inform the reader, that the following anecdotes are founded on fact, and that every particular occurred as related. They were mentioned to me by Colonel B—— as an event that had happened to himself. He was led to speak of them in the course of conversation; and being an exceedingly simple-minded man, and not given to exaggeration, they may be received with perfect confidence.

In the recital, I shall endeavor as much as possible to preserve the forcible language, and record the truth, in the same unvarnished way in which it was presented to myself, and which caused me to shudder as I sat listening to it at night in my chair at the corner of my fireside.

The perusal of any of the sanguinary narratives recorded of the revolution, produces a feeling in the mind, of doubt, whether the events have not been too highly colored, in order to excite a great impression on the imagination of the reader; consequently it is regarded in the light of a literary romance, and it fails to produce the effect desired. But when a grey-headed man, in an animated conversation, describes to you the place, the scene, the individuals who took a part in the transactions, and even the most minute circumstances calculated to strike the imagination, and then calmly says to you, I was there and witnessed the whole, reason is terrified and indignant.

"You were at the siege of Lyons?" said I, then, to Colonel B——, wishing to hear further particulars.

"Yes, Sir. They ordered us there from the mountains of Savoy, where we had been stationed for some time as a corps of observation. I was the Captain."

"Were you already Captain?"

"I had been an officer, or nearly so, under the old régime. I was named sub-lieutenant in 1790, on leaving the military school of Condom; I still have my commission with the fleurs-de-lys of Louis the Sixteenth. During the course of events, circumstances called me to C——."

"At the time when such great efforts were made to raise troops, they gave me rank in preference to those citizens who had already served; I was appointed to the command of a company immediately. The elections were made in the old church of the Cordeliers, which, if you recollect, has been since con-

verted into a magazine for military stores. It was in the refectory. But you are too young to have witnessed all that. We hurried off to Savoy, where we remained a considerable time, exposed to the cold and snows of that country, without provisions, without shoes, and almost in a state of complete inaction. From the Alps we descended afterwards to Lyons; there we found an army which had arrived from Paris, and which was called the revolutionary army. You can form no idea of the kind of men who composed it. They were a horde of thieves and cut-throats, collected from the very dregs of the capital. The cavalry was certainly a superb body; it must have been principally composed, I have no doubt, of grooms and lackeys who had denounced their masters and pillaged their stables."

"Our men detested the soldiers of this revolutionary army. In fact, twenty or thirty duels took place between them and our grenadiers every morning; for I must tell you a circumstance that is not generally known now, indeed has been forgotten in the multiplicity of atrocities that took place at that time, viz, that the loyal services of our soldiers were paid in assignats; but these miserable wretches, without courage, and without discipline, were paid in silver and gold. They gave them, moreover, the high pay of thirty sous; you may guess for what purpose."

"The city once taken, picture to yourself these blood-hounds let loose, and under the direction of Colonel d'Herbois; the guillotine was permanently erected, and we daily led out at least fifty of the inhabitants to be cut down with grape shot."

"You, Colonel?"

"Yes, I," said he, "as well as the others. Ah! it was necessary to shut one's heart to every sentiment of pity, and to obey under pain of death. You seem astonished; but I can assure you that the slightest infringement, even an involuntary one, of this horrible duty, was sufficient to place both officers and soldiers among the ranks of those about to suffer. This is a circumstance that occurred to myself. The prisons were regularly cleared of their inmates every day at noon; the condemned were led to the Place des Jerreaux, and ranged in a circle before the Town-hall, well guarded by troops on all sides. The municipal officers, standing on the steps at the entrance, read to them their sentence, and then they were taken to execution. One day that I was the officer in command, the sentence having been read, I gave the word to march, but some one seized

my arm. A woman broke through the guard, and threw herself on one of the condemned, most probably her husband or her father, from whom she would not be separated. We had very great trouble in removing her, and she was carried away in a state of insensibility. Certainly this was no fault of mine; nevertheless I was put under arrest for three days. But something worse happened to my lieutenant; he was conducting twelve of the inhabitants to execution, guarded by a very small body of troops, when one of the men broke his bonds, knocked down two of the guard, and escaped down one of the passages."

"You must be well acquainted with Lyons to be able to find your way in certain quarters which are very much intersected with narrow alleys and dark passages. The man was saved, but the lieutenant was thrown into prison. The prison, as I have before observed, was cleared the following day at noon; we had the greatest difficulty in procuring the lieutenant's discharge; twenty minutes later, and he would have been among the dead. He was so horror-struck at this, that two months afterwards he deserted and retired into Piedmont. However, in spite of everything, we managed to save many of the condemned by secretly enlisting them. All our officers received them among their men, even at the risk of their own lives. I had twenty-two in my company; but they followed the example of the lieutenant, and deserted when we were recalled to the frontier."

"Wearied with these atrocities," continued the Colonel, after a short silence, "and also with my profession, which at that time was little better than that of an assassin, I asked leave of absence, and went to pass some little time in the bosom of my family."

"They had sent me previously into the Vivarais to keep an eye upon a pretended gathering of emigrants, which, however, only existed in their imagination; while there I had the happiness of preventing the pillage of some respectable houses. This became known at C——, and, in consequence, I was considered an aristocrat, which impression was strengthened by my not joining the club. The eloquent cobblers considered it a very bad sign if one did not go to hear them hold forth. A revolution is not only the reign of the depraved and wicked, but also the triumph of the foolish and the ignorant. Picture to yourself an ignorant booby, treated with the contempt he richly deserves, and, in consequence, he becomes vindictive and cruel-minded, the

guillotine supplies him with a ready means of wiping out the indignity."

"I was denounced."

"My brother-in-law warned me that my best course was to join my company, which in all probability would put a stop to all further proceedings. I returned to Lyons, and made up my mind to think no more about it. I arrived there very opportunely, as I will explain to you."

"The day after my arrival, I was the officer to command the military execution; there were two hundred victims to be shot. The sentence was executed in the plain of the Brotteaux, and the condemned were conducted thither in the following manner. Their hands were tightly tied behind them, and they were led one behind the other, in single file, each between two soldiers. The troops charged with the execution, marched on each side. I commanded a detachment of four hundred men, who had the charge of one hundred of the condemned; the other hundred were entrusted to an officer at the head of four hundred recruits, consisting of citizens and peasants, recently raised."

"There was a row of old trees on the plain, and fastened to them was a thick rope, extending the entire length of the row, and raised to about the height of a man's waist; when the condemned arrived, they were placed in line and attached to this rope, by the cord with which their hands were tied behind them. The soldiers then ranged themselves opposite in a parallel line, at fifteen paces distance. On the day of which we are speaking, all the preparations being completed, the sub-officer of the gendarmerie came to inform me of it. I raised my sword—the drums beat, and the command to fire was given. My men were well trained; every bullet hit its victim. Not a cry was heard—death was instantaneous. At the same moment the recruits fired; you cannot have beheld, heard, or imagined, a scene more frightful than what followed. Not one of their poor victims was deprived of life, but all were moving in agony along the entire length of the line, and uttering the most piercing cries:—'Oh! my God! my God!'—'My head!'—'My neck!'—'Put me out of my misery!'—'Mercy!'—'Help!' Ten pieces of cannon were discharged to stifle these cries; for the crowd were only two hundred paces distant, and were becoming much excited. Some little time was lost while my men were reloading and placing themselves before the recruits, who were trembling in every limb. I

then gave the command to fire!—the cries instantly ceased; their sufferings were ended."

The Colonel looked at me intently as if to read my thoughts.

"At another time," said he, "they devised another mode of exterminating them. They conducted the prisoners into this same plain, sometimes to the number of two or three hundred; and the gendarmerie, having tied them together, removed to a distance. We were in line at twenty paces distance; the rank opened, filed to the right and left, and unmasked a battery charged with grape. The condemned saw the match applied to the cannon, and threw themselves on the ground: the shot passed over them. They rose shrieking and terrified, and began to fly in every direction; the revolutionary cavalry, of which I have already spoken, pursued them:—they were sabred and cut down, till the plain was strewed in all directions with their dead bodies. Oh! what abominations! How you would shudder were I to give you the full particulars: you would scarcely credit them. However, I will relate one circumstance out of a thousand of the same class.

"One night," said the Colonel, "I had but just retired to rest, after a day of hard duty, spent in patrolling and making endless rounds in the town, where the civil and military rule were alike oppressive, when I was suddenly aroused, and received an order to act under the directions of the person who was then introduced to me. He was a member of the Revolutionary Commission. The order was in due course. I received his instructions to accompany him immediately with three hundred men.

"I accoutred myself in haste, sent for the sub-officers, and the detachment was soon prepared to march. We passed silently through the streets, reached the gates, and advanced into the country; the day was already beginning to break. I was still in ignorance of the object of our expedition. We continued our march for about three leagues, and arrived at Cremieux, a small town between Lyons and Belley. The inhabitants were not yet stirring, we halted about a hundred paces from the entrance to the town. The Commissioner ordered me to load arms, and surround the place, with instructions to fire on any one who endeavored to make his escape. This being arranged, he then entered the town at the head of a small body of picked men; I remained at his side. The serenity and beauty of the scene are still fresh in my

memory. The country is most lovely, and the pretty white houses with their roofs of red tile, the little staircase creeping up the wall, the closed shutters and the bushy vines luxuriantly entwining themselves round pillars in the Italian style, added much to its beauty."

"The sun had just risen, the sky was without a cloud, and the air fresh and exhilarating; the green summits of the mountains glowing in the first rays of the morning appeared in the distance as standing out of a sea of blue vapor. Although the inhabitants were not yet risen, we had occasionally met girls, without shoes or stockings, leading their cows to pasture, some of them with thick long hair falling around their shoulders, which they would push back with their hand, and stop to look at us."

"We halted at the first of the dwelling-houses and the commissioner ordered them to kill a sheep, and to tap a hogshead for the purpose of refreshing the men. If this had been all said the Colonel, you will agree with me that there had not been much harm done; but I will continue.

"The drums recalled to order and we marched into the principal street of the town. This occasioned some excitement; windows were opened, and several persons appeared at their doors, but quickly withdrew. Surprise and fear kept these poor people in; nevertheless our unwelcome presence was soon everywhere known."

"We stopped at each house, the Commissioner entered and I accompanied him with four or five of my men, they advanced with quick heavy steps and their fierce eyes looked about with prying curiosity. But these first houses were so poor, the walls so bare, and the furniture so wretched; that there was no room for observation. In one, however, they observed on the smoky chimney piece, a picture, relative to some pious subject, in an old wooden frame, the Commissioner took it down, broke the frame, and told his astonished hearers that God no longer existed, in fact he made a glowing speech on their infamous superstitions; however on leaving, he placed a twenty-franc assignat on the table as if to compensate them for their loss."

"We arrived in this manner at the centre of the town, the houses there were of a better class, evidently belonging to small proprietors, husbandmen in comfortable circumstances, and the principal burgesses. It is impossible to describe the consternation and terror

depicted on the countenances of these poor people at our appearance; had a thunderbolt fallen among them; it would not have produced greater alarm they were well acquainted with all that had taken place at Lyons. The women trembling fell fainting into their chairs, the servants wept, the children screamed, and the men pale with fear, approached with forced smiles that were painful to behold."

"Come citizen," the Commissioner would say to these poor people, "come citizen, I am very sorry to disturb you, but I have strict orders, and duty you know before everything; you must go with us to Lyons."

"At these words the sobs of the women were renewed, and they threw themselves on their knees as if to implore mercy; the men at the same time stammering out a thousand protestations of obedience to the government and laws. The Commissioner seeing the effect his words had produced, continued:—

"I perceive this gives you some alarm; however, our hearts are not as hard as stone. Now, listen; you appear to me to be honest people, and good citizens: between ourselves, there may be a way of compromising the matter."

A ray of hope for a moment lit up their faces. They moved a little, and waited, open-mouthed, to hear what he had further to say.

"Have you any money?" he added; "any little savings put by?—if you will make a little sacrifice, and offer it for the service of your country, and in a measure to indemnify me, I may consent to shut my eyes, and leave you quietly at home."

"What!" said I to the Colonel—"Did he speak in such plain terms as these?"

"Yes; and I have even softened the gross way in which he made the proposition."

"Why, it was nothing less than an expedition of thieves and highwaymen."

"Just so."

"And this before an officer?—before you?"

"Yes; and I did not breathe a syllable; but maintained an air of perfect indifference. If I had even shaken my head, in all probability it would not long have remained on my shoulders. You may conceive how quickly the poor people untied their pocket-books, and delivered up to him all their money, and every thing that was of the least value; they brought out their old watches, and every little article of jewellery that had been long preserved as family relics, and of which it was sad to see them deprived."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

O, angels bright! 'tis a blessed sight,
That lovely infant sleeping,
In silent rest, at His mother's breast,
And Joseph his fond watch keeping.

Fain would I strew, sweet flowers that blew,
In incense-breathing May,
With reverence meet, at His holy feet,
That may never know decay.

But the snow lies deep, and the wild winds sweep,
Dear lady, o'er our hills,
And nature is bound—an ice-chain round
Her vales and voiceless rills.

Yet, Virgin mild, let me kiss thy child;
The angels bade us hie,
When their song of gladness dispelled our sadness,
The Prince of Peace is nigh.

To God, in heaven, be glory given,
For His Son's mysterious birth;
And calm and rest, to the troubled breast,
Of faithful men on earth.

Sweet Mary, dear, forbear that tear,
Was the burden of their song,
And the valleys still, and the listening hill,
Did the joyous strain prolong.

And the stars did gaze, with deep amaze,
On the long-expected Boy;
And the meek moon, in her silent noon,
Was weeping tears of joy.

With great desire—with tongues of fire—
The prophets sang this day;
Yet hope alone, on their exile shone,
And their spirits passed away.

But we have seen His beauty's sheen—
The glorious Prince of Peace—
In man's frail form, who will hush the storm,
And bid the thunders cease.

O, Virgin mild, once more thy child,
Allow these lips to press;
This little hand shall at thy command,
His mute adorers bless.

Jesu! thy blessing and sweet caressing,
Bestow ere we depart,
And thy love shall be, on life's dark sea,
The pole-star of my heart.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET
DICTIONARY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

CANT.—The characteristic of modern land.

CARBUNCLE.—A fiery globule found bottoms of mines and on the face of druid.

CHALLENGE.—Giving your adverse opportunity of shooting you through the to indemnify you for his having hurt feelings.

CHICANE.—See Law.

COFFIN.—The cradle in which our childhood is laid to sleep.

COMPLIMENTS.—Dust thrown in the those whom we want to dupe.

COURAGE.—The fear of being the coward.

CREAM.—In London, milk and thickened with chalk and flour.

CRITIC.—One who is incapable of books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

CUNNING.—The simplicity by which generally outwit themselves.

DESTINY.—The scapegoat which we responsible for all our crimes and fol necessity which we set down as inevitable when we have no wish to strive against

DICE.—Playthings which the devil motion when he wants a new supply of beggars, and suicides.

DISGUISE.—That which we all of us in our hearts, and many of us on our faces

DRAM.—A small quantity taken in moderate quantities, by those who have grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience

EGOTISM.—Suffering the private I to much in the public eye.

ENVY.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

EPICURE.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

ESQUIRE.—A title much in use among lower orders.

FACTION.—Any party out of power.

FINGER.—An appendage worn in a and of great use in taking snuff.

FRIEND, REAL.—One who will tell your faults and follies in prosperity, and you with his hand and heart in adversity; Black Swan.

GENTLEMAN.—A name often bestowed well-dressed blackguard, and withheld from right owner, who only wears its quality in his heart.

THE MUDDLETONIANS;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. II.

The next day was a busy one in Muddleton, and from early morning people of every appearance and degree, from the obese county member to the drab-coated town-beadle, were seen flocking towards the Town Hall. It was the day fixed upon each recurring year for the election of town-councillors, who, a few days later, were themselves to elect the mayor for the ensuing twelve months. The happy borough was blessed with two loco-political cliques, whose perpetual squabbles, when they met for the transaction of business, had the admirable effect of keeping up among the burgesses an uncommon amount of mutual ill-will, and of raising the many parish rates to an almost unendurable extent, in order to supply the ways and means of endless law-suits. One of these parties advocated liberal views, and was headed by one Dr. Midge and the Rev. Ezekiah Fusby, of Zion Chapel. They were, by their adversaries, contemptuously and elegantly styled "*the Gallipots*." The other party had for their champion and leader a retired broker, who had got together a nice little fortune of twenty thousand pounds, in the time of the great French war, by supplying His Majesty's gallant seamen with tarpaulins and blue shirts. These were the Tory aristocracy of the borough, and went among their opponents by the name of *the Popsonites*, from the orator of the band, his worship, Henry Popson, Esq., present mayor of Muddleton. This Mayor Popson was a man of considerable pretensions to superior gentility and talents, for he sprang from the loving union of Sir Hildebrand Popson, Knight, and his fat cook, whom the gouty old gentleman had promoted from the dingy regions of the kitchen-range to the honors of his own bed and board, and, on emerging into public life, this hopeful progeny had shone for some years as an oratorical star of the first magnitude amidst the mighty discussions of the Muddleton Debating Club. The Popsonites were, or affected to be, zealous upholders of the Church, as by law established, and considered the frequenters of the Bethesdas and Zoars as no better than the tag-rag and bob-tail of the place.

At eleven o'clock the preparations for the election battle were completed. Outside the Town-hall, the narrow street was completely

blocked up by a mob, hurraing or hooting as each popular or unpopular public character passed into the building. Not the least conspicuous or noisy among the rabble were the watermen and butcher boys, of which latter odoriferous fraternity Muddleton reckoned an unusual number. The people had just been seasoned into a proper state of moderation and decency of behaviour by the highly inflammatory harangue of a remarkable fanatic—there is one in every place—the moon-struck Lieutenant Magog (of whose doings and opinions, more hereafter) when his worship the mayor entered the hall, escorted by his friends, not forgetting the town-clerk, and that awe-inspiring personage, the portly mace-bearer.

The two adverse parties were now in presence, and crowded the large room of the Town-hall, determined to win the day each for their respective favorites. The Tories, who for two or three preceding years, had been in possession of political ascendancy in the borough, had mustered all their forces in order to defeat the ambitious Gallipots. The chair having been taken by the mayor, the noise of loud talkers and the grinding of the floor with shuffling feet somewhat subsided, and the proceedings commenced.

Up rose one of the Popsonite illustrations, John Wicks, Esq., ex-tallow chandler, and twice mayor of Muddleton. "Gentlemen," said he, "I move that *our* friend the worthy mayor do address the meeting." There was a good deal of emphasis on that word "*our*."

The motion was seconded and carried *nem. con.*

The mayor commenced at once:—"Gentlemen and burgesses of Muddleton, I am sure I need not apologise to you for perhaps dwelling at some length to-day—(*Hurrah for Popson!*) on the portentous signs of the times. We live in portentous times. (*Hear.*) For in the days of our grandfathers. (*who was your grandmother?*) Gentlemen, I scorn the low fellow that made that interruption. I say, gentlemen, in older and better times, the government of public affairs, ever in able hands was not impeded, and, I may say, thwarted and obstructed by a set of intriguers and nobodies, who, under the assumed cloak of Liberalism are endeavoring to undermine the very foundations of our glorious and heaven-born constitution in church and state. (*Well done, Popson: go on.*) But now-a-days, insubordination and disrespect for all constituted authority pervade the lower classes; and espe-

cially so in this town, which, we fondly prided ourselves, was deemed a model by the whole country of love of order and British enlightenment. Gentlemen, I'll tell you the reason, though it will be strongly denied by certain parties I will not condescend to name. (*Hear, hear!*) The reason is, that some—I trust only some, as yet—of the citizens of Muddleton have allowed, and suffered, and permitted themselves to be indoctrinated, indoctrated, and humbugged by self-styled reformers, whose only object is pelf—yes, I say, whose only object is wretched pelf. For why should they wish, and covet, and desiderate power in our council?—in order, they allege, that the public funds may be more honestly and economically administered! Gentlemen, I scorn—we all scorn—the shameless, the scandalous, the obstreperous imputation! (*Great cheers and stamping of feet*) Is it not of public notoriety, that the local rates were higher when *they* were in power than they are now? And what use did they make of the funds they so largely and unscrupulously drew from your pockets? Let the back parlor of the “Nag’s Head” tell. If the beer-barrels and rum-punchons of that low tavern (*kept by a Gallipot*) could speak, what tales of infamy would they not unravel to your astonished ears! Gentlemen, it is wiser to restrain one’s self than to say all one knows, else I might recount to you a few more of the dark deeds of these pretended Liberals; how, for instance, they are cunningly and forever running down the characters and ministrations of our beloved clergy, and scarcely put a decent covering over their familiar hobnobbing with the Papists, (*Hear, hear.*) and how some of them, if report speaks true, as I believe it does, actually gave or lent money to that wily and intriguing Jesuit priest, in order to set up his idols among our homes, and unfurl the standard of blind and debasing superstition upon the prostrate ruins of our common Protestantism! (*Tremendous cheering.*) Fellow Muddletonians, are you determined thus to allow, suffer, and permit your inalienable and cherished rights to be filched from you, and diverted from their natural channel for the support and furtherance of principles never-sufficiently-to-be-detested, and views abominable to every true-born Briton! (*Cheers.*) Men of Muddleton, I know you too well to entertain the idea for an instant, and certain am I, that by your enlightened votes this day, you will at once dispel and knock on the head the delusive aspirations of a certain contemptible faction, to which I will not more

particularly allude.” We will not weary our readers by a repetition of the endless fustian that was delivered that day. Suffice it to say, that the Popsonite interest was so powerful as to secure the election of councillors, and afterwards of a mayor, of the true Church-and-State breed; and whose ignorant bigotry rendered them cherished and trusted by all abhorers of Puseyism, Popery, and the Scarlet Lady.

CHAP. III.

Towards evening, as dusk was waning into darkness, and the public-houses were crammed with enlightened electors who, by the depth and length of their potations, gave testimony to the depth of their loyalty and the greatness of their thirst, a poor woman stood at the door of Father Ambrose, who personally answered her timid single knock. It was a sick man who had sent her to beg his spiritual aid. Was he dangerously ill? She thought so; for violent spasms and contraction of the limbs too well attested the presence, in the poor man’s frame, of the dread scourge of cholera. To take up what few things were required for the administration of the sacraments, and to follow the poor woman, was the work of a moment. The priest threaded his way among a number of narrow lanes inclining to the water-side, less intent on avoiding the putrid garbage, which lay in heaps in those regions of shambles and fish-shops, than on uttering, as he went, secret prayers to God that the soul to whom he was hastening might not prove rebellious to grace. He soon found himself in a kind of back-yard, without any other issue than the narrow passage through which he had entered. On the left side of this open place was a low door, leading, for what he knew, into Tartarean regions; for the passage, from the cold draught of air that swept along it, was evidently a long one, and appeared to go down into some cave or other. I say it appeared, for it was intensely dark.

“This way, your reverence,” said the woman, taking the Father’s hand, and groping with him into the dark passage; “’tis but a poor place to bring your honor into.”

After cautiously treading a few steps, the woman, who led the way, pushed open a door on the right, and the Father stood at the bed-side of the sick man. Such a bed! Such a room! Yet the Lord of life came as joyfully into it, in His sacramental presence, as He once joyfully came into the stable of Bethlehem. His object in the one case, as in

the other, was to save souls! *Peace be to this house*, uttered the priest, as he entered the place; and to all those who dwell therein. A farthing rushlight was stuck to the wall by the adhesive power of its own grease; for candlestick there was none; not even the poor man's candlestick—a green bottle; and by the flicker of its feeble light, the Father could just distinguish a heap of rags lying in a corner on the ground, and from the midst of them a human face emerging. A gleam of hope, a smile of pleasure illumined the sick man's face at the sight of the priest. Father Ambrose looked round for a chair: there was none. He drew from his pocket a snow-white cloth, which he laid on a worm-eaten old box that stood by the sick man's head, and on it he deposited the little silver pyx, which contained the Holy of Holies—a fit throne for Him who, in the days of His mortal flesh, had not a pillow to lay His weary head on; yet, in that lonely, dark, and filthy den, there invisibly at that moment knelt myriads of holy angels, and the glory of that spot had nothing to envy of the indescribable splendors of God's throne in the highest heavens. Father Ambrose, bidding the woman leave the room for a while, knelt on the floor, and, approaching the wax light which he had brought with him, stooped over the sick man, and ministered unto him.

Thus was he for above an hour whispering gentle words of peace, of happiness, of perfect trust in Him, who even now gave His dying creature a pledge of immortal bliss in strengthening him with the life-giving bread of angels. Though violently attacked at first, the sick man had felt a change for the better operating within him at the sight of the minister of reconciliation, and especially when the holy oil had flowed over his suffering frame. He soon after fell into a heavy sleep, either the forerunner of returning health, or may be of death itself, should an unfavorable crisis take place. Father Ambrose had the night his own; he was not willing yet to go until the patient should give some fresh token that danger was past. So he quietly sat himself down on the old box, by the sick man's head, and while the woman, who had returned, went out again to fetch some necessary article of food, for which he had given her an alms, he drew forth his breviary from his pocket, and prayed.

But yet not so peacefully as was his wont. Anxious and uncomfortable thoughts crowded upon him in the midst of his prayer. Sundry vague rumors of impending evil had for some weeks reached his ears. He had had more

than one proof already of the insatiable bigotry of various persons in the town, and these not the least influential among their fellow-citizens; and as to the people—the mere rabble—there, as elsewhere, any amount of unreasoning ferocity might at any time be roused in them by the gift or promise of money and drink. What cruel beast of Indian jungles is more to be dreaded than a genuine English mob? and the Spirit of Evil well knows—for he has had three hundred years' successful experience—he well knows how to inflame their bad passions by the outcry of religious zeal. Father Ambrose, nevertheless, went on with his prayer, never before so feelingly dwelling as he then did on the words of the psalmist: *Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the sinner . . . For thou art my patience, O Lord, my hope from my youth . . . I am become unto many as a wonder, but thou art a strong helper. . . .* (Ps. 70). The sick man's slumber had by this time become more gentle—his more regular breathing gave also an almost certain promise of convalescence, and as the woman still tarried, he closed his office book, and rose to depart.

As he turned round for that purpose, a gleam of vivid light shot into the almost darkened room, but not from the door; and at the same time several voices, engaged in half-suppressed whisperings, broke the silence of the place and hour. The father thought he heard his own name several times mentioned. This circumstance, coupled with the misgivings which had so recently cast a gloom into his heart, caused him almost mechanically to stop and look round to see whence the light came. He found that the wall against which he had been sitting was only a thin wooden white-washed partition, and between two of its ill-jointed boards a chink of half-a-finger's breadth permitted the sight to penetrate beyond. The priest instantly blew out the expiring rushlight, and thus secured against discovery, he applied his eye to the opening of the wall and listened. For the previous mention of his own name rendered the act at once innocent and necessary. The room beyond was a kind of cellar, evidently of great length, for he could not see the entrance end of it. Against the wall on both sides were closely pressed huge barrels that might have fitly adorned the cave of Polyphemus. These told him at once that the cellar must be that of the notorious Bull Tavern of High-street, the usual and nightly resort of the watermen, butcher-lads, seedy tradesmen, and other idle and disreputa-

ble characters, with which the place abounded. Close to the partition, and within a yard at most of the Father's head, was a small round table; on the table a lighted candle, pens, ink, and paper, and round it three men sitting, who require to be particularly described, as they played no inconsiderable part in the scenes that followed.

One was a tall, shrivelled-up, sallow-complexioned man, of some fifty years of age, whose low-crowned glazed hat, grisly thin hair, and peculiar wildness and restlessness of eye indicated an unusually eccentric, if not a monomaniac, disposition. He had probably, in early life, experienced some bitter grief or evil fortune, which had transformed his life-blood into acrid bile, and the morosity of his temper, added to an extraordinary dose of Calvinistic charity, had given to the corners of his lips an ominous downward tendency, and to his whole appearance in general an unmistakeable look of heartless misanthropy. This was Lieutenant Magog, R.N., the Coryphæus and very life of the Muddleton Protestant alliance—the religious firebrand of the town—the especial favorite and bosom friend of the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, and sworn foe of poor Father Ambrose. Tractarianism had once upon a time insidiously attempted to wheedle the simple burgesses into admiring sedilia, rood-lofts, intonations, and other like treacherous coquettings with popery, but the gallant ex-officer quickly roused the vigilance of the dearly-beloved elects of all creeds and no creeds, and raised such a storm about the Puseyite curate's ears, that that pale-faced, interesting worshipper of the Popish Baal had to seek in some other place a more promising and less enlightened flock. Such was this formidable champion of evangelical truth, who commonly went also, because of his perpetual meddling with church matters, by the name, style, and title of "the Bishop of Muddleton."

Next him sat another worthy whose features, once seen, were not likely to be easily forgotten. This was Hiram Holy, bill-sticker and man-of-all-dirty-work to whosoever required his services. His small deep-sunk eyes, narrow forehead, long vulture-like nose, and projecting chin, gave one at first sight a pretty accurate notion of the fellow's mind, in which it would have been difficult to say which evil passion had the pre-eminence. Bigotry of the rankest kind festered in his heart, and it overflowed his lips in hypocritical, oily language, as a fetid virus from a putrid sore. He would have made a capital Titus Oates, had Satan wanted

another; and the sight of him, as he lovingly stirred up his paste and stuck to the walls some anti-Popery sheet, haunted one for days like a nightmare. He took particular delight in a way of his own of manifesting his Christian charity towards Father Ambrose; for, as his house faced the priest's cottage, the iron-railing of Holy's residence was ever adorned with some gigantically-printed flaring broadside or other, in which popes, priests, papists, puseyites, pagans, and all that lot were piously consigned for ever to the brimstone pit.

The third man was an Irish Orange doctor, who had somehow (no difficult task, it is said) exchanged a ten-pound note for a title of M.D. at a Scotch university. How he came to undertake to cure the good Muddletonians in particular of their physical ills, scarcely any one could tell. There was a rumor, however, now and then quietly whispered at prayerful tea-parties, that the newly-fledged doctor, in order splendidly to inaugurate his medicinal career, had administered a dose—"by mistake, of course, Mrs. Smith"—to a gouty old lady, in some obscure Scotch glen, the which dose had quickly terminated his scientific labors in her regard, and compelled him to be no longer *inventus* in that part of the world. A flat, hard, brazen face, two speckled grey eyes, a smattering of Latin, picked up at a hedge-school, a bright brass plate on his door, together with an over-grown stock of native and acquired hatred of Catholics, made Dr. Pestlun a conspicuous and important member of the community.

A worthy trio, good reader, was it not? and I assure you, not an imaginary one. Poor Father Ambrose shook like a leaf in autumn when he recognised these men, and in a strange place, at so ominous an hour, overheard their fiend-like conversation.

"But *who* is to find the money?" enquired Hiram, as he looked up to the doctor.

"There will be no difficulty about that," answered he. "There is that meeting coming on in a few days; surely we can rely on at least ten or twelve pounds from the collection; that will pay for a good deal of powder, and besides, the lads who expect a deal of fun, will be sure to bring a lot themselves. If we are short of cash, you know, Mr. Comyns will supply us from the Alliance Fund. He has done so before."

* It may be proper to mention here, that the leading incidents in this story are strictly founded on fact, and the chief actors in it are sketched from life. Of course names of persons and places are changed for obvious reasons.

"Don't forget the plan of action, Holy," put in the Bishop of Muddleton. "The boys must be thoroughly schooled to it before-hand, else we shall fail as we did before. At eight o'clock, after the watermen have been to the Royal Head to drink his worship's health, I'll harangue them up to full steam; you are all to march straight to the mass-house, put out the street-lamps, and at once throw your squibs through the windows. Of course you will see previously that some one has gone in to cut the gas-pipes. There will be a blow-up, you may be sure. Wont the Pope's wooden gods dance for once and split for fright?"

"Hee, hee, hee," grinned Hiram. "Ha, ha, ha," chorussed the doctor and the naval man. "O merciful God of Heaven, protect us all!" sighed the priest.

"But is not the old badger of a priest to be smoked out first? enquired the bill-sticker.

"No, not first, but at the same time, while the boys are hammering away at the doors and windows of the chapel, some of them—three or four picked ones—will send their fire-balls into one of the attics of his house. Of course you understand it is to be an accident. There will be a shout of fire! fire!!—rush in then, and—you know what next. I have ordered the chalk-dust and wide-awakes to be ready here by the morning. No one is to know anything or anybody; the police are all right—the genuine stuff—true blue to the back-bone, and they wont have seen anything when the job is over."

"How much did you say I might offer the boys?" asked Hiram.

"Five shillings wont be to much, and beer at discretion. Now for the bill."

So saying the three worthies stooped over the table, and in that den of drink and villany, concocted the following document which, before the next day was over, stared one in the face at Holy's door and on every dead wall in Muddleton.

Muddleton United-of-all-Nations Branch
PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

On Nov. 8th, 18—, at Seven in the Evening,

THE REV. ACHILLES MALVOGLIO.

A Converted Romanist, just arrived from Africa, accompanied by a Christian native king, will (D.V.) deliver

A LECTURE

AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

SUBJECT:—Popery, the Incarnation of Satan.

ADMISSION FREE!!!

A Collection will be made in aid of the Timbuctoo Mission.

His Worship the Mayor has kindly consented to preside.

N.B.—Roman Catholics are affectionately invited to attend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

October 15th. *Mental Philosophy.* No. II of the Series: by *W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.*

In order to do this more effectually, it will be necessary to step back to what constituted the origin of *all* the philosophy of the civilized world, the systems of Aristotle and Plato. For, although there was a great opposition, on many points, between the sentiments of these two illustrious men, they agreed on that very point with which we are at present concerned; viz,—what was the thing perceived by the intellect? Plato compared our present knowledge to that of men who, shut up in a cave, with their backs to the entrance, can perceive only the shadows, forms, or *ideas* of things, reflected on the wall at which they look; while Aristotle, in *his* doctrine of material *forms*, equally inculcated the notion that what the soul perceives is not the matter of external nature, but certain resemblances of it impressed upon that soul itself by means of the brain and of sensation. The Church, it is true, made great use of both these philosophers in building up her system of dogma; of Plato, inasmuch as she proved from him that even the light of nature could teach men that there was something higher than what the sensualists say is the law of their destiny and the utmost limit of their being; of Aristotle, inasmuch as it was by his admirable and perfect system of logic that she attacked her opponents and demonstrated the fallacy of their reasonings; but her authority was sufficient to prevent her children being deluded by the carrying out of the favorite and fanciful ideas of either. It was only when the so-called Reformation broke out that men began, not only to call in question on the one hand, the authority of Aristotle in those points where the Church had sanctioned it; but also, on the other hand, and most inconsistently, to follow him and Plato in their erroneous language on the matter now in question. Now, what was the necessary consequence of this? Why, that a man like Berkely, reasoning most closely and logically from the principles laid down by Locke and others, would soon come to prove that the existence of material substance cannot be demonstrated. For if, as the philosophers said, what the mind perceives is not the external world itself, but only certain images of it in or on that mind, what is to prevent any one's establishing the principle, that these

images or impressions are all, and that mind is the only substance in the universe? The only way, therefore, to answer Berkely is to deny the first principles of the philosophy which he carried out to his favorite absurdity; to ask the philosophers whose dogmas he took for granted *how they found out* that what the mind perceives is not really the matter of the universe instead of mere phantasms of it; how they found themselves warranted to subtilize away from the common-sense decisions of the vulgar, on a subject which the vulgar are as fully competent to determine as is any philosopher of them all.

But the fact is that philosophy herself helps the crowd in this matter; and that by means of one of her most delicate and curious departments; viz: *philology*, or the study of words. The very name of this suggests a vast and interesting subject, but also warns me against even entering on it at present. I simply remark that the doctrine of *abstraction*, in the formation of words, will help us out of the net in which the idealists have bound us. For what is an idea? The word is nothing but an *abstract noun*, and therefore can possibly mean nothing more than the *doing* what is expressed by the verb from which it is derived. Now, this verb means to *see* or to *perceive*. An idea, then, is simply a perception, or the *mind's perceiving*; and to suppose that this perceiving constitutes of itself some *new thing*, by way of medium between the perceiving mind and the external object, would be to entangle and mislead ourselves with *words*, which, as has been well said, are the *counters of wise men*, but the *money of fools*.

While taking care, however, not to be thus misled by the assumptions so long taken for granted in the schools, we need not blind ourselves to the many useful discoveries in mental science, made by the victims of those assumptions, and even sometimes in consequence of them, just as the alchemists, while in pursuit of the imaginary philosopher's stone, made important discoveries in chemistry. One of the most useful of these was the distinction between what are called the primary and secondary qualities of matter; meaning by the former, such as are essential to matter, viz., extension, solidity, and the like; and by the latter, such as vary in different bodies, and have the power of producing sensations in the human soul; to which sensations, by the way, men have naturally given those names by which they also denote the qualities in bodies, which *cause the sensations*. This, however, is in-

accurate; for there is *no heat in fire* in the sense in which we use the word *heat* when we describe the sensation produced in us by fire; and so of the rest. This only supplies us with another proof how insufficient, for purposes of science, is the common language of mankind, and warns us to be ever on our guard, lest inaccuracies of expression lead into inaccuracies in thinking. These last were called, by the great Bacon, in his classification of *idola*, or *idols*, as he called the principal errors of the schools, *idola fori*, or idols of the *forum*; by which he meant that they were picked up, as it were, in the great marts of human intercourse, and thus had their origin in the ordinary language by which that intercourse is maintained.

To finish then, for the present, this subject of idealism; the advocates of which were led to defend it by another verbal sophism—that, namely, which gave a vague and conventional meaning to the word *present*. We cannot, said they, immediately perceive what is not *present* to us; and, therefore, when we say we see the sun in the sky, what we mean is that we perceive an image of that luminary imprinted upon the mind. But the obvious answer to this is, that, philosophically speaking, *present* has for its opposite, not *near*, but *absent*: as long, therefore, as the sun is above our horizon, and no clouds intercept our view of him, he may be rightly said to be present to us, though at so great a distance, and we as much see him as we see a candle burning in our chamber, or as we saw the illuminations of the other evening. There is no more reason in one case than in the other for having recourse to that mysterious, and, indeed, untelligible medium of *ideas*; a theory which, as we have seen, leads, when fairly carried out, to the most absurd consequences.

Having thus cleared the way, we may come to what is properly the beginning of our subject—the classification of the faculties of the human intellect; premising that, in using the word faculties, and dividing the mind, as it were, into its various operations, we by no means intend to establish any such division as matter of *fact*, but merely use it for convenience of arrangement. The mind is a simple substance, and acts *wholly*, so to speak. When we speak, therefore, of its different faculties, we mean simply that it acts in such and such different ways. Anything else would involve us in the same kind of mistake as that of those idealists whom we have attempted to refute.

As the mind, then, is undivided, and acts in an undivided manner, we are perfectly allowed

o to express and arrange its various operations seems most conducive to a simple and unembarrassed understanding of the subject ; and the division may be different, according to the different ends we have in view. The catechism, as you all know, recognises, for its purposes, the three great divisions of understanding, memory, and will ; and to prevent us, at the outset, from imagining that these are three distinct *things*, and not one and the same mind acting in three different ways, it tells us that in this three-fold division, while unity of substance is preserved, does our likeness to God consist ; to God, who is *one Being in Three Persons*, the Trinity as essential as the Unity, neither interfering with the other ; harmony and simplicity combined ; not—as is sung in the sublime Preface for Sundays, “not—the singularity of One Person, but the Trinity, or Threeness, of one substance,” a plurality which, while consistent with unity of *Being*, seems necessary to that eternal enjoyment of *Himself*, by the eternal God, which existed from all ages and would exist were all creatures blotted out, and reduced to that nothingness from which they have been called by the Word, and quickened by the Spirit of the Almighty. While, therefore, the Church employs her own classification, for her own ends, speculative philosophy, whose *immediate* object is not the same, may employ another ; and it is here that accuracy and caution are especially needed. To hear some philosophers classify the human faculties, you would suppose that the mind was a complex machine, the belongings of which were *laid on*, so to speak, according as it found itself obliged to make farther advances and conquests over nature. But we cannot be *too simple* so long as we do not omit what is necessary to a clear and thorough understanding of our subject. Let us only, then, while warned against that extent of classification which bewilders, be on our guard against that *appearance* of simplicity which has its own fascination, and which may be equally injurious in another way. If there is any word, for instance, which has been employed to signify that apprehension and understanding which an intelligent mind has of any object with which it is brought in contact, let us see whether this word does not express a complexity of operation ; and, if so, let us resolve it into its elements, as carefully as the chemist analyses a gas or a fluid, which has not been sufficiently tested. For mind, though essentially different from matter, has the strictest analogies with it ; and we must never forget that the *testing*

observer is the same in both. In the science of which we treat, *mind* examines *itself* : in the *physical* sciences, it examines what is material and earthly.

Take, then, the word *perception* ; which has been supposed to express, accurately enough, the simplest operation of the intellect. But, is this the case ? When I say I perceive any thing, am I really describing what has no complexity in it ? I think not. To me, at least, it seems, that there are three faculties at work before any thing be *perceived*, and that these three are—sensation, memory, and judgment. The first of these is common to a full-grown man with the newly-born infant, and with the brute-creation. When a child first opens its eyes upon the outward world, in which such a vast variety of changes and fortunes perhaps await it, it literally does nothing but *feel*. There is a *pressure*, so to speak, of the external world upon all its senses ; and, to prove that this is nothing but a pressure, a considerable time must elapse before a child can judge of distance by sight. It is not till this sense has the help of *touch* that the idea of *nearness* or *distance* is acquired. At first all things appear equally near ; because all things that are within the scope of the *retina* of the eye are alike impressed upon it, and then the soul's function begins. But can we call this function *perceiving* ? Certainly not. To *perceive* an object, we must have an apprehension of *what it is*, *how it differs* from others, and so on. The eye, however, is simply the organ by which the soul is impressed by a variety of colors. This is the infant's pleasure, and it is often a vivid one, as it turns its eyes from one bright picture to another. But, before it can be said to *perceive*, it must have the help of *other* senses to judge of figure, size, and distance : of *memory*, to distinguish *present* from *past sensations* : and lastly, of the judgment, to apply such distinctions, and so make them available to the purposes of a real and *bonâ fide* perception. Let us first, then, examine into *sensation*, as the first operation of the mind in acquiring that knowledge which is communicated to it from the world without, by means of our bodily organs, commonly called the five senses. The only thing necessary to be noticed concerning these is, that, while four of them are confined to particular localities in our corporeal frame, the fifth—the sense of touch—has the *entire* body for its organ, although the seat of this kind of sensation is as much in the *brain* as in the case of the others. That is, the mind receives its sensa-

tional impressions immediately through the brain, to which the various nerves through our frame *conduct* the sensations; and the difference between touch and the other senses is simply this—that whereas there are *special* and *local* nerves, as the optic nerve, &c., to enable us to see, hear, smell, and taste; in the matter of *feeling* we are indebted to *no* particular and local nerve, but to the whole system of nerves dispersed through our entire frame. This is, of course, obvious to even a very little reflection; but to state it now and at setting out may be useful for what is to come, and may save us future interruptions. It is the soul, then, through the medium of the brain and nerves, that receives sensations; for take *away* the soul, and all that admirable mechanism which displays itself on dissection, is of as little avail as would be the system of electric batteries and wires without the mysterious fluid. We might, had the Creator pleased, have acquired the same knowledge of things without by other methods; for He himself, though without senses, has, as the psalmist intimates, an infinitely better knowledge than we have of every intricacy of material formation. Nay, the very same name is given to this knowledge as we give to the process by which *we acquire* it. “He that planted the ear, shall He not *hear*?” Those, indeed, if there are any, who pretend that it is the material organ that actually performs the business of sensation, might as well say that the telescope beholds those things to which we are obliged to direct it on account of the limitations of our visual powers. It is neither the telescope, nor the optic lens, nor the retina, nor even the brain that sees, but the immaterial immortal soul; and so with the other senses.

The illustration just used makes obvious the truth now laid down; and a *similar* illustration has been adopted by writers on this subject with regard to the *ear*. Deaf persons employ a speaking-trumpet to concentrate and catch the sounds of which they could not otherwise be cognizant. Now, a speaking-trumpet is made in imitation of what anatomy shows us to be *part of the formation of the ear*, just as a telescope is made to serve, as nearly as possible, purposes like those served by the eye; but the deaf man does *not* attribute *hearing* to the speaking-trumpet, but to himself, and therefore he is easily made to understand how the cavity of his ear is but a thing which God has given him to *hear by*; just as the aurist, copying at faint distance the Almighty artist, has caught and concentrated the pulsations of the air as

they approach the ear, and thus compensated for the decay of the natural organ.

But the same truth does not appear with equal plainness in the case of any of the other senses. Persons who do not sufficiently reflect are apt to think (and there are no such easy ways of convincing them as we have seen employed with respect to sight and hearing) that it is the part of the *body* immediately *affected* that feels, the palate that tastes, and the nose that smells. Nay, “after the utmost efforts,” says Lord Kames, “we find it beyond our power to conceive the flavor of a rose to exist in the mind; we are necessarily led to conceive that pleasure as existing in the nostrils, along with the impression made by the rose upon that organ.” It is only, then, by reflection, and by making use of analogy, that we correct this mistake, and come to conclude, on the broadest and most satisfactory grounds, that in the three grosser senses, as well as in the two more refined, the organ is but the instrument of the soul, and this latter the only sentient power. •

Another difference in the senses commonly remarked, is, that in two of them, viz., touch and taste, there must be an immediate application of the object to the organ; but not so in the other three. We shall see reason presently to propose a correction here; but it was this difference which led philosophers to imagine that, in the case of these latter, there must be a continual throwing off, from the body itself, of certain images or representatives of it, and that it is with these that the sentient power has immediately to do. But the only *sense* which furnishes ground for such a supposition is that of smell; for, inasmuch as what we smell is “the effluvia of bodies drawn into the nostrils with the breath,” which effluvia are as much *matter* as the bodies *themselves* (as may be proved by these bodies wasting and decreasing by *loss* of the effluvia), there is *no* reason for saying, with the generality of writers, that this sense is to be classed with sight and hearing, because the object smelt is not immediately applied to the smelling organ. The object of smell is so immediately applied; for that object is the indefinitely small effluvia which the air they impregnate conveys to the nostrils. But how different are the cases of sight and hearing. In hearing, the medium is a succession of pulsations of the air, which takes away none of the substance of the thing heard. In seeing, the *rays* of light constitute the medium; and these, in like manner, are guiltless of any abstraction of the substance of

those bodies which they reveal to us. Let us say, then, that in the three grosser senses—smell, taste, and touch—the object is immediately applied to the instrument or organ, and that *this* is the *reason* of their grossness; whereas in sight and hearing we perceive at a *distance*, and the operation is more refined. There is a beautiful meaning in this, and bears upon our moral and spiritual condition. As the grosser senses are the medium only of those grosser enjoyments of which we are capable in common with the brutes, while it is by sight and hearing that we arrive at the most sublime sensations and the noblest knowledge, we are thus strikingly taught that our home is distant, and not near; that we are made for heaven, where all is spiritual; and that, meantime, our perfection consists in keeping in absolute subjection those inferior appetites which can be gratified only by an immediate application of their objects to the appropriate organs, in aspiring after those far-off glories, which soar away infinitely above the region of a corrupted materialism, and are revealed to us by sight and hearing, which are our more refined senses, because they deal with what cannot come in contact with our earthly substance.

The next question that naturally arises is, whether the mind be *active* or *passive* in sensation. And the only rational answer seems to be, partly the one and partly the other. It is passive, inasmuch as it cannot create a sensation by a mere act of the will; while the *activity* of the mind, on the other hand, is proved by the fact of that *absence* of mind, as it is called, which is nothing but a *determination* of the attention so strongly to *one* class of sensation as to preclude, for the time, our being conscious of another; as when we are so absorbed, for instance, with an interesting book, as to be perfectly uncognizant of some noise which may be made at our very elbow. It is seldom, indeed, that the more violent sensations can be thus ignored. I knew a man who pretended to have the power of intellectual abstraction to so great a degree that a pin thrust into him would not disturb or startle him when engaged in deep reading. Indeed, he invited a young lady of his acquaintance, who doubted the statement, to make the experiment the first time he should afford her the opportunity. She did so, and the sudden start and scream which she elicited proved that the worthy man had much over-rated his powers of mental abstraction.

This would be the place, if we were not proof against the temptation, to introduce

some remarks on mesmerism; but for several reasons I decline doing so. It presents to us such an utter *bouleversement* of all previous systems of sensational philosophy, that nothing but an accurate and extensive induction of facts could justify even a slight handling of it; and, rather than give it *no more* than this, I would not treat of it at all. If true, it is the most important discovery yet made in this department of our subject; if false, it is a mischievous imposture.

Proceeding, then, with the subject of sensation, we have to remark, in the next place, on the *difference* between the primary and secondary qualities of bodies in the way in which they severally affect the senses, and in our several appreciations of them. The secondary qualities of bodies—those, for instance, which cause in us the sensations of heat and cold—act immediately upon us, and we immediately give them names; nay, are too apt, as has been already intimated, to give to them the same names which respectively denote the sensation; as if, because fire made us feel heat, there were something in the fire, *like* this sensation of heat; and so of the rest. But it is not so with the primary qualities of bodies. It is not immediately, but by experience, and a process of induction, that we discover the *solidity*, *extension*, and *figure* of material objects; and we never confound these qualities with the sensations they produce. Instead of giving the two classes of things the same names, we hardly give one class a name at all; for, as Dr. Reid has remarked, there is *yet no* distinctive name for the sensation which *hardness* in a body excites when that body is touched. And the only way of accounting for this is, that as this quality of hardness does not immediately act like the secondary qualities, we *pass* by the sensation as being merely a means of ascertaining the quality.

In proceeding from sensation to memory, we find a connecting link in the remark that sensations continue, and often with considerable vividness, in the mind after the removal of their objects. Indeed, the essential distinction between memory and sensation appears to be, that sensation is the immediate occupation of some one of the senses with something external, while memory has to do only with the *traces* which that external object has left upon the mind. But although it is easy thus to state the distinction in general terms, it is not always easy to determine where sensation ends and memory begins. Let a man look at the mid-day sun, and then turn from it, or

even shut his eyes and look at nothing. He will still have before him a vivid perception—for he will hardly call it a remembrance—of something very like the sun; and we may well put this down to the strong agitation of the brain by a glaring object. Memory, then, may be safely said to begin when this agitation has ceased. And the remembrance grows fainter as time goes on, and as the powers of the man lose their vigor. The nearer we are, in point of time, to the sensational impression, and the stronger our powers of body and of soul, the more distinct is this faculty of recollection; than which nothing more clearly illustrates that mysterious *connection* of body and soul which forms the great law and limit of our present existence. I call it mysterious because no one has ever yet been able to decide where the bodily instrumentality ends, and the soul takes up the matter, and obtains its notions, conceptions, ideas, or whatever men may be pleased to call them: and these fade with the bodily system; nay, frequently precede it to the tomb. "The ideas," says Locke, in a passage which, as D. Stewart has remarked, affords a strong and beautiful contrast to the generally dry and unornamented style of that philosopher,—“the ideas, as well as children, of our youth, often die before us; and our minds resemble those sepulchres to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble may remain, the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.”

There is, in fact, *no* faculty of the human mind which affords more matter for interesting and profitable reflection than this of the memory. When we consider the wonderful nature of its processes, and manner of its acting, the indefinitely varied scenes of past life and habits which it opens to us, and the power which it acquires, by use, for good or evil, we are struck, on the one hand, by the numerous proofs afforded by it of the infinite power and wisdom of Him who made us, and are warned on the other, against such a use of the faculty as may make it the instrument of a never-ending remorse, the undying worm of agonizing recollection.

Closely connected with memory—so closely, indeed, as to have been identified with it by some philosophers—is the power of imagination; and, therefore, I shall speak of it here instead of immediately going on to the *judgment*, as the third constituent thing in what I proposed to view as the compound faculty of perception. The difference between memory

and imagination seems to be this, that the former confines itself to a faithful record of past impressions; while the latter, using these materials, twists them into every variety of new forms and groupings. Its name implies that it is the *likeness-making faculty*; but this must by no means be limited to mean that it constructs likenesses of what has been before its cognizance. On the contrary, what principally distinguishes it, is that it makes likenesses, if we may so speak, of what it has *not* seen, embodies the fleeting forms of memory, and constructs for them, when they were hastening away, a new establishment; or, in the immortal language of Shakespear—

—“Gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.”

The imagination requires a stricter safeguard over it, if possible, than the memory itself; and, therefore, we are provided with greater power of control over it. I cannot help remembering, but I *can* help imagining. At least, I can *check* the imagination when it becomes more active and more prolonged in its work. Memory is often involuntary, but imagination, when operating to any extent, is the *work* of the *will*.

I now hasten on to judgment, as completing, according to the system I have adopted, the power of perception. We suppose, then, sensation to have done its work, and memory to have preserved the impression—now steps in the judgment to *distinguish* these, and thus enable us to perceive. A newly-born infant *cannot* perceive: it has nothing but sensations; a little after comes memory; but it is some time before the child is capable of *judging* or *discerning* between the different items of what has thus been conveyed to the mind by the senses, and stored up in it by the memory. When we say we perceive any thing, we mean that our senses are cognisant of some color, sound, scent, taste, or feeling; that we remember having been similarly or differently affected before, and that we are, therefore, able to compare, and, in fact, *do* compare, one impression with another, and discriminate and pronounce. This is evident from the different degrees of acuteness or obtuseness in perception which we attribute to different persons; meaning something quite different from what we mean when we say of such persons, either that they have sharp or defective *senses*, or a good or bad *memory*. At the same time, there is no doubt that a happy bodily organization does much to facilitate the actings of the mind in perception. It must be so, as long as we

are indebted, for our intercourse with the external world, to the senses as the inlets of knowledge. And it has even been supposed, by some very able men, such as the late Sir W. Jones, for instance, that there is no difference, as regards the soul itself, in the powers of intellect of one man and another; but that the amazing difference between a Newton and a clown is entirely owing to their having different brains, an acute and an obtuse set of senses, and different educations. Without going this length (for, indeed, we *know nothing* of our souls out of the body, and the *analogy* drawn from *angels* would lead us to think that there may be great varieties of capacity in the souls themselves) we may still safely affirm that in all the career of *embodied* souls, they are *greatly aided* by a more or less happy *organization* of body; that the senses in this respect affect both the memory and the judgment; and therefore that perception, though implying, as we have seen, much more than sensation, is more or less acute as are the senses which it employs.

Before concluding what we have to say of perception, it may be well to mention a striking additional proof of its difference from mere sensation. An eye accustomed to measure distances easily *perceives* how far off are many of the objects it beholds. Or, to speak more correctly, the mind, uniting its powers of memory and judgment to that of sensation, is able to determine what no quickness or clearness in the eye alone could *enable* it to determine. For, as has been already observed, to the eye of a newly-born infant there appears nothing but a mass of separated colors pressing with equal closeness upon the retina. And that infant is not frightened, as a child some years old would be, by the sudden thrusting forth of one's hand in near approach to the organs of vision. It is only by *experience* that we are made aware of the various properties of figure and solidity belonging to bodies, and can *judge* of their several distances from us: and our perception of these things is made up of sensation, memory, and this judging power.

The faculty which comes next in order to this compound power of perception is that which is commonly called *abstraction*. Berkely, indeed, and some other philosophers, deny the existence of such a power; but what they *really* seem to disbelieve is the power of forming what are called abstract *ideas*; that is, as they illustrate their meaning, the power of picturing to our minds a triangle which shall not be equilateral, isosceles, or scalene; which shall not

be right, obtuse, or acute-angled; the lines of which shall not be of any definite length; in short, a triangle which never did nor can exist.

Now it did not require all the pains these philosophers have taken to show that the mind cannot have an idea of what cannot exist, for no one ever said that it could. What we mean by abstraction is that we can separate mentally one quality from another in any body, and think of that quality; nay, more; that we can first arrange within our minds a number of things possessing that quality, and then view it as existing in them apart both from other qualities and from the things which possess it not.

And here it is that we begin to part company from the brutes. There is every evidence that they *perceive*, but none that they are capable of abstraction; and this bears out what was said in a former part of the lecture, on the essential difference between their souls and ours. They cannot, it was there said, form a conception of time, or space, or God; and this is little more than saying that they cannot abstract; for it is certainly by this faculty that *we* begin, when our earliest years are gone by, to consider these three as forming the necessary conditions of every kind and variety of existence around us. The power and habit of abstraction, like the other faculties of the human mind, and their exercise, have powerfully influenced language. There is a class of words, as I have already had occasion to observe, in every language at all removed from the most primitive simplicity, which are called abstract nouns; that is, nouns which do not express substances, but the *qualities* of these considered apart from them. And these nouns, in perfect conformity to the mental habit now before us, are derived from the adjectives whose business it is to express the qualities as attached to the nouns, or resident in them. When I speak of a black hat, for instance, I use the adjective *black* to express a certain quality, by which the hat is distinguished; but when I speak of *blackness*, I invest this quality with the garb and form of a substance, because I want to consider it no longer as resident in the hat alone or particularly, or, indeed, in any one thing, but as *common* to every thing of which it can be said—This is black. Henceforward it is stamped with the characteristics of a noun, or name; the name, not of a substance, like concrete nouns, but of a quality; and whether I contemplate it in the raven's wing, or in the thunder-cloud, or in the reflection of this latter on the ocean, or in the total darkness of midnight, the abstract name is ready at my hand to express this quality, which,

again, can become of *itself a distinct or separate* object of contemplation.

Closely connected with abstraction, and, indeed, one of great use and purpose of it, is *generalization*. When we have noticed certain qualities, or *sets* of qualities, in any number of beings, we begin to classify—that is, to reckon as belonging to *one* class or system all those which are *possessed* of such qualities. Thus, in natural history birds form a class, clearly distinguished from both mammalia and fishes, by certain undeniable qualities. Looking, again, more narrowly among the birds themselves, we are compelled, on the very same principle, to make *secondary* divisions; because we see that the various classes of birds differ very much from each other in qualities and habits, though all have in common what distinguishes them from fishes and mammalia.

The last part of the subject which I shall be able to overtake at present is that of *association*; a most important topic, and which it is difficult to condense into the required limits.

The *principles* of association have been generally reduced to *likeness*, *nearness*, and cause and effect; and provided we regard these as expressing the largest variety of which they are capable, the division may be regarded as good and convenient for the purpose.

With regard, then, to *likeness* as the first principle of association. Every one of you must have often experienced the effect of this. Suppose that, in walking along one of the streets of this town, you see, at some distance from you, a person whose features very closely resemble another person, with whom you have had intimate relations at some past period of life, but the thought of whom may not have occupied your mind for a long period of time. With what vividness is the remembrance of this second person brought back to you! and how, perhaps, during the remainder of your walk, are you entirely occupied in tracing the past scenes in which you were associated with him, the conversations you held together, the disputes you may have had, the games you played, the dangers you may have jointly encountered, the aid you may have mutually afforded! All this is the effect of the *likeness* between the persons. Nor is the precisely opposite *consideration of contrast* to be excluded from this head, though not always named under it by the philosophers. How natural is it, when we see a very *tall man*, to have awakened within us a train of thoughts on stature in general and its varieties, in a few moments *thinking on* some very short man, whose image

dwells strongly in our memory, and is thus awakened by *contrast*. The only difference is, that *likeness immediately* brings up the secondary conception, but contrast, as we have seen, more *remotely*.

Nearness in time or place has a similar effect. One house in a street will bring up the remembrance of its neighbor, and of the family, dwelling in this latter, with whom we were some time acquainted. The mention of a *year*, that has long past away, will make us think, not only of those who then played their parts on the stage of life, but also of the next year to it, with *its* round of business and pleasure, congratulations and regrets.

Lastly (for I must now be brief) *cause* and *effect* are powerful in association. The one immediately awakens thoughts of the other, and this, even when the two are dissimilar. There is no likeness between the fine and minute black grain which we see inserted into the tube of a fire-arm, and the effects it produces. Yet who can help being impressed, as he looks on, with the deafening noise of the explosion he foresees, as well as with the deadly effects, the horrors of war, the wailings of widows and orphans, and the insatiable ambition of fallen man, who, as our lecturer of last week so truly observed, is ever longing to be at the throats of his fellows. It has not escaped the writers on these subjects, or those who have otherwise confined themselves to education, how very important an engine in the latter is this faculty of association, and how necessary it is to guide and guard it well. If, as is indisputable, a few notes of music may not only unlock the fount of sensibility for the present, but enable, and even force us to retrace the pleasing or melancholy memories of the past; if farther, by yielding to or controlling those associations which lead to evil, and by cultivating or neglecting those which are favorable to moral excellence, we may powerfully affect the frame and habits of our minds and lives, who does not see the immense responsibility which rests upon us with regard both to ourselves and to others? Let no one, then, who reflects on this powerful faculty, neglect to watch his own associations, or, in selfish indifference to his neighbor's spiritual welfare, exclaim, or think with the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" *Every one* of us is, in this sense, the keeper of his brother, and may inflict injuries which a lifetime cannot efface, or confer benefits which a lifetime will not be long enough gratefully to acknowledge.

With these remarks, ladies and gentlemen,

I conclude the present lecture. Should I have an opportunity of addressing you again, I hope to introduce the topics of reflective *consciousness*—of our notions of power—of the freedom of the will—of the standard of virtue—of moral truth, so far as it can be ascertained without Divine revelation—and of the various kinds and degrees of *evidence*.

In the meantime, let me endeavor to impress on all a frequent study of such subjects—a study, I may observe, more easy to such as have always been Catholics, than to those without the fold, or to those who, like myself, have been brought into it at a mature period of life, and this because the Church early introduces her children to the habit of systematic religious meditation; a process which can also be employed, advantageously to both, on the kindred though subordinate subject of that philosophy of the human mind, to my remarks on which you have now done me the favor to listen.

THE LENGTH to which we have been drawn in inserting the remainder of Mr. Maclaurin's admirable lecture, prevents us from doing more at present with respect to the other amusements of the month, than recording that the lectures, &c., came off according to announcement. The Rev. Mr. Worthy's lecture (Oct. 29) on *the Souls and Instincts of Animals*, we shall strive to insert at length in early numbers. Mr. Maclaurin's reading of *Macbeth*, and the French Revolutions, passed off successfully.

FIVE MINUTES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

The fierce Indian sun glowed on the ill-built mud-walled houses of Malacca. The broad leaves of the palm that shaded the porch of the Governor's house hung motionless; the lizard stayed panting and basking in the glare of the white marble columns: not a breath from the sea to assuage the quivering heat. Yet the sky, though scorching, was not clear: a lurid pestilential haze was brooding over the town and suburbs—sure token that a wasting sickness was there sweeping off its victims wholesale. Had you threaded the streets, the reality of the fearful visitation would have come home to you closer. Every here and there, a little funeral train of persons trode its way cautiously along, the acolyth sounding the death-bell, the priest in sable cope and slow-measured chant; tapers and holy-water, and the native bearers, burying their faces in the swarthy arm left free from the weight of the

bier, and holding their breath as well as they might from the infection of the corpse that lay above them. And that corpse! how ghastly and how livid, as it lies with face and hands exposed on its death-palanquin! Give one glance at those swollen, mottled lips, still half opened with the agony of the last struggle; and that brow, disfigured by the fatal spots of putrid fever: and those dark lean fingers, that clutch so tightly the small crucifix, which had been the sufferer's last link to consciousness, as in his broken Spanish he had murmured the names of Jesus and Mary with his death-sigh. The look of it strikes dread into those two Indian children, who are crouching in a little spot of shade formed by an angle in the wall of the Governor's house.

"See," said Atan'tala to his sister, "if it is not young Francis Ciovos whom they are carrying forth to burial! and 'twas but the night before last, as I heard, that he was stricken with the fever. Oh, how his face is changed; and he used to look so kindly, and smile as he passed our mother's door; sadly, too, he looked at us, as if he pitied us for something: yet he was but a poor ragged youth, while we had good clothes and food. Why should he pity us? Well, he will never look at us any more, that's certain. His eyes are close shut, and—ugh, it is an ugly sight."

Little Mainude made no answer to her brother. Her dark eyes were rivetted on the face of the dead; a youth of scarce twenty years, whom they had often seen in health and strength, as he went round the city selling his mats. Often, too, had he looked upon Atan'tala and his sister, and sighed to think that, bright and happy-looking as they seemed, their souls were in the darkness of the shadow of death. The new birth of Baptism had never passed upon them, and they were strangers to the holy faith, and foreigners from the one true Church, whose sacraments and worship had become his own consolations in his poverty. Seldom had he failed to say an Ave Maria for them as he passed by; and the children, who little guessed they were being prayed for by the poor mat-seller, were still struck by his pensive, composed manner, and attracted to feel kindly towards him, they scarcely knew why. He had even gone so far as to beg Father Francis Xavier, of whom all in Malacca and Goa were telling such wonders, to make a memento for them in his mass. The Mother of Mercy did not let herself be supplicated in vain; and the Divine sacrifice, offered up by the hands of the holy missionary,

drew down upon Ciavos himself, as well as the objects of his anxiety, a greater blessing than he then thought of. You shall hear.

Yes, Father Francis had now lately arrived from Goa. Wherever he went, wonders of grace attended his steps. He had spent years in different parts of India; he had given health to the sick, and read men's consciences at a glance, laboring more abundantly than all others, by reason of the zeal for souls that burned as a consuming fire in his breast. He had wrought miracles of conversion and healing; had struck astonishment into nations who could not speak each other's languages, by the gift of tongues, which enabled him to preach the Gospel, and them to hear it, each "in his own tongue, wherein he was born." In these ways he had been held forth to the kingdom of Satan, a living fulfilment of his master's promise, that His disciples should do yet greater works than He had himself shown forth among men.

But the crowning miracle of all was the grace poured upon the saint himself, the depth of his lowliness, his deadness to the world's good opinion and offers of pleasure, his contempt of self, his ardor in prayer, the austerities that made it a daily marvel that he should still be alive, and the extasies of Divine love, that raised even his mortal body from the ground, as though he were already ascending to the heavenly crown that awaited him, when once his labors of love were done.

And see; at the very moment when the disfigured corpse of his young namesake is being carried past the spot where Mainude and her brother stand, Father Xavier appears walking rapidly, in spite of the heat, towards the Governor's palace. Since his arrival in Malacca, he has been constantly employed in tending the fever-stricken. And truly, the need was very great. Among the heathen, a selfish love of life had overpowered all the bonds of blood and affection: children left their parents, brother his brother; the husband fled from the wife, the cherished companion forsook his friend. Dread of infection—this was the one absorbing thought; and the sick, who might still be saved, and the dying, who might be tended or consoled, were all alike deserted. They toss restlessly on their couches, craving one drop of water in vain—nay, horrible to tell, often dragged into the street by those to whom they had given life, to perish in torment and madness under the fierce sun, that the house whose daily bread they once provided might be freed from their infection. Alas!

Catholic charity, too, had waxed cold amid the panic. The scandal had been not seldom exhibited to the eyes of the Indians, who smiled a bitter hardened smile to see men professing a Gospel of love and self-sacrifice, yet equally with themselves under the dominion of selfish terror.

To these scenes of confusion and horror Xavier came like a ministering angel. That one man, and he worn out with long labors and self-severity, seemed to have a superhuman strength and energy given to him. You might almost fancy that he had been multiplied, for he was to be met with at every turn. Here he was directing the few zealous Catholics whom he could collect, to convert some warehouses into temporary wards for the sick; there he was seen carrying towards the hospital in his arms a poor feeble Indian, who was breathing the deadliest infection into the face of his benefactor. There, in his stole, attended by clerics with lighted tapers, or alone, if the danger is too urgent, he is administering to a dying Catholic the most Holy Viaticum and the last unction. Just before, regardless of the certain death from which nothing but a miracle can preserve him, he had been kneeling by the pallet of that expiring penitent, his ear close to the parched and gasping lips, gathering the few words which the tongue could scarcely frame, and himself, by the clear insight he possesses into the secrets of that laboring conscience, supplying and completing the confession of the awe-struck sinner, who then learned what it is to be assisted in the last extremity by a Saint.

And now that the contagion has slackened, and those who have not been carried forth from the hospital to their graves, are leaving it with slow steps, supported by their friends, Father Francis takes an early opportunity of paying his respects to Don Alvarez d'Atayda Gama, the Governor of Malacca. As he turns the corner of the street in which the palace stands, he meets the funeral of Ciavos. Dearly had he loved the youth; thankfully he had watched the good seed of grace ripen in his soul; yet he shows no surprise at the sad sight presented to him. Had he already seen it in the light of God?

"The saints guard you, Don Miguel," said Francis, courteously saluting the priest, who was chanting one of the psalms for the dead; "for once I venture to deprive you of the merit of your work of mercy; for this young man has been given to my unworthiness. And you, my sons, set down the bier."

All stood still at the words of the Saint. Don Miguel, who mistrustful of the growing society of the Jesuits, had accused it in public conversation of introducing novelties into the Church, and (if it must be said) disliked it also for the exemplary strictness and devotion practised by its priests, looked on in no very charitable mood. The bearers, glad of a resting-time from their burden, stood a few paces off to take a deep breath as the holy missionary approached the body. Atan'tala and Mainude bent forward eagerly, first taking a nearer view of the face of the corpse, and then rivetted on the Saint, whose pale gentle face, dark steady eye and loving smile, attracted them with a feeling of confidence and reverence they had never known before.

"He is one of the priests of those blood-thirsty Spaniards," whispered the brother to the sister, "but see how he looks! *He* never would counsel the governor to oppress and torture us. I could run and kiss the sleeve of his long black garment." "Hush," answered she, "it is true, he has not at all the look of our bonzes: but let us listen. What will he do? Why, see if he is not going to speak to the body!"

And at that moment, the sweet loving voice of Francis was heard, as he signed the holy sign of the cross over the face and breast of that livid corpse.

"Francis Ciavos, in the name of Jesus, whose Society thou shalt enter to the sanctification of thy soul, I command thee, arise."

And Mainude cried out in terror, and Atan'tala and the bearers threw themselves with their faces in the dust, and Don Miguel dropped upon his knees and called on his angel guardian, as the eyes of the dead unclosed, and the color of health returned to his cheek, and he sat upright on the bier. In one hand he still held the little crucifix, and the other was passed over his forehead, as one who wakens out of a refreshing slumber.

Some few minutes of awe, of wonder, and joy. Then Saint Francis was instructing Ciavos what further he should do to dedicate himself to the Lord who had given him back to life, and Don Miguel was making before him all demonstrations of reverence, and contrition for his hard thoughts, when Indräuda and Lotoküt, two of the bearers, men long hardened in indifference and heathenism, fearing neither death nor aught that came after death, knelt before the Saint, with their broad hands clasped on their breasts, their eyes streaming with tears and fixed on his face.

"What would you, my children?" asked Francis, breaking off his discourse with the young Spaniard, and addressing them in their native tongue.

"Baptism, Saib!" cried the penitents, "the baptism of the Christians: for you have with you the power of the Most High God."

"We too, we too!" cried the children, making their way through the circle; and throwing themselves before the Saint they clung to his threadbare cassock. "Ah, Ciavos, will you not speak for us, that we too may be baptized?"

There was no need of speaking for them. Father Xavier raised his eyes in thankfulness to Him who had thus added to the children of His Kingdom above: and committing the little band of converts to Don Miguel for instruction, laid his hand upon them in blessing, and walked forward without delay to the Governor's house.

FAITH.

'Midst the shout of the Jews the cross was raised high,
That in anguish the Saviour might breathe His last sigh,
And the wood of that cross, and the ground where they trod,
Were crimsoned alike with the blood of their God.

The head of that Saviour in meekness was bent,
Whilst trembling, the earth to its centre was rent;
And the sun hid its light, as the God they denied,
By the hand of the Jews, thus crucified, died.

On a cross by his side, the penitent thief,
Awakened in death to a Christian belief,
Cried "Oh! Saviour of men, from Thy kingdom above,
Look down on a sinner with merciful love."

And from cross on to cross, the winds as they fly,
Bear to Jesus the sound of that penitent cry,
And swiftly fulfilling their mission sublime,
Return to the thief with this promise divine:

"With my Father in Heaven this day shalt thou live,
For thy prayer I have heard, and thy sins I forgive,"
And weeping with joy for the Heaven so near,
The Jew died baptised with a Christian's tear.

All the powers of Hell in that struggle were rife,
In death not to lose what was theirs throughout life,
But the faith of the Christian, tho' born at the last,
Atoned before God for the sins of the past.

Reviews.

Stanhope Burleigh, or the Jesuit in our Homes.

By HELEN DHU. 1 Vol. Edinburgh : BLACKWOODS. 1855.

Passing an evening with a literary friend, we saw him tear a leaf, with which to light his cigar, from the heart of a volume on the table, and, on our starting at the destruction, he calmly remarked that indeed he did so on principle; he liked, he said, to find a use for everything, and he could imagine none other for the majority of those Yankee shilling novels. Smiling at his coolness, we quietly helped ourselves to a leaf, and thought how true was the severe remark.

This ridiculous production, cyleped "Stanhope Burleigh," is eminently one of our friend's "majority," and comes also, we almost regret, from the land of Longfellow and Irving. It is from beginning to end an abortive attack upon the Jesuits, and contains but a howl of indignation against the advances which its ribald authoress believes the order to be making in the United States; with all the impertinence of an ignorant woman, there is an attempt throughout to show off various kinds of information; hence the most absurd mistakes constantly occurring. We have a sprinkling of nautical phraseology, that a sweep would sneer at, and much bombastic description, and numberless faults of orthography and grammar, that a Cockney would be ashamed of. About the commencement there is an air of toleration towards the Catholic Church in general, in order to render the more forcible the writer's anti-Jesuit wrath; further on, however, this feeling is forgotten, her anger bursting all bounds, besmeared with the slime of its vituperation every shade of Catholicism and the holy name recurring in her pages with a painful frequency. She would attempt to force upon her readers, in some cases, an absolutely blasphemous conclusion.

And who are the men, and what the order, to her protest against which, this Yankee solicitor for British shillings calls the attention of literature? We are not of those who condemn *all* historic strictures on this wonderful body in the same spirit which we now show to the worthless novel before us. Originally founded in, we believe, the most momentous period of the world's history, its founder was one, the powers of whose heart and mind were by nature

of his temperament absorbed by a chivalro enthusiasm, an ardent thirst for glory: "I had chosen a Dulcinea, and had flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jewelled turbans of Asiatic princes." That this humble element of power, for good or evil, was engrossed by an especial Providence, we have never doubted. Purified by excessive suffering and terrible privation, he founded an order which was destined by Heaven for a splendid mission. For several centuries its illustrious children fought the battle of the cross with determined courage and startling constancy in laws or literature, in science or philosophy; they numbered amongst them the most gifted of mankind. Of wonderful purity, alike in theory and life, in the hovels of the lowly and the cabinets of rulers, they pursued their steady course as the soldiers of God. Acquiring vast resources still, we believe, under the same high patronage, they revived the worship of their Master where it had faded, carried the banner of Christianity to far distant shores; and understanding the dialects of climes where civilization had never trod, they preached of the Redemption to boors in the Hebrides, and lectured on the Trinity to idolaters in Japan.

The vast theme grows beyond our reach. We shrink from the noble office of defending men whose grand offence to their enemies has ever been, that they were unconquerable in the energy of union, and "strong with the whole united strength of virtue and of mammon;" and as great subjects have oft times an attraction for little minds, we can understand this one forming the theme of "Stanhope Burleigh." After a tolerable display of ladylike sentiment in her preface, in which is acknowledged the fair writer's obligation to Nicolini, the scene opens in Genoa, on the eve of the breaking out of the revolution which swept over Europe in 1848. We are introduced into the council-chamber of the "Supreme Commandant of the Company of Jesus," and learn all about the beauty of his person, the careful appearance of his nails, and remarkable fineness of his linen; afterwards we are conducted by this personage to the death-bed of Charles Albert, accompanied by an accomplice of the Padre, and by means of secret passages, trap-doors, and the various carpentry of melodrama, the Padre hears the King's confession and remarks to the other, *still present*, that the "game is up." After a little small-talk about political affairs, Metternich, &c., the Padre recommends the King's undertaker (!

to be sent for. Charles Albert dies—and the first scene is over.

Our next introduction is to a young American of wonderful genius and all sorts of accomplishments—Stanhope himself. We are immediately informed that he is travelling in Europe to give the finishing touch to his "course of academic and law studies, completed at Harvard University;" and a little further on we hear that "his *alma mater* was Cambridge." This youth discovers, by the merest chance in the world, that his ladylove is confined in a convent in Genoa, under the auspices of the Padre, and that her father, a retired American merchant, is also kept almost a prisoner, with a view to wring from him his trifle of money—some ten millions of dollars! The revolution breaks out, however. Stanhope ships Genivra, her father, Padre and all per an American clipper, which happens, by another rare stroke of luck, to be lying in the harbor, with nothing to do; and after sundry interesting adventures, sailing along the coast of Granada at the rate of sixteen knots per hour, with some more nautical nonsense, the party arrives at New York.

The Padre has a strange parting at Genoa with the Abbess of Genivra's convent, who turns out to have been a fancy of his own some eighteen years before, in the mountains of Granada, and he takes with him to America one Carlo, who, in order apparently that no base-minded suggestion may be wanting to lend its foul attraction to the story, afterwards figures as his daughter Inez.

After the arrival in "our homes," we have pages of description as to the working of the order in the United States; and amidst a medley of bigoted ravings, there is so much falsehood with regard to the most common-place facts, and so many startling assertions as to Catholic teaching and doctrine, that all credibility in the volume is at once destroyed. The further details are absolutely not worth notice. The plot is wound up in fury, and bursts in a yell of melodrama. We may, however, give an extract to support our views.

Macaulay, we think, in treating of Addison, remarks that the latter had in his hands one of the greatest powers ever wielded by man—the faculty of making other men appear ridiculous. We wonder if he ever succeeded in its use more completely than this woman does in her own regard, in such passages as the following. Jaudan is the transported Padre, and Hubert the Jesuit chief in America; the *italics*, we may add, are our own:

"Hubert was a man to whom Jaudan could say this with truth. He was the Gamaliel of American Jesuitism. He was to it in the New World what Jaudan had been in the Old. They were moulded much alike: both were born to command; each was equal to almost any emergency; for neither was wanting in resources, *and both were always prepared for anything that was to take place.* Physically they were not unlike. Hubert was not a high-born man; but he had the best Irish qualities in him, without those defects which so often make a great Irishman an unsuccessful man (?) and he had one quality, which would go further than any which Jaudan possessed. It was what every superior Irishman is endowed with—electric appreciation of popular feeling, and comprehension of popular tendencies.

"But, after all, Jaudan had some advantages over Hubert, which, in the long run, were sure to make themselves known. Jaudan never would have addressed an Irish mob at all, much less would he have been seen in Carroll Hall, surrounded by a reeking mass of men, maddened by bad whiskey, *and fired only by the madder intoxication of cutting Protestant throats.* Besides, Jaudan was a high-born man; by which we mean only this, that he was born in the establishment of a gentleman—a man who had good blood in his veins, and a fine brain in his head; *for why is not good blood in a man worth as much as it is in a horse!*—a man who was thoroughly illuminated by all the lights of his age:—a good swordsman, a good patriot, a man of learning, a good agriculturist, a man who would unsheath his blade in any good cause, who would not allow an opportunity to be lost to render a noble service to his neighbour, his friend, or man as man."

"Another thing: much as Hubert had been in Europe, he knew nothing about it in comparison with Jaudan. Jaudan had been in America, North and South, in the West Indies, *in the Pacific Ocean, all through Asia!* and as for the Continent of Europe, he had mapped it out, *studied every controlling mind in it, been intimate with every great man,* been all things to all men, and in a sense Paul was not. He was a scholar when he was a boy, which Hubert was not; for when he was a boy, he was digging with the pick and the spade, *that doomed inheritance of the Celtic race*—[Bad manners to her impudence.] Of course, then, Jaudan was Hubert's superior, not only by good blood—[thorough-bred, we presume]—but by early training,—early familiarity with good society and cultivated minds. *He had also been familiar with the best and worst thoughts of the best and worst men in Europe (!)* He was, moreover, esteemed by the Jesuits of the earth as the worthiest successor of Ignatius Loyola."

The foregoing will give a fair idea of the elegancies of composition plentifully scattered over this volume. With regard to mistakes in grammar, &c., their name is legion. The authoress enriches her vernacular with such terms as "shakely," "slouchy," "enginery," &c., and is throughout perfectly innocent of adverbs. Towards the close of the work we have a long summary of all the "secret rules of the order," which, besides being found elsewhere and the composition of some ingenious machiavellian pen, contain so clear internal evidence of ex-

travagant falsehood, that we have no concern with them now, save to notice their damaging contrast with the writer's own feeble pages.

And, as the length to which we have extended our notice may appear anomalous in the case of a volume of bigoted absurdities, totally devoid, at the same time, of one literary merit to redeem them; we may account here for our condescending to notice it at all. Cheap novels, in many cases American reprints, have now and again, of late years, sprung into a circulation, which we have sometimes been quite unable to believe that they deserved. Bigotry and intolerance, however, we are well aware, always find an echo wherever they find a hearing, and when catholicism and its children are maligned, there is invariably a very large, if not a very intelligent class, ever ready to receive them. American literature of this class is often welcomed in England, and it helps to further amongst the narrow-minded a belief in the vaunted happiness and freedom enjoyed in its land: these people seem to forget that this boast is very nearly a delusion, that freedom in America is very much the freedom of bowie-knives and revolvers, that her states are as much as any other, torn with social hatreds and convulsed with party strife, that she is the refuge for the outcasts of other communities, and swarms with lawless and desperate men.

And in dealing with this volume, which of course brags its share about this liberty and happiness, let it not be supposed we have forgotten that its writer is a woman, and even, in spite of much vulgar thought and numberless grammatical errors, may perhaps possibly be a lady; we plead guilty to no such oversight; but when a woman, clearly without any literary mission, leaves her true sphere, in which manly feeling and social suffrage so powerfully reinforce her, she can have obviously no further claim on our politeness to tolerate her impertinences in print. This volume is so unequivocally worthless, that we would regret the hours lost in its perusal, but that we hope we may have saved them to another, and hurried itself on its speedy course to limbo.

The Amusing Library for Home and Railway.

London: LAMBERT. Edinburgh: MENZIES.

The Curse of the Village, and the Happiness of being Rich.

The Lion of Flanders.

Romantic Tales of Great Men.

Sea Stories of Discovery, Peril, and Escape
Tales of Humour; the Court, the Highway
and the Forest, &c., &c., &c."

Like a squirrel in a revolving cage, how eagerly did we, in boyhood, read the small circle of *harmless* books of amusement then in existence. *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Exiles of Siberia*, *The Old English Baron*, *The Son of a Genius*, and perhaps as many more, were the moral cage round which we scampered. There were other pastures to be sure; but they were forbidden tracks as containing poisonous pasturage. For instance, *The Arabian Nights* was dazzling and attractive, but the elder squirrels shook their heads, and told us that two hideous dragons guarded its entrance: these were Lust and Lewdness. So we ran back to our cage, and took another turn. Then, learned professors had a cage also. When they came to distribute prizes to athletes who had successfully driven their literary *curriculum*, among non-religious works they had *Rollin*, and *Waterton*, and *Cowper* to choose from; and when they got tired of these, they might turn to *Cowper*, and *Waterton*, and *Rollin*, by way of a change. There certainly were a few good and harmless works besides these; but not many. And there was no middle term—no *mezzo termine*—between cage number one and cage number two. Then as to journeys, the less said the better. Those endless, dreary, crampy, shivery, stage-coach pilgrimages! But now we've changed all that. Stage-coaches are not; a gently-gliding, cushioned, carpeted, curtained room has driven them off the road. And squirrel-cages for master and man are amongst the things that were. Plainly, this excellent series of books has been long and sorely wanted. Boys have here got no end of attractive books in which they can revel luxuriously. They never need to go over the old ground twice, for here they can have "fresh fields and pastures new" every week in the year. Humorous tales, droller than Rip Van Winkle; fiction, if not equal, at least much akin to, *Robinson Crusoe*; tales of chivalry, as good as Sir John Froissart; stories

Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes;

and tales and romances in every walk of letters. And, best boon of all, every line is pure; not a word from title to colophon that could raise a blush. These are the books for parents to put into the hands of children—books uniting the useful with the agreeable

these are the books to be given as prizes in schools, academies, and even in the junior schools of colleges. They are inexpensive, as prizes should be; for the candidate for literary pre-eminence should always be taught to consider the honor of receiving a prize, rather than estimate its marketable value; in the same spirit as the men of old, who prized a laurel or an oaken crown more than barbaric pearl and gold. For travellers, these volumes are worth a gross of the gaudy and flaring trash that one picks up, when one wishes to spend a shilling on an anti-soporific for a long journey. Not but that these books are neatly and even elegantly got up. For in addition to their intrinsic worth, they are beautifully and clearly printed, on a stout, good paper. Not a slight consideration, the leaves are already cut to your hand; and the wrapper is a very pretty, showy, and artistic design, pleasing to the eye, and fit to be seen in any bookcase or on any drawing-room table. We warmly recommend them to all classes to whom such things are a want.

Catholic Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories. Principal Dépôt, GEORGE OVERS, 81, Great Russell-street, Birmingham. Part 1.—*From the Creation to the Death of Joseph.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I value much the opportunity your request places at my disposal of setting myself right, with an influential portion of the public, through your columns, on the subject of the publication of the Pictorial Bible Stories, which I am endeavouring to carry forward. It is a thing of happy augury to find Catholic publications willing to further each other's progress. But, not to consume your space in mere compliments, I proceed to business thus.

It is not necessary, I may take for granted, to say anything about the utility or plan of the work. I presume, in an age where people cry out for the "diffusion of knowledge," that Catholics will be all of one mind to desire the diffusion of the knowledge of their faith, and the spread of holy rather than of more profane knowledge; and they will be equally unanimous in desiring to see such an extremely popular art as that of wood-engraving made subservient to further the spread of the holy knowledge which they love. In their own minds I consider that every single Catholic must be a real well-wisher to the enterprise that has this object in view. But now comes the only question that can occupy the minds of sensible people—can it be carried through? "You have begun to build," people will say to me, "but can you finish?"

Now, in reply, I desire to plead that I have only professed to make a beginning! A certain sum of money has been gathered together, and invested in an edition of 20,000 copies of a book of popular religious knowledge, 12,000 of which are sold. The proceeds of which sale, together with our small

capital, is being laid out in paying off accounts, and on the works that belong to the sequel: thus the building is slowly advancing. But one stonemason might just as well be expected to undertake to complete the cathedral at Cologne, as I can be expected, by myself, to complete what has been begun: others must help the building forward, if it is to be finished.

"But if you had no expectation of being able to finish, why did you begin?" I ask attention to a parallel fact, in another department of human enterprise. When Mr. Stephenson, and some few others, of Liverpool, planned the first railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, and saw before them the virgin map of Europe of that day, with not one solitary railroad marked upon it, did they begin the construction of their little road with the intention of changing the face of Europe? No! They went upon the principle that convenience and rapidity of traffic is a want of civilized society, and that to supply a want of society a beginning must be made. Now their beginning has in thirty years changed the face of Europe.

Traffic is no more a want of civil society than the diffusion of the knowledge of religion is a want of Catholic society. There is a void of the knowledge of religion in our ranks that is infinitely more detrimental to faith and morality than the absence of railroads was obstructive to commerce. What is the bane, the root of the feebleness and degradation, of the great mass of the Catholic population? It is not their want of faith; for they are often rich in the gift of faith. It is their terrible want of anything like knowledge. This present absence of knowledge is not a state of things that can possibly continue! Knowledge constitutes a traffic in civilized life which cannot be put down; and knowledge is too much a personal and social want of humanity that, like other people, Catholics should not in the end come to feel it. What then, if when they come to feel the want of knowledge, they find everything that is profane and on the side of unbelief, made attractive, charming, and cheap, and everything on the side of religion of the old fly-wagon order of things? The result, of course, is, that the whole charm and attractive powers of knowledge—and this is no slight thing—become thrown into the scale of unbelief. Knowledge becomes the ally of unbelief. Not that religion has not a knowledge of her own that would not be far more charming in itself, and might not be brought out in as cheap, as beautiful, and as accessible a dress. But if it is not there in a tangible form, people take what they can get, and what comes in their way ready to hand. As long, therefore, as Catholic enterprise hangs fire, and cannot succeed in stirring up activity, and in getting a market for the knowledge of religion, the knowledge that is on the side of unbelief carries all before it.

I hope that there are good signs all around, that we are opening our eyes to the necessity of taking knowledge out of the hands of the Infidel, and making it to serve the cause of religion: and I am thus able to answer the question, why I have tried to make a beginning, though I cannot be supposed, by myself alone, to be able to finish. Religious knowledge is an absolute want of our day—our millions want it—and without religious knowledge, their faith will be swamped in the flood of infidel knowledge. It is, therefore, as reasonable to make a beginning to improve the means of diffusing the knowledge of religion, as it was for Engineer Stephenson, and those who backed him, to lay down the first line of rails between Liverpool and Manchester.

I notice in Liverpool, school buildings of a higher order of architectural solidity and magnificence than in any other town, and I cannot refrain from putting a question. Are these buildings expected to form the minds of the pupils? Are they meant to teach? No; masters and mistresses, and books, do the work of teaching! Well, but surely such magnificent schools have fine Catholic books for the pupils? It is almost a mockery to put the question, for there scarcely are such things. Is education, then, a work only for the stonemason, the bricklayer, and the carpenter? Catholic schools, and no Catholic books for them to use. How is the phenomenon to be explained?

The phenomenon points in a most sadly significant manner to the crying necessity for a beginning to be made!

Now, five per cent. upon the money expended in the school buildings of Liverpool alone would suffice to start a trade in Catholic books, which, under proper management, would be quite adequate to supply the entire demand. It is a want of our times, and it is good that a beginning should be made.—Your obedient servant,

HENRY FORMBY.

St. Chad's Birmingham.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAP. I.—INTRODUCTION.

On the Dignity of Man.



BELOVED reader, come and leave awhile the tumult of the world, the din of war, the noise of the many voices of men, that are sounding like the roaring of the sea, on the arena of politics, of polemics, and science, and come and consider the greatest of God's wonders, the most perfect of His works in the kingdom of nature. Come and contemplate yourself!

Come, and reflect upon the structure so marvellous and noble, of your body; and while you contemplate the immaterial substance which animates it—subjects so worthy the attention of an intelligent being—adore the wisdom, admire the power, and bless the goodness of that God who has made you what you are, and learn, at the same time, the inestimable value of that life which he has given you to live upon earth.

The universe, then, is as a vast picture, which, unless it be regarded from a correct point of view, presents nothing to the sight but a confused mass of indistinct impressions. The immense multitudes of divers beings, which compose it, and cover its face, would be a very chaos, if man were not there to give them

order and relation, and reduce them to harmonious unity. All that is in the world is made for him, and tends towards him. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we should not err in the view which we take and the idea we form of man. That view must not be too low on the one hand, otherwise the world would appear too grand and magnificent; nor yet too exalted on the other, lest it should appear too vile and narrow for him for whom it was created. A wise Providence has ordered every thing in just measure and proportion. The palace has been erected and adorned according to the wants of the master who is to inhabit it. And if the edifice itself is wanting in anything, this is because the one for whom it was destined is a being himself subject to many imperfections.

But because man has his faults, am I then to confound or to level him with the other creatures? No, certainly not. He has been created to reign over them: this is his dignity. On the other side, he has been drawn out of nothing; and more than this, he has made himself guilty—this is his defect, and he is not perfect. In our view of man, then, as he walks in the kingdom of nature, let us never separate his defects from those qualities which exalt him so far above all else that exists—let us not degrade him as a stupid brute, which has no understanding, nor exalt him as an ideal being which has all perfection and no failing.

Man, in truth, presents a strange mixture of greatness and littleness in his composition; however, let us admire once more the wisdom and goodness of God towards His self-degraded creature. Let us admire this great masterpiece of His hand; and the fruit of this study will be to carry us up from ourselves to the contemplation of the author of our being, by a road which cannot lead us astray.

The all-wise and all-merciful providence of God, with what ceaseless murmurings is it not assailed! How perpetually is base ingratitude raising its voice to degrade man, and to blaspheme his Creator. They, on the other hand, who are ever exaggerating their own ills, aggravate them thereby, and render them incurable; while those who close their eyes to the real advantages which they enjoy, render those blessings null. No: I for one cannot be of this number; nor will I recognise myself in this portrait traced by an ancient philosopher.

According to him—"Man is a most vile and despicable animal. Nature seems to treat him more as a step-dame than as a mother. The

es and plants she has covered with bark and
sks; all other animals of the creation she has
theth with warm coverings to protect them
ainst the inclemency of the seasons, but
n she has cast out, on the day of his birth,
naked as the dust on which he is born.
or is this enough. Scarcely escaped from
s mother's womb, this animal destined to
le, is thrown into chains. His life begins
th pangs, and tears, and cries, and his only
ime is to have been born. His ignorance
uals his weakness. While all other animals
their birth are robust and skilled enough to
vim, to walk, and to take food, man can at
is period do nothing for himself; he has
eed to learn everything; all that he knows to
o of himself is to utter cries of pain, and
red tears of sorrow. And if nothing is
ore weak and contemptible than man at his
irih, nothing is more horrible and detestable
han he, when he is grown to maturity. Each
avage beast has indeed some particular in-
inct, which makes it formidable to us; but
an alone comprehends in himself as a whole
that only exists in beasts as a part. He has
n his tongue the venom of the asp; in his
mind, the tortuous folds and wiles of the
erpent; in his heart, the gall of the basilisk;
n his comportment, the fury of the lion; in
is cruelty, the rage of the tiger. In short,
he richest present that nature gives to man in
his life, is the power to give himself the stroke
f death."—*Seneca de Benef, Lib. iii.*

Such is the language of the degraded and
mgrateful man. Inflexible pride and hard-
ness of heart arms his hand against himself
nd against his God. He chooses rather to
ilify himself in his own eyes, than be grate-
ul for the marvellous blessings which have
een lavished upon him. Ah! far be from me
hese false and desponding views! How con-
oling, on the contrary, how ennobling, how
fecting are the words of true wisdom, when
hey pourtray man to me in his true colors!

"O God!" she cries out by the mouth of
David, "how wonderful is Thy name in all
he earth! Thou hast raised Thy glory above
he heavens: out of the mouth of very babes
nd sucklings hast Thou drawn Thy greatest
lory, and covered with confusion Thy enemies.
hou hast made man all but equal to the
ngels: Thou hast crowned him with glory
nd honor: Thou hast subjected to his
ominion all the works of Thy hands. He
es beneath his feet all other creatures; all
eep and oxen, and all the beasts of the
eld; the birds of the air and the fishes of

the sea, that walk in the paths of its waters."

How striking is the contrast between these
two portraits of man! Under the pencil of
the philosopher he is the butt of nature.
Drawn by the pen of Truth he is crowned
with glory and honor! All is subject to him
in the world of sense and sight; his very
infancy is the object of the complacency of
the Most High.

Compare then the sublime and tender
accents with which the view of man's grandeur
inspired the royal prophet, to the mournful
murmurs of false reason, and judge for your-
selves, all you who have any perception of
the true and the beautiful. And learn how vast
is the difference between this false philosophy
and that revelation which it is ever straining
to undermine. In the one, all is consoling
and noble; all inspires meekness, gratitude,
wonder, and patience. In the other, nothing
is good, but all is to be despised as vile; all
breathes dissatisfaction, ingratitude, and re-
bellion against heaven and earth. Pride is
not satisfied with having been placed only a
little below the angels; it would have itself
exalted on a throne as high as that of the
Eternal One!

Having taken this general glance at that
most perfect of God's creatures, Man, we will
view him more nearly within and without, and
we will take to pieces each part of this won-
derful machinery,—and see whether viewed in
its parts, or contemplated as a whole, our last
thought is not as the first: how noble a
creature, how wonderful a being, is MAN!

[From our London Correspondent.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I am afraid that I have little of interest to
communicate to you, concerning the events of the
last month. The war, with its appliances and results,
still occupies the principal attention of all classes.
How can it be otherwise, for every one is more or less
affected by them. In the Catholic world, the death
of Mr. Lucas and his funeral at Brompton made, as
it were, a small ripple upon the waters, which seems
already to have disappeared; whether in Ireland or
in Parliament his loss may produce more lasting
effects, it is too early yet to form any opinion. In
the *Tablet* of last week, there is a well written leader
respecting a curious decision lately come to in
London and at West Bromwich, concerning the
"Mormonites." These people, it seems, are not to
be entitled to the privileges of Protestant Dissenters.
They are not Protestant Dissenters. Then what are
they? "The magistrates in question," says the
Tablet, "have found out, it would appear, a point
'where [Protestantism ceases, an eruption to a uni-

versal negation." The Mormonites are a wicked sect, we know; but can they be worse, in any sense, than Luther, Cranmer, and the rest of the earlier reformers? But the enormities of these persons are now considered respectable. That which the Pope never attempted,—the dissolution of a valid marriage—may be effected by the British Parliament for £1,000; therefore, it is *comme il faut*,—quite a proper thing. "Joe Smith had no respectability to keep up, and his bread to earn; so he made short work of shams, and turned the English fact into a Mormon principle." The article is too long to quote in *extenso*; but it is worth referring to.

"Mr. Alderman Fairbrother is becoming a great man in the church; he disposes of livings with almost incredible facility, and is therefore patronised and courted by a large body of aspiring clerics." Then follows a list of the *cures of souls* parted with, or to be parted with, by this Alderman, for a "consideration." "The lots are not of the very highest quality, but any of them will answer very well for the younger son of some wealthy commoner or of some poor lord to try his 'prentice hand' on, and whet his appetite for a more luxurious living." It is a comfort in one sense to think that these people are, what they are, without *order*: they cannot commit sacrilege. As a more interesting subject, let us turn to the opening of the new schools and chapel of "Our Lady of the Rosary," in the Edgeware-road. Though not within the last month this has taken place I think since the publication of your first number; and any one who knows, or has known, anything of the spiritual destitution of London, will be delighted to hear at any time that the inhabitants of a locality so necessitous have had the means of grace carried at length to their very doors. This work of mercy was brought about chiefly by the aid of an individual who desired his name might be concealed from men; but who, happily for himself, was called away to give to God an account of his labors, on the very day, I believe, on which mass was first said within the walls which he had erected.

During this month, churches and individuals are alike occupied with the concerns of the faithful suffering in Purgatory. On the 7th instant a *Requiem* Mass was everywhere celebrated for the souls of those who have recently fallen in battle. The happy conversion of another of the Scott clan—the Duchess of Buccleugh—is probably by this time no news to any one interested in hearing it. She was received on the 3rd of September at Farm-street Church. At that church, Dr. Manning's lectures on the Beatitudes are attracting, as his preaching usually does, a crowded audience. Three of the lectures (at the Sunday vespers) have already been delivered:—"Blessed are the poor in spirit"—"Blessed are the meek"—and, lastly, "Blessed are they that mourn." To do justice to even a sketch of either of them, the whole space allotted to this letter would not suffice; for these sermons are not like some which, though very good, are capable of being almost indefinitely compressed; I find that my notes, instead of being shortened, as I intended, would to answer any purpose, have to be filled up from memory. Wishing all success to your Magazine, which, I trust, has the good will of some influential people in London, believe me to remain, sir, &c.,

R. D. S.

London, November 15.

DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM GILLET.

On the morning of Friday, Nov. 15th, death removed from his labors and from a prolonged illness the above esteemed priest. He was educated at Ushaw; but, owing to delicate health, he was obliged to return to his native village, Lytham, where he completed his theology under the Rev. Joseph Walmsley. For eight years he labored assiduously—only too assiduously—in the Church of St. Anthony, in this town; and they who lived with him best knew his unvarying goodness of heart and singleness of purpose. Last autumn his health gave way; and for purer air and lighter work, he was put in charge of the mission of Douglas, Isle of Man. What had been long lurking in his system now assumed a form; a violent attack of jaundice prostrated him. From this he never recovered, though it was thought that a short residence in a southern county had done much to restore him. On Thursday evening he retired, much in his usual health and spirits. About two in the morning, he awoke and began to vomit; he rang for his servant, and in five minutes he was no more. We have known him from his boyhood. At college, he was always considered an estimable companion and a good student. As a priest, he was charitable, hard-working, unobtrusive, and zealous. He was noted as a man of sound judgment, kind heart, and honest purpose; in fact, he was a good man and a good priest in every sense of the word. In many of our readers, when these lines meet their eyes, a sad feeling will be awakened at the loss of one, that was so beloved in "auld lang syne." For the sake of old times, say *De Profundis* for a departed friend.

He was buried on Monday, Nov. 19th, and many of his old friends assembled to pay their last sad tribute to his remains. The following clerics were present: the Revv. Messrs. Toole, H. Newsham, T. Newsham, Power, Phelan, Arrowsmith, O'Reilly, Carr, Wallwork, Hawksworth, Nugent, Duggan, Tobin, Magraw, Walsh, Walton, Fleetwood, Walmsley (Lytham), Orrell, Flynn, Dunderdale, G. Fisher, Green, Wells, Hardman, Dutertre, Kelly, Hall, and Carter. At the High Mass the following assisted: Priest, Rev. G. Fisher; Deacon, Rev. J. Nugent; Sub-deacon, Rev. J. Wallwork; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. Carr. The Rev. H. Newsham, of the Willows, preached.

MAY THE DEPARTED REST IN PEACE.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

"Exultavit ut gigas ad currendam viam."—Ps. xviii.

A GENERAL gathering of the Dublin Catholic Young Men's Society was held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey-street, on the evening of Monday, October 29th. The Very Rev. Dean Meyler presided. During the evening several eloquent and animating speeches were made, and enthusiastically received by a respectable audience, who crowded every portion of the hall. Among the speakers, we are glad to observe the names of W. Gernon, Barrister-at-Law, Esq., and Professor Ormsby, M.A., both well known to many of our readers on this side of the channel. The Very Rev. Chairman, amidst the deepest and most respectful silence, announced that a Plenary Indulgence had been granted by his Holiness to the Members of the Young Men's Society, at the solicitation of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, approved by the Archbishop of Dublin. Several annual subscriptions and some donations were announced.

CONVERSIONS.—The Duchess of Buccleugh has been received into the Church by the Very Rev. Dr. Manning.

The Rev. F. Lascelles, LL. B., incumbent, of Merevale, has resigned his benefice, and has been admitted into the Catholic Church.

AN hospital is to be built in London, and when completed is to be under the care of Sisters of Charity, in which sick Catholics of all nations will be received and attended. The Emperor of the French has sent a donation of fifty pounds towards this object.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.—A document has just been published, comparing the number of Catholic Churches, &c., in England in 1851 and 1855, from which it appears that there were, in 1851, churches, 586; colleges, 10; religious houses, 68; priests, 826. In 1855, there are—churches, 653; colleges, 11; religious houses, 97; priests, 957.

IN the second week of November, a new church (Goldie, Archt.), was solemnly opened by his Lordship of Beverley, at Ugthorpe, a town about nine miles north of Whitby. This, as his Lordship observed, is one of the few favored spots in England, in which the true faith has never been obscured, and into which the so-called Reformation has never penetrated. This edifice owes its construction principally to the liberality of the Hon. Charles Langdale, and the untiring exertions of the

Rev. N. Rigby, who has served this mission zealously for thirty years.

ON Nov. 13th, a solemn *Requiem* Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's, Moorfields, for the soldiers of all the Allied Nations, who have fallen in the present disastrous war. His Lordship of Southwark celebrated, and an appropriate sermon was preached by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. A magnificent catafalque was erected in the centre of the church. It bore the following inscriptions:—

MILITIBUS. QUI. TERRA. MARIQUE. PRECLARE. DECERTANTES. IN. PACE. TAMEN. CHRISTI. DIEM. SUUM OBIERUNT. SACERDOTES. POPULUSQUE. WESTMONAST. SOLEMNI. RITU. LITANTES. D. O. M. PACEM. ADPRECANTUR. MDCCCLV.*

On one side:—

IN. CERTAMINE. FIDEI. COMMILITONES. NOSTRI.*

And on the other:—

HABETE. ANIMÆ. GENEROSISSIMÆ.*

The catafalque was erected, on a very brief notice, by M. Nosotti. It seems to have been all in good taste; only we fail to understand on what principle he introduced into the church the banner of Victor Emmanuel, "an excommunicated thief," as Dr. Marshall happily terms him.

LITERARY ITEMS.

M. THIERS has published the twelfth volume of his "*History of the Consulate and the Empire*."

A pleasing letter, bearing the signatures of Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, and John Forster, has been addressed to the *Times*, in behalf of the god-daughter of Samuel Johnson, who is living, with her sister, in a state of great poverty in London. The object of the letter is to obtain about £400, just sufficient to purchase an annuity for the two living representatives of Johnson. A similar movement is being made in favor of the great-grandson of Defoe, by the veteran Walter Savage Landor. It is to be hoped that this appeal in behalf of the last representative of Defoe—"who has lived seventy-seven years, and whose eyes cannot see far into another"—will meet with success.

THE *Karlsruher Zeitung* states that Dr. F. Mene, of the University of Heidelberg, has discovered in the Convent of St. Paul, in Carinthia, a codex of Pliny the Elder, containing nearly the seventh part of his *Natural History* (Lib. xi. to xv.)

* Translation:—For those warriors, who, though fighting bravely on land and sea, still passed away in the peace of Christ, the clergy and people of Westminster, with solemn rite, suppliantly beg rest from God, great and good—Our fellow-soldiers in the conflict of faith—Farewell, most noble souls.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE.—As we have now entered on the season of Advent, and as we are about to celebrate a Novena in honor of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, we beg to apprise the friends of the Institute, that our Lectures and Amusements will be suspended for the present; that they will be resumed early in the new year, and continued regularly. But, for reasons that need not be stated, we shall meet on Wednesday instead of Monday evenings. We thank those friends who have supported us through the autumnal session, and when we resume, in 1856, we hope to see a numerous gathering of the old faces. In the meanwhile, we wish all our friends and readers "a merry Christmas," and all the blessings of the season.

To our Subscribers and Readers.—The present number of the CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE completes the first quarter of its existence; and we beg to remind quarterly subscribers, who may still wish to support us, that their first subscription is now exhausted; and we shall be glad to hear, at an early date, from those who intend to renew them. To prevent confusion, we wish it to be understood, that when subscriptions or orders for the Magazine are sent direct to the Institute, they should be addressed: "Mr. Moses Doon, Catholic Institute, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool;" to whom also post-office orders are to be made payable. Of course, the numbers had better be procured through the agents, in towns where agencies have been established.—The second edition of No. I will be ready for delivery with No. IV on January 1, 1856.—Literary communications to be addressed to the Editor.

. When we spoke of excluding letters from our columns, of course we reserved to ourselves the right of using friendly communications on literary subjects, as the letter of the Rev. H. Formby, in our present number; or a London or foreign letter occasionally. Indeed, we have made arrangements to have a London letter regularly on the events of the month.

. The Rev. Dr. Marshall's Lecture on *the Influence of the Church on Men and Manners* in our next. Want of space has compelled us to hold it over; as also a notice of the Concert on Saint Cecilia's day.

RECEIVED.—A passage from the *Tales of Sainthood*—The *Newsboys of Liverpool*—Rev. H. Formby on *Catholic Art*—A Letter from the Rev. S. Vincent Parclose to B. Aumbrie, Esq., of S. Boniface College, Oxon—Simplicity of the Creation.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

A Reader.—The Author of the Review of "A glance behind the Grilles," is sorry the *Reader* was shocked by the Nun's expression, but very much doubts the *Reader's* statement, that the majority of Catholics, in this country, would have looked on it as a breach of the commandment. If so, the fact would prove, that, living in an heretical country improves men's spiritual discernment, instead of making them half Protestant in cant and hypocrisy, as well as in the worship of mammon. Who made the *Reader* a judge of the "necessity or just cause" of the Nun's expression? Does not charity teach us to interpret it thus?—"My God! thou knowest how little I think of the trouble of which this man speaks, and how willingly I would encounter much more to bring him into the Church." And if this was the Nun's sense, she certainly did not speak "without

devotion." But, be this as it may, it is we should know that our Reviews are not make them *writers*, which would be end Reviewers have their opinions, and readers and so ends the matter.

P. R.—All short poems cannot be termed A "*sonnet*" is of a peculiar metre, and not of a fixed number of lines. That inserted in number is correct in all details; therefore to learn the proper construction of the sonnet.
Miss C. W., Thirsk.—The stamps are safely.

R. V. S.—Before using the lines, *On the Heaven*, we should wish to know whether previously appeared in print; and if so, where.

P. Lyland, Hanley.—We had previously letter you have been so kind as to send us, use it in the article on the subject. It prepared for the present number, but shall appear in our next.

A Catholic.—Your letter, *On the necessity of a Catholic Newspaper for Liverpool*, contains points; but we do not insert letters; nor do we insert them substantially, when they bear no signature.

W. R. H.—"Oh! for a clasp of the hand" appear.

. We are sorry to learn that some of our correspondents whose good opinion we covet, consider our correspondents to be occasionally tending to harshness. Nothing is further from our intention to wound the most sensitive. But we cannot conceive the immense quantities that almost every post brings us; and we cannot out when the superlatively absurd calls for. By way of "a sample brick from the house," it well to insert *literatim* the following erotic from an amatory son of St. Crispin:—
sir—may I hope that the following worthy of a place in your Magazine:—

A Sh

I pity them that wend their way

Through all this world's strife

That—ploding onward day by day

yet never cheerful never gay—

have naught to love but life.

They know no Joys that life may bring

from loves scelestial berth

That life and love together cling

Or up around True Love may spring

A Paradise on Earth

To weary mortals herebelow

A fount of bliss twas given

as schoolase in our worldly woe

And on us wretched worms bestow

a slight fore taste of heaven

Then shurely man when sad or san

Would chose fond love before

The richest pearls beneath the main

Thrice counted ore for love is tacean

from heavens choicest store

Obituary.

On Friday, November 15, at the Church of St. Croft, the Rev. William Gillett, formerly of Man, St. Anthony's, Liverpool, and St. Manchester, aged 83 years.—R. I. P.

Printed by EVAN TRAVIS, at No. 57, Scotland-street, Liverpool.—December 1, 1855.

THE
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

No. 4.

JANUARY, 1856.

VOL. 1.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.



So many of our readers have probably seen an exquisite sketch, by the inimitable Cruikshank, of "*Tempus Edax Rerum*," they will recollect that the old gentleman is seated at a well-spread table; and the materials of his repast are churches, castles, bridges, and the other works of man. He is sticking his fork into some crumbling old building or other, while a spoon is conveying to his mouth what is visibly still nearer its dissolution. Then the expression of face, compounded of a yawn and a leer,—ah! it is indescribable, unless, indeed, some *pen-Cruikshank* were to take it up, and do justice to his brother of the pencil. Destitute as we humbly profess ourselves to be of all such powers, we must not let the new year open without some attempt to fix its infant features on our readers' minds. But first let us pay a tribute to its predecessor, who is now, as Young has it,

"— with the years beyond the flood ;"

—as hopelessly sealed up, beyond reach or hope of alteration, as if, instead of just having escaped us, and existing still in our clearest recollections, he had seen the ark preparing and the waters rising, and the countless antediluvians trembling when too late, as they regretted having turned a deaf ear to the accents of Noah, that early "preacher of justice" and denouncer of the judgments of the Lord.

"*Tempus edax rerum*." Time is the devourer of all things. How true the accusation! how inexorably does the old mower confirm it! Melancholy is the thought that no lingering graces, no "calm decay," as Keble exquisitely sings, no touching beauty, can avert the stroke. Look at that lovely old

church, far in a winding vale. See how its mullions, rest of the pictured glass of which they were so proud, invite the ivy, or the wall-flower, or some more brilliant ornament of the field, to twist and twine itself between them, as if emulous of bringing back the lively hues that glass afforded. Cannot stone and flower together, as they cling and plead, avert the stroke? Ah no! down they must soon come, and the hermit, who has so often watched the latter, as they gradually pale in the incipient twilight, and thought how lovingly they would lie and form a pavement for the feet of Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament, should England again be Catholic, must soon see them for the last time, and start, some early day, to find the shafts fallen, and the flowers left to wither. That castle, too, through whose gates have issued so many proud processions of knights and ladies, and whose walls have echoed in turn to the cry of the warder and the horn of the huntsman. How beautiful is it in its decay!—like a sweet rest after a troublous life! Cannot its stillness, and the picturesque distinctness with which its battlements (where yet entire), divide heaven's azure, form a charm against dissolution, and obtain for it at least an immortality of green old age, a verdure which is not of youth but of the tomb? No, not even this can be granted. The fiat is gone forth: the towers must fall; and some future traveller is to guess their locality from the unevenness of his path among the mounds which cover them.

But this is not all. Not only has Time an absolute dominion over the material works of man; he makes strange havoc also of man's thoughts, schemes, opinions, rules, and influences. Who can promise us that any given product of the brain shall continue beyond a pedestal of authority which may now support it? The very provinces of thought are continually changing their denizens. What is now deemed sober fact, may turn out, in a few years, to be a groundless fiction; while, on the other hand,

the most extravagant fancies, which obtained for those who formed them a high name as inventors, may become the very materials of every-day transaction. Hear old Strada, the Jesuit, in the second book of his "*Prolusiones Academicae*," giving his imaginary account of a correspondence between two friends, by means of two extraordinary *needles*. Such virtue had these needles acquired from a wondrous stone, by which they had been touched, that when one began to move, the other, though in a different hemisphere, made a movement precisely the same. The two friends, each having his needle with him wherever he might be, made a *dial-plate*, with the twenty-four letters instead of hours. At a fixed hour of the day, they retired to converse. He in Europe would begin to work his needle, and form his words and make his stops; and lo! the temporary inhabitant of Asia reads the *litero*, and responds! The good father does not—how could he?—enter into the question of "Greenwich time," or trouble us with the consideration that the *conversing time* of one friend might unhappily be the midnight of the other; but, to let that pass, have not our readers anticipated us in the remark, that the ingenious fancy of the learned Jesuit, who died at Rome two hundred and seven years ago, and, doubtless, was well bepraised for the fertility of his imagination, is become, in the electric telegraph, a mere every-day fact. Verily, it might provoke our fathers, could their spirits *walk*, to find that what they viewed as choice efforts of the brain and to be held up to common view only as surrounded with the paraphernalia of mystery and romance, are now the sport of vulgarians, and the money-getting implements of fools; that the *needles*, which it was a high stretch of faucey to imagine friends employing for philosophizing and endearing converse, are now at the service of every butcher who may want to inquire of his brother ox-feller in a distant town, the latest price of "beasts" at such a market. Yet so it is. Time, the mightiest of magicians, has stolen in; and, as if in indignant denial that his power is confined to matter, has wrought this and similar revolutions in the works of mind; making the rough places plain, and leveling the heights; conveying intelligence of events as passed, to people whose clocks have not arrived at the given period, enshrined and established on that hour at which the said events happened; and, in a word, making extremes meet, and tempting the highest civilizator to exclaim, "Chaos is come again."

We feel ourselves, then, with old Time be-

hind us, somewhat as felt those antediluvians to whom we have already referred, as they stepped from rock to rock to avoid the approaching deluge. No sooner have we selected some new *stance*, as the Scotch say, and feel ourselves *here* at least secure, than we get a glimpse of the old scythe-man, with his comical front-lock,—certainly not one of those "love-locks" which so excited the outcry of the Puritans—and begin to have disagreeable suspicions of a new instability. Is there, then, we exclaim, no refuge from the old tormentor? no spot where we can defy him, and say, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther? There *is* such a spot, and our figure of the deluge will point it out to us. What, as the waters were spreading, and the nations beginning to despair, was the place of safety? What, but the ARK, that floated triumphant on the waves? And what is *our* ark but the Church—the eternal Church? that only *match* for the ocean of time on which it is upborne, because to *both* may be truly said what the poet says to the ocean only,

"Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow:

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The Church alone, then, is the defier of Time; and that because she is, in language taken from the same sublime description of the ocean,

"The image of *Eternity*, the throne
Of the Invisible."

The empires which have in turn resisted and courted her are changed, and their pristine places know them no more; but the resistance and the court have left her alike unchanged. Such as she was when her first Leo faced the conquering Goth, and bade him tremble and retire, such is she still; the only thing which tyrants fear and hate, just as Milton tells us that the great adversary, while hating all things fears nothing but "God and his Son." Her divine panoply is still about her; and O how different from the array of her enemies! Against their fleets and armies—cannon and bayonets, she sets her surplices—priests, her cowed monks, her wreathing incense, her hallowed tapers, her holy water—her relics, her peaceful processions, her measured chants, her misereres of penance, and her jubilant alleluia of praise. And which are the more powerful? Answer ye generation past: tell from your tombs that you have witnessed power after power crumbling like the fabrics which they raised, while the everlasting Church passed from them, green, beauteous—immortal, ever young.

And what is the secret of the Church—

unchangeableness? It is, that she consists, not of the works of men, whether material or mental; not of the creations even of souls, but of *souls themselves*—souls regenerate by the Breath of God and the Waters of Baptism; souls which, originally immortal in their destiny and purpose, are marked, when they enter and form part of the Church, with the tokens of a *blessed* immortality in the presence of Him who is unchangeable. Thus the Church is ever new, because she is ever receiving new accretions and assimilating them to herself. Her armies compose a compact phalanx, in which, as fast as the front and veteran ranks are seen no more, because their warfare is ended, and they have gone to their reward, new lines fill up the blank, animated by the same spirit, burning with the love of the same God, hating what He hates, signed with His impress, ranged under His cross, and trusting to conquer in their turn.

Here, then, the soul finds its true destiny. No longer at the mercy of its own powers and works, and vainly depending on them for a poor permanency which cannot, at the best, outlive the last great fire, she seeks and receives from Him who created her, the impress of His own eternity. No longer boasting of aught that may and must perish by Time, she takes new ground and defies the conqueror. Time and Death, and Sin, in vain assail her, for she belongs to a society whose function is to triumph over them all.

But what (we think we hear some querulous reader say) what are you going to do with the new year, who lies smiling before you, and with promised "thoughts" for whom you headed your article? We will tell you what we mean to do with him. Not being of the world, worldly, we will not hail him, as the world does, with promises of fresh flowers, less stained with tears than were those of his predecessor. We will not congratulate our readers on his offering them new earthly enjoyments and earthly hopes; on a fresh career of pleasure, ushered in with thoughtless mirth, and kept alive by a like want of recollection. In short, we will welcome the New Year as the Church does,—who, ere the joyful accents of Bethlehem have died away, calls us to listen, on the very Octave of the Nativity and beginning of the year, to the first wail of pain from the Infant Saviour,—thus reminding us, even amidst our spiritual rejoicings, that the path of a Christian must be one of suffering, and steeling our coward hearts to bear it well by the example of Him who began so early to endure.

And now, to turn in, for a concluding moment, to our own "business and bosoms." A first new year has just dawned upon our Magazine; and it is a happy omen that we have heard, from several quarters, that our last number is the best, and that we are thus giving hope of progress. What time, then, more fitting than the present to renew (so to speak) our editorial vows? to promise a rigorous adherence to the principles on which we started? to assure our readers that we will not abate an iota of those principles, but will pursue our conscientious way, regardless either of clamors from without, or murmured dissatisfaction from within, the circle in which we move? This is the only way to deserve, and in the long run to ensure, success; and with this pithy remark, we conclude,—only adding, to all our readers, the cordial wish of

A Happy New Year.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAPTER II.

On Man—His Body viewed from without.

Raise thine eyes, then, O! brother man, and behold a wondrous sight: behold once more thyself, as the mirror reflects thy exterior to thee. A wonderful machine indeed thou art! A machine, composed of innumerable parts, many of which are so exquisitely fine and delicate as to be imperceptible to the keenest sight: a machine, which by its solids, represents levers, cords, pulleys, weights, and counter-weights; which by its fluids, as well as by the vessels, which contain them, obeys the laws of *equilibrium*, and of the motion of liquids:—which by its pumps, to draw in and to expel air, is regulated by the inequalities, and the pressure of the atmosphere:—which, by lines and threads, all but invisible, lacing it even to the extremities, supports it in its numerous relations to a continual contact, with all that surrounds it: a machine which is acted upon by every object in the universe, and which, in its turn, reacts upon them: which, like the plant, nourishes, develops, and reproduces itself, but which adds to this vegetable life the motion of progress: a living mechanism, but all the springs of which are within, and hidden from the eye; while from without, nothing is seen but its decoration, simple, and at the same time, magnificent—a decoration in which are blended together the charm of color, the beauty of form, and the harmony of proportion. Such, dear reader, is the grand

spectacle which we set before you, and ask you to gaze upon in the human body—in yourself.

Look at that body again! All that is in man proclaims him to be master and monarch of the earth, and announces his superiority over all other living creatures. His attitude is that of command: his head erect, and turned towards the heavens, presents to the beholder an august countenance, on which is impressed the character of his divinity: the very image of his soul is depicted in his physiognomy, and the excellence of his noble nature transpires, and oozes out, as it were, through the grosser organs of matter, animating with heavenly fire the lines of his face. His gait majestic, his step bold and firm, and his dignified carriage tell of his rank, and of the nobility of his origin! He scarcely touches the ground, and that only with the extremities, the farthest removed: he sees but at a distance, and in his very look there is dignified disdain. His arms are not given him as appendages or ballast to an unwieldy body; nor are his hands fashioned to burrow in the earth;—that delicacy of touch (of which they are the principal organs) is blunted and worn away by no such friction as this, but reserved for uses more noble: they execute the orders of the will; they grasp objects remote; remove obstacles; prevent collisions; and repel all shocks which might do hurt; and while they reject what might offend, they retain only what may please, and bring it at the same time within reach of the senses. Amongst the visible parts of the body, the *head* holds the first rank; both because of its beauty, and also as the seat of the principles of sensation and motion. It is to the *face*, the most beautiful part of man, that all the feelings and passions travel up to be painted and expressed; here are also found the organs of the principal senses, by means of which he is enabled to receive impressions from objects without; while the divers movements of the tongue and lips give him the capacity, by the number of various inflexions which they give to his voice, of conveying to others all that passes within his own soul. Lowered upon the *neck*, the head revolves upon it, as upon a pivot. After the neck come the *shoulders*, adapted for the support of heavy burdens. To the shoulders are attached the *arms*, and to these the *hands*, so formed as to execute all sorts of manœuvres and movements, the facility of which are provided for in the *bones* and *joints*. The *chest* is destined to protect and envelope the heart and lungs, and is therefore composed of ribs and strong palisades

of hard bones. The *diaphragm* separates the chest from the *venter*, in which are found the stomach, liver, kidneys, and intestines. All this mass now reposes on the *hips* and *legs*, which, like the arms, have various joints, to facilitate motion, or give repose. The *feet* support as a base the whole machine, the *heels* and *toes* contributing to this, in enabling them more securely to keep firm hold of the earth. This machine is covered all over with *flesh* and *skin*; and is secured against the injurious effects of heat and cold, as to the parts most exposed, by *hair* and eyelash.

The body of man, when well formed, is square, and the turn of his limbs is strongly marked. His sinews and muscles should be also vigorously prominent, and the lines of his face well formed and clearly distinct. In the woman all is more rounded, the forms are more soft, and the lines finer and less strongly marked. Man has strength and majesty: grace and beauty are rather the appendages of the other sex.

Such, then, at first sight, is the King of the Earth; and this first view of him has already proclaimed his lofty destination. What variety we see in the exterior of his person. The form of his members, their structure, their order, their place, their movements, their harmony, their symmetry, all furnish incontestible proofs of the wisdom as well as the goodness of his Creator. Not one is imperfect, or deformed, not one without a use, not one injures or envies the other, not one is out of its place: on the contrary, the slightest change in their number, disposition, or arrangement, would render the body less perfect. If, for instance, I were deprived of the use of my hands, or were they furnished with fewer joints and ligaments, I should no longer be able to perform a number of operations essential to my well-being.

If, in retaining my reason, I had the form of a quadruped, or a reptile, I should be wholly unfit for the exercise of many arts. I could neither sit nor move with ease, nor contemplate without effort the spectacle of the heavens. If I had but one eye, and that were placed in the middle of the forehead, I could not look on the right hand or left, nor embrace so large a space and distinguish such a number of objects at a time as I do now. If my ear were elsewhere placed, I could not hear as I do now what passes around me.

In a word all the parts of my body are constructed and arranged in such a manner as

to give beauty and perfection to the at the same time that they are all adapted for answering the ends for they were made.

lessed be Thy name, then, O good and God, who hast given me a body so lly formed, so perfectly fitted out! is sentiment of praise and gratitude grow weak or cold in me. May the plation of my body, the good use of my nd faculties, awaken this feeling in me ore and more! Then I shall not be em amiss, I shall be employing them the good of society, and the glory of ny Creator and Preserver, making it ly to be always applying that body and hich Thou hast made so glorious for rocure honor and glory to Thee.

I am all the more obliged to make this se of my body, because after having posited for a short time in the tomb, it estored to me again in a condition infinite beautiful and perfect still. Can it be, then, that I should dishonor any myself, reserved as every part is for so an end? Can I ever profane a body, to be conformed to the likeness of the Body of my Saviour? Shall I abuse s created by a God, and destined for ble employments? No: the blessed rishing hope of my future glory and n will excite me from this present ; to consecrate myself entirely to the of God, to reverence my body as the of the Divinity, and to preserve it pure ulled until the time of the arrival of at King shall be come.

THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Commissioner never seemed to consider sufficiently remunerated; he had the artedness to take away a wretched e from an old woman, who wept when deprived of what was to her a valuable s. This same kind of visit, with much e results, was paid to all the principal in the town, which were thus pillaged little noise as possible.

ie end of the town was the church, on as floating the tricolor flag: the pres- was just at hand. The Commissioner at he wished to pay a visit to the Curé. ved that it was unlikely we should see no doubt he had heard of our arrival.

He replied, hastening his steps, we will not have to reproach ourselves with the neglect of any duty.

It was a small house, half hidden under the ivy and the vine. I fancy I can see it now. We crossed an uncultivated spot, where the mallow, the sunflower, and other plants were growing in disorder; there was also the ruins of an arbor, surrounded by a thick thorn hedge. A child, almost in rags, was playing with a goat, which was fastened to a plane-tree. The Commissioner asked him, by way of precaution, if there were any one in the house. He raised his head; but immediately let it fall, with the uncouth timidity peculiar to the children of the south, and then pointed to the house. A servant appeared at the entrance. She had neither the presence of mind to retire nor to answer the questions we put to her. We entered the parlour on the ground-floor. The Curé was seated in a large arm-chair, near the window, with a book in his hand; he was rather bent with age, tall, and thin, and with thick powdered hair. He raised his head, and looked at us through his spectacles.

The Commissioner, without making the slightest salutation, thus roughly addressed him:—"Ah!—as for you, my dear friend, I must decidedly take you with me. The Commission wishes to put a few questions to you. You must accompany me to Lyons; and prepare to set off immediately."

The Curé took off his spectacles, put them in his book, and laid it on the table. He endeavored to stammer out a question, but was quite unable to utter a word.

"Come," said the Commissioner; "come; we have no time to lose; we must depart immediately."

The good man then rose, saying: "I think there is not anything with which they can reproach me."

"That you can explain to the Commission; there is no alternative now but to go with me."

The Curé looked very much aghast, and replied: "I am very much beloved, sir, in this neighborhood, and I was assured that if I conformed to the laws"—

"Make yourself easy," interrupted the Commissioner; "the laws are just. And, besides," he added, with a consequential air, "I will take you under my protection; once at Lyons, I will not abandon you."

"Very well, sir; my mind is at rest. I will follow you."

"You will require money there; you will not find every thing you will need in the

prison. You had better take all that you have at hand. I will take charge of it for you."

The Curé shrugged his shoulders, went and opened a large chest, and brought a small paper packet, which contained two crowns and six livres.

"Why you are joking," said the Commissioner. "You must keep your money in the church or the sacristy. Please to take us there."

He then made a sign to us to follow him towards a passage, which led into the church. The Curé, meanwhile, said a few words of direction to the housekeeper, and then hastened to lead the way, saying, as he did so: "You will find there only the ornaments and vessels used in the service of the church."

"Well! we shall see," said the Commissioner. At the end of the passage was the sacristy, which he entered.

"Open your shop," said he, striking some panels with the scabbard of his sabre.

The Curé drew a little key from his pocket, and opened a large closet, in which was carefully arranged every thing required in the celebration of the Mass, and other services.

"Ah! ah! very good!" said the Commissioner; "here is money, lying idle. What is the use of leaving this here?"

He then unfolded the stoles, the chasubles, the copes; and, tearing off all the lace, divided it into a number of pieces, and distributed them among the soldiers. Then taking the chalice, he flattened it with his knee, in order to make it more portable. He did the same with the other sacred vessels, securing every thing that was at all valuable; and finished by kicking the vestments back into the closet. My attention was so completely riveted by the proceedings of this man, that it never occurred to me to notice the countenance of the old Curé, though he was standing by my side, twisting his pocket-handkerchief.

The Commissioner now prepared to depart. The Curé moved towards the house; but he stopped him, saying: "Do not trouble yourself about anything. If, by chance, your imprisonment be prolonged, I shall be there, and can procure whatever you may require; but, however, I shall take care, and arrange so that you may return as soon as possible." And he drew him towards another door, giving him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

As we crossed the garden, his housekeeper ran after him, bringing his hat and his snuff-box. The garden appeared to me to form part of the cemetery, for I have a confused recol-

lection of seeing the remains of some black crosses in the grass.

We were scarcely out of the garden, when a child ran after us, exclaiming, in the patois of the country: "Monsieur le Curé! Monsieur le Curé!"

It was the little child, whom we had previously seen playing with the goat.

He rushed up to the Curé, and hid himself in the folds of his cassock.

"Monsieur le Curé! where are you going?"

"I am going to Lyons."

"Ah! then you will bring me something?"

"Yes, I will."

"Ah! what will you bring me? Bring me—no, bring me a chaplet."

The old man took him in his arms, and embraced him.

"Send the child away," said the Commissioner.

"He is the son of one of our country-people, who lately died in the army," said the Curé. No doubt he had taken on himself the charge of the child, for he appeared to be living at the presbytery.

"That soldier was a very brave man," continued the Curé, wishing to appear at his ease, though he spoke with a faltering voice. The Commissioner drew near to me. Soon after he ordered the recall to be beaten. The ranks were formed. The Curé marched in the centre of the first division.

We traversed the whole length of the town to the sound of the drums; and although it was mid-day, everything was silent, and the street deserted, as if it were the middle of the night. I only observed, behind the window-shutters, the heads of some of the good people, following with their eyes the movements of their poor Curé. We relieved the sentries at the end of the street. I collected together the rest of the detachment, and we retook the road by which we had entered, the Commissioner and I always at the head, the Curé among the men of the first rank. I could scarcely imagine how a man, at his time of life, could, for three leagues, keep pace with the troop. He did not complain. We arrived at Lyons at about three o'clock in the afternoon, following the course of the Rhone until we reached the heights of the Jërreaux, which it was necessary to cross, we hurried into a street opposite the bridge Moraud. When we had gone about half-way down the street, the drummer stopped. The end of the street which looked into the Place was filled with people and troops. I advanced in order to

ascertain the cause of the stoppage; the gendarmes called out to me something that I could not understand, and I replied by a gesture of impatience, to which they instantly paid attention. The drummers pressed through the crowd, and the head of my column advanced into the square, which we were to cross diagonally; but I then saw it was impossible to do so. It was the hour when the executions generally took place, and they lasted usually the whole afternoon. The place was crammed with people and troops, and the latter formed the square round the scaffold. The blade of the machine rose and fell with the regularity of a hammer on the anvil; and amid the mournful silence that prevailed, nothing was heard but the clashing of arms and the movement of horses' feet.

I turned towards the Commissioner, to consult on what was best to be done. He cried out: "Forward!" and advanced towards me. Seeing his scarf, the people made way for him, and we got close to the gendarmes, who surrounded the scaffold. Our presence caused some stir, and all eyes were turned towards us.

The commissioner advanced through the gendarmes, and made a sign to one of the men on the scaffold; while he was approaching, the Commissioner took the Curé from my side, and then gave him up to the man. Turning towards me, with a significant sneer, he then said, pointing in the direction of the horses: "You may return to your quarters." The ranks of the gendarmes closed up.

I hardly liked to imagine what could be the motive of this last act of the Commissioner. I went before my men, passing close to the troop by the side of the scaffold, and hearing the horrid preparations for the executions. At the end of the place, and just before quitting this terrible scene, curiosity tempted me to direct my eyes towards the scaffold. A long black figure, with white hair, was mounting the steps. I lowered my eyes, but raised them again in spite of myself. The head of the old Curé fell.

I turned towards my men; they had seen all, and understood all. They marched in silence, their eyes riveted on the ground. At this moment the Marseillais saluted our ears. "The rascals!" growled my old sergeant, who had been in the old regiment Auvergne. I never understood whether he was speaking of the executed or the executioners; but, as he was so old, and had such a respectable appearance

"What was the name of that man?" said I.

"What man?" said the Colonel.

"The Commissioner."

"I do not remember; I am not sure that I ever heard it."

"My God," said I, "how can such names ever be forgotten. They shed blood enough to have them inscribed in red on every monument in France."

"I have spoken to you of a priest," said the Colonel. "One day they guillotined on the same spot twelve religious and their chaplain, for having sung the psalms: that was the reason assigned. Another day, during the executions, a man in the crowd shrugged his shoulders, either from a feeling of horror or of pity: they took him, and dragged him on the scaffold, and his head was soon the companion of those he had seen fall."

* * * * *

Some months after the above was written, I passed through the city of Lyons. Pacing with musing steps through the Place des Terreaux, the preceding facts recurred to my recollection; and I observed on its mute walls the last traces of the axe of '93. The busy passers-by hurried along the causeway, hawkers were carrying their goods, young folk were reading the news at the café doors, a barrel-organ was playing a new Parisian air; all this recalled to my mind indistinctly this phrase from that immortal work, *Considerations sur la France*, with which it opens: "Our children will care but little for our sufferings, and will dance upon our graves."

A LETTER

FROM THE REV. S. VINCENT PARCLOSE, CURATE OF
N——, —SHIRE, TO BERNARD AUMBRIE,
ESQ., OF BONIFACE COLLEGE,
OXON.

N——, *Vigil of Remigius.*

MY DEAR AUMBRIE,—I have now been here for some six months, and have quietly settled down into an active, and, I hope, not an unprofitable Parish Priest, devoting my best endeavors to carry into effect those great Catholic principles which we imbibed together in the peaceful cloisters of St. Boniface.

The Church, dedicated to the blessed St. Winifrede, is a noble building of second-pointed architecture, with a well developed chancel and Sacrarium, but defaced in some parts by the introduction of late third-pointed work, and the traces of Protestant violence. The interior is terribly disfigured by pews.

The squire's pew is an enormous Jacobean structure, with a heavy canopy which completely blocks up one side of the chancel. I trust, however, in time, to make some wholesome alterations in this respect.

My Rector, Mr. M—, is a most worthy man, but quite one of the old school. I fear he has few ideas beyond Beveridge, Bull, and Hooker, and is totally destitute of all rubrical sympathies. I question much whether he knows the difference between an albe and a chasuble; he is, however, tolerably free from prejudice, and interferes very little in my plans.

The rector's daughters, however, and some other ladies in the parish, are deeply imbued with true Catholic spirit, and are of very great assistance to me. When I first arrived, I found that my little rooms had been appropriately fitted up, and Miss Ellen M— had, with her own hands, papered my study with some magnificent brass rubbings, most judiciously selected, and all of an early date. She is a very superior young lady, of most pleasing appearance, about eighteen years of age, and full of zeal for antiquity. I am going to-night to read to her an essay, written by me at her request, "On the propriety of enforced celibacy among the clergy of the Anglican Branch."

We have also a powerful auxiliary in the village apothecary, who is a thorough churchman, and possessed of indomitable resolution and energy. He is very popular among the ladies, who, with pleasant humor, call him "the seraphic doctor." I confess I find him a little inclined to be dictatorial, and too desirous of managing matters in his own way; but, with all his faults, he is a most valuable assistant, and one of the main promoters of the daily service, though his numerous avocations do not permit him to attend himself. This latter circumstance has given rise to an ill-natured remark on the part of some malicious persons, who say that, though he is continually parading his energy and activity in carrying out the Prayer-book, he is not often seen engaged in carrying it in; in other words, that he does not attend church very regularly; but this is scandal.

Our sisterhood, I am sorry to say, has had to be given up. The rector objected to his daughters wearing the proposed dress—serge robe and tippet, white cowl, cord, iron cross, and black hood over all—so that the poor are visited in a desultory manner by the ladies, undistinguished by any emblems of their *authoritative mission*.

We have established the daily offices of the Church most successfully, though at present only ladies attend them. I hope, before long, to get up a procession, though it will be attended with some difficulty, as, in consequence of the unfortunate rubric on the subject, we have nothing to carry. I have presented two large candlesticks to the church, which are happily allowed to stand on the super-altar, and I trust in a few years, if the times are favorable, to be permitted to light them.

I have persuaded the rector to omit the prayer before the sermon, and to diminish the duration of his discourses from forty minutes to a quarter of an hour, and the change has been effected without the slightest opposition on the part of the congregation; but they do not, strange to say, recognize the equal propriety of the introduction of the prayer for the Church militant, and the majority of them most irreverently leave their seats at its commencement.

On Easter-day, I obtained the rector's consent to place a pot or vessel of incense behind the sacristy-door. It would have been injudicious to have put it in a more conspicuous position, as it might have awakened the prejudices of the ignorant. I had, unfortunately, no recipe for making incense; so I directed the village chemist to prepare a composition of any fragrant and aromatic spices he might have by him, which I trusted would answer the purpose, but, I regret to say, the imitation was most unsuccessful, for some cayenne pepper had been improperly mixed with it. When lighted, the fumes were absolutely suffocating: the vessel was instantly removed, and every available window and door thrown open before the office could be proceeded with.

We have attempted wall-painting with some success, and have commenced a fresco over the sedilia on the south side of the chancel. We have no regular artists among us; but this is rather an advantage, as perspective, shading, and anatomical drawing would be quite inadmissible, and Miss Helen M—'s figures are most astonishingly similar to those of the thirteenth century. She has, indeed, drunk deeply of the mediæval fountains.

On the whole, I think the prospects of the Church, not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the country, are most gratifying to contemplate. I trust that, as we become more alive to the beauties of Catholic usage, and more zealous for antiquity, we shall wake a corresponding spirit in the people, and may gradually draw ourselves towards the holy

rn and Western Churches, and regain round we so unhappily lost at the dis- s Reformation.

rieve much to say that a Popish mission een established at N——, and that the uries of Rome are straining every nerve uce the children of the Church from their unce. A lady of my congregation, one e most active of my sisterhood, has un- ly fallen into their snares, I fear irre- bly. What makes it more unaccountable it she is possessed of great knowledge of iastical embroidery, and is quite an ity in church music, so that one would hought she would have appreciated the rdinary privileges she might have en- at St. Winifrede's. I in vain endeavored lain to her the fatal error of the step she out to take. In vain I showed her that were in France or Spain, the question be totally different, but that in England as bound to remain an Anglican, and that Roman Catholic, she would become geo- ically schismatical. She persisted in ing that the Catholic Church must of sity be universal, not local; and I was e to undeceive her: she was, in fact, ed that evening. I felt in duty bound, ore, to exercise the power of the keys, ed to me at my ordination, and the next y morning, I solemnly excommunicated om the altar, for which I have been pre- d to the Bishop by the senior church- n, who says I have no right to curse any xcept on Ash-Wednesday.

e spread of these heresies might be ed, and the English Church defended uch insidious attacks, if it were feasible ablish a church union, composed of the y of the diocese; but this is impracticable, e most lamentable difference of opinion ils in the surrounding parishes, and I een obliged to abandon the scheme. man is unsound on Baptism, another ts to the Athanasian creed; one vicar is rnoldite, and another a Zuinglian; two biding rectors are Calvinists, and a per- d curate is a disbeliever in eternal punish- s. The incumbent of the next parish openly preached against the doctrine of olical succession, and his curate has been d to speak slightly of antiquity. If all willing to agree in the great Catholic iple of submission to our bishop, we t obtain some settled unity by allowing to decide our differences, and yielding s judgment; but this, you know, is virtually

impossible, as, though a most estimable and worthy man, he entertains scruples, conscien- tious no doubt, concerning the Nicene creed.

I have established auricular confession, but none but ladies have at present availed them- selves of it. The rector's daughters are most regular in their attendance, and each lady has her stated evening. This evening is Miss Helen M's. I have to put the finishing stroke to the paper I am writing for her, on celibacy, which I mentioned before, so farewell for the present, and believe me to be, ever faithfully yours,
S. VINCENT PARCLOSE.

P.S.—DEAR A., I open my letter in haste to add a few lines by way of informing you that, since the conversation which I have had with Miss Helen M——, this evening, my views concerning the celibacy of the clergy, which were enunciated in the pamphlet I mentioned before, have been considerably modified. If our lot had been cast in those palmy days, when the doctrines of the church were dogmatically defined, and her discipline imperatively enforced, we might have had, perhaps, no choice in the matter; but in these unfortunate times, when her voice is silenced, and her arm fettered, we have no authority to appeal to, and are clearly left to act on our own discretion, and may perhaps display more humility by conforming to the usual order of things; nevertheless, I am so desirous of acting in all matters under the direction of my ecclesiastical superiors, that I shall lay the question before one, to whom, above all others, I owe canonical obedience, viz.—my rector, whom I shall consult on the subject to-morrow, and Miss Helen and myself will submit implicitly to his decision. I send you the pamphlet, as I do not think it will be of any further use to me.—Ever yours,

S. V. P.

A SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid tempta- tion, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow unless you can't possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

LINES SENT WITH A TWELFTH-CAKE.

As, in the constant dance of years,
 Gay Father Christmas still appears,
 And takes a parent's kind farewell,
 In Twelfth-night's joys and festival,—
 Ere books again your thoughts engage,
 Meet nurses of your tender age,
 Your hearts may ask, "What means this show?
 To what good genius do we owe
 The cake with each adornment due,
 King, queen, and all the motley crew?"
 Listen, while I the source unfold,
 Of pastime, drawn from custom old.

When He, the universal Lord,
 By highest heavenly hosts adored,
 Came to redeem His creature man
 From sin and sin's attendant pain,
 'Tis known, a stable poor he chose,
 There, humble first on earth to unclothe
 The eyes that look but to forgive,
 Whose dimmest beam bids rebels live.
 O'er all the East report had run,
 That He, the great Creator's Son,
 Should come to rule and bless the earth,
 And now was nigh His wondrous birth.
 To magian princes, men of grace,
 Who long'd to see their Saviour's face,
 A star, more beauteous than the sun
 When riding in his highest;
 Glittered along the heavenly
 Till over Bethlehem's vale it shone
 And pointed to the cradled God.
 The grateful chiefs their offerings bring
 To Him, their new-born Saviour-king,
 As on the breast of Mary mild,
 In lovely infancy he smiled;
 This was the scene made known of old,
 By sages and by bards foretold,
 When Christ should first to Gentile eyes
 Unveil the radiance of the skies.
 In mem'ry of the hallow'd deed,
 The Church a festival decreed:
 And, through the long and dreary age,
 When few could know the lettered page,
 And pictured forms, or scenic show,
 Taught the great truths 'tis life to know
 The magians' homage was portrayed
 By men in borrowed garb arrayed.
 The heavenly Babe, the Maiden blest,
 The stall, sole home by them possessed:
 The lewiny ox, the scattered straw,
 In show distinct our fathers saw.
 As learning broke through mental shade,
 The needless splendor soon decay'd;
 But, still was kept a record faint,
 In annual show of pictures quaint;
 And scenes erst acted 'fore their eyes,
 Now took their first and thin disguise
 Of painted stall, and Maid, and Child,
 The chiefs, the oxen couching mild,
 The gold and myrrh, a goodly show;
 Emblems of homage, paid below
 By grateful hearts, with goodness stored,
 To Heaven's incarnate Maker Lord.
 Soon fainter still the record grew:
 Vague and promiscuous scenes they drew,
 And sport his gay additions threw;
 And now spiced cake and pictured toys,
 To please sweet girls and rosy boys,
 Are all the traces that remain
 Of solemn show and stately train.
 Think not, dear boys, I mean to frown
 On harmless mirth in field or town:
 No; draw the lots, and eat the cake,
 And loud and long the joy partake.
 But, when the frolic scene is past,
 And all have romped and toy'd their last
 For twelve long months, at least, to come,—
 Then be each breast reflection's home.
 Think not your youth forbids to share
 In serious thought or holy care;
 But, when you seek the welcome bed,
 Ere yet you rest the weary head,
 Forget not, kneeling lowly down,
 Your God and Saviour I love to own;
 And ask of Him the mighty pow'r
 Who hears when children's lips implore,
 That He, who shone on Gentile eyes,
 May deign to bless you from the skies.

SIMPLICITY OF THE CREATION.

[COMMUNICATED: INSERTED AS AN INGENIOUS THEORY.]

Concise View of Mr. Adolph's New Theory of the Solar System, Thunderstorms, Waterspouts, &c., the Tides and Oxygen.

In the beginning God created heaven and earth, that is: He created substances, but *no forces*; forces, "*per se*," He could not create, because, *reposing or active*, they are *inherent to His Omnipotence*, to one of the attributes of God. Therefore, the exercise of an *abstract force* in nature, as for instance, the generally adopted centrifugal force of the earth can emanate from God direct only, and in a special manner, that is, He Himself it is who continually turns the earth round its own axis. God, however, rested on the seventh day of creation; and since thus, according to our conceptions, God does then only operate or act in a special and direct manner, when He suspends, abrogates, or supersedes those laws which, at the creation, He gave to nature, or when He creates, it follows, that there cannot exist any such powers or forces by themselves. These supposed forces exist only in imagination, because they are only *effects*, an *activity* of the Divine Omnipotence, or effects whose material causes are still unknown. For this reason, also, all assumptions of such abstract forces in nature are false, and consequently, also, the calculations founded upon them; for they are based upon an effect, upon an imaginary abstract power, but not upon a material cause. God, however, created *material causes, substances*, to which His wisdom and Omnipotence gave certain properties and powers, to which He attached effects; and, when in *nature* we perceive powers or forces, they do not directly emanate from God, but from the substances, the things, the *material causes which He created*.

Of all created substances, electricity, the slumbering light, seems to occupy the first rank. He divided this matter into positive and negative, and the one or the other gender penetrates and unites, more or less, with every other substance, ponderable and imponderable. From these two proceed light and warmth, expansion and contraction, attraction and repulsion, motions. The whole creation in its immeasurable expanse, is filled with positive electricity. Within this universal globe of positive electricity, all the heavenly systems are moving round a centre, and most probably round our own solar system. Every solar system has its own solar atmosphere, in which

the planets, belonging to the system, are moving in regular order and in undeviable orbits. The positive electricity accumulates round all heavenly bodies, as round the cylinder of an electrical machine. This accumulation is greatest round the suns, and shows itself as a burning body, as an electric light, according to the same laws which produce lightning of every kind and the Aurora Borealis. By this accumulation the solar systems repel each other like so many electrified pithballs, and thus is caused an *Universal Systemal Repulsion*. All the planets are attracted by the sun, in whose system they revolve forward, and the moons are attracted by the planets in whose sphere they float. Thus, besides "*Universal Systemal Repulsion*," there is but a "*solar*" and a "*planetary*," but not an "universal gravitation," which keeps the heavenly bodies mutually in their paths and positions.

The heavenly bodies themselves, including the solid bodies of the suns, are filled with *negative electricity*, according to their size, density, and the place and purpose assigned to them by their Creator; they have an interior electric organisation, a heart, veins, and arteries; and, as blood pervades the human body in the most minute parts, so are they moreover thoroughly penetrated with the electric matter. The crust, the shell of our earth, harmoniously entwined with the most variegated materials, holds the electric element in bond, though it seeks to break its fetters and burst the walls of its prison; and this is manifested by earthquakes, shocks, and volcanic eruptions. The sun warms the earth and planets; by this means the nonconducting air is warmed and expanded, the earth perspires, and negative electricity is liberated; by the aid of conductors, of grass, shrubs, trees, and mountains, the liberated electricity rises in streams and volumes into the upper air, and in the phenomena of lightning, waterspouts, and the Aurora Borealis, unites with the positive electricity of the upper regions, accumulated there in the clouds in the case of thunderstorms and waterspouts. The fire-veil of the sun, at a corresponding distance from the solid body of the sun, is produced in the same manner, by the union of the negative electricity within, with the positive electricity without.

The electric inflection of the planets, the more and more attenuated and elastic envelopes, or oceans of matter, which far beyond our atmosphere of air embraces our

earth as with a web, alone render it possible, that they are borne and wafted along by the indescribably thin and elastic atmosphere of the sun, and that they move therein with inconceivable rapidity, according to the same laws by which balloons without number float in our atmosphere, with this difference only, that like moons, balloons do not revolve round their own axis.

The rotation of the planets, if we take our earth as a pattern, comes from this, that the sun shines always upon one half of it. On this heated half of our globe, particularly round the girdle of the equator, the air is expanded, the negative electricity within the earth set in motion, and partly liberated. Towards this excited negative side, the mid-day side of the earth, flows from the positive, the mid-night side of the earth, in its spiral course, in its spiral circulation, the electric current within; and as the flow of this current through the conducting and non-conducting masses of the earth, within the crust, the periphery of the solid body of the earth, is unceasing, particularly round the belt of the equator; and as, moreover, the rapidity and power of electricity is of that kind, that at the earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, its effect was felt in three parts of the world at the same time: it is capable of turning the earth with ease round its own axis, whilst the evaporation of electricity from the opaque body of the sun, by its union with the positive electricity of the upper sphere produces the veil of fire; this luminous envelope, this fire-veil of the sun, reacts again upon the solid body; and the large black spots upon the sun, thousands of miles in extent, serving as breaks of contact, turns him also with ease round his own axis.

The axis of the earth, like those of the planets, are *horizontal*, and at the times of equinox perfectly parallel with the equally horizontal axis of the sun. As by Divine arrangement and organization the sun revolved from west to east *when he enkindled his light*, so the planets followed in his train, and revolved round him in the same direction; and in consequence of the interior organization of the planets, the spiral circulation of the interior negative electric current, their north and south poles, the sun at one time attracts the one, and at another time the other pole, so that our earth in one year undergoes two oscillations. This disturbs but very little the present arbitrary adoption of the inclination ecliptic, the position of the earth in regard to the sun and to the ecliptic, and explains the seasons in the

most simple manner, whereas until now they have not been able to be explained except by anomalies, and by the most arbitrary, however ingenious, assumptions. For, according to the present universally accepted theory, without cause, except the *direct agency of God*, without reason, and against a law of nature, the earth always revolves at angles with its line of progression, whereas it should revolve in the direction of its path; and it is only by hook and crook, to account for the seasons, that the earth is made to dance stooping upon its south pole, forwards, sideways, backwards, sideways, and forwards again, whilst, according to the very same theory, which adopts afresh an irregular in a straight line, and a deviation from this straight line by the attraction of the sun, the earth ought to move round the attracting body, round the sun, as a bird would do, or an arrow shot off, head, point, or north pole always in advance. The present theory, moreover, holds, singularly enough, that the earth moves within an *empty space*, in a *creation* which, according to this, would, in its greatest extent, be no creation at all; for, where there is *nothing*, there is also no creation; and among those who imagine *empty spaces* in creation, spaces where there is *nothing created*, there are perhaps many who set no limit to the created world, to the creation; who hold it to be *infinite* like God, and who will not hear of an *exterior* to the creation, filled by God only from eternity to eternity.

Into the empty spaces, within which the earth is said to move round the sun, God pushed it, according to the present theory, in a straight line, because, however, to all appearances, *His will* was not sufficient in empty space to produce a curve, or to make a bended line out of the straight one; He first deposited the abstract power of attraction into the sun, that he might draw away the earth from its straight path; otherwise it would have had to travel in *endless* line to all eternity, and never have been able to turn off and revolve round the sun. *Did God, however, give the push at all? And to the planets only?*

My new theory supersedes all these assumptions, and solves every anomaly and difficulty, and *must on that account be true*; it explains, moreover, the rotation of the earth's axis, the inclination of the elliptic, the elliptical orbits of the planets, and even the diversities of the seasons in various years, though the latter will most likely have to be ascribed more particularly to the oscillations of the sun himself.

The procession of the equinox proves, that

during the two oscillations to which our earth is subject in a year, it does not make a complete revolution round the sun within that time; or, if the revolution be complete, that all the heavenly systems move eastward round their common centre, round our own solar system.

The moon, if ever she was a planet, which I do not believe, presents, at all events, the appearance of an exhausted one; the crust which confined the electric element is cracked and rent asunder far and wide; for this reason, she does not revolve round her own axis, but floats, like a ship on the sea, round our earth, on one of the upper oceans of our sphere, on which she exercises a double pressure, that of her specific gravity, and that of her progressive motion. This pressure acts upon our atmosphere of air, and this again produces the tides, according to the same laws by which a ship moving on a canal causes an accumulation of water in front, and another accumulation at a somewhat greater distance behind, driving at the same time the water up at the shore. If the ship on the canal, like the moon round the earth, were going round a globe of proportionate size, there would be high water before and behind the ship, and low water immediately underneath as well as on the opposite side.

The envelope, or ocean, which immediately above our atmosphere of air surrounds our earth, is oxygen, in its natural state lighter than air. On coming down it unites with the heaviest, yet undetected portion of nitrogen, carbon, or with the metallic solutions which fill our air, and thus easily sinks down to us with uninterrupted regularity. For this reason also, according to the analyses of scientific men, it remains heavier than the air from which it has been separated. In the state in which we breathe it, it does not, *per se*, appear to be contained in the air, the water, or the earth; and, as regards its gravity, it is more difficult to explain how, against the law of gravitation, it rises in undiminished proportion to the extreme height of our atmosphere of air, than to find a reason for its gravity and its coming down to us.

The details of the new theory are in progress of arrangement for publication.

FAITH.—Faith is required no less by art than by religion. A man without faith may be cunning and clever for a time, but never truly wise, and never a great benefactor to his species.

REVOLUTIONS.—Revolutions are often the utterance of some one long-felt truth in the minds of men neglected by rulers.

A PASSAGE FROM THE TALES OF
SAINTHOOD.

HERE are few cities which surpass Prague in grandeur of appearance as it is viewed from its old stone bridge of sixteen arches. The houses rise, tier above tier, from the banks of the Moldau ; and then the everlasting hills take up the prospect. No stranger can enjoy this prospect, at a favorable season of the year, without saying to himself, " This ought to be the capital of an independent kingdom."

And so indeed it was till the early part of the sixteenth century, since which time it has formed an appendage to the empire of the wide-encroaching House of Austria. Bohemia still ranks immediately after Hungary among the great members of this union, and possesses the following remarkable privilege. Although its crown is hereditary in the imperial family of Austria, yet, in case of the extinction of this dynasty, the right to choose a king is vested in the Bohemian estates ; that is to say, in the clergy, high nobility, knights, and burgesses.

The ancient glories of Prague have been succeeded by a considerable modern position as regards commercial advantages. The rapid Moldau, which falls into the Elbe, about thirty miles below the city, secures for it facility of transport, farther advanced by roads and railway. But our present business is with that olden time when the river was its only great channel of communication.

It was pretty far on in the night of May 16th, 1383, (which day was that year the Vigil of the Ascension), that a sight was seen on that river which arrested the steps, and absorbed the attention, of all passers-by. The straggling passengers on the noble bridge were seen crowding to one side of it, and eagerly gazing on the water ; while all who were proceeding along its banks, as well as several who had reached their homes, having heard a stir and hum outside, had rushed to their windows, were eagerly bending forward their heads and necks, and many of them clasping their hands in wild surprise, as at something terrific and unprecedented.

This remarkable appearance was as follows. A bright flame was observed to dance, or rather float, upon the water about the centre of the stream. The length of the luminous body was about six feet, and its breadth about two : so that, had it been seen on the land instead of

the river, it might have been taken for one of those corpee-lights said to be produced by the rapid decomposition of a body, when the gas which it gives out happens to take fire, or in any other way become phosphoric.

Among the many spectators of this unusual appearance was the good Empress Jane, daughter of Albert of Bavaria, and who had been early married to Wenceslas, the son and successor of Charles IV. She immediately ran to her royal husband, acquainted him with what she had seen, and inquired what could be the occasion of it. Instead of answering her, he stared like one distracted, and ran wildly from her presence and from the town without a single attendant. In fact, his guilty conscience told him too plainly the meaning of the supernatural light. Half an hour before its appearance, the waters had been stained by a most abominable and sacrilegious murder, and that by his orders. John of Nepomuc, his court-preacher, had long endeavored in vain to touch the stubborn and sensual heart of the Emperor Wenceslas. Like Herod, indeed, the monarch had " heard him gladly," and made some show of being impressed by the salutary truths he delivered. He had even offered him ecclesiastical preferment of great value, which the holy man refused, accepting only the office of royal almoner, which he discharged in the most edifying and beneficial manner. The Empress, charmed with his virtues, chose him for her spiritual director. And here it was that the way was opened for his martyrdom. The increased piety of Jane, after she had made the above choice, and had time to profit by the lessons and example of her new confessor, greatly provoked her brutal husband, who now added jealousy to his other faults. The thought struck him, that by tampering with John he might discover something in the Empress to confirm his suspicions. Thinking that no priest, especially of the court, would dare to resist an Emperor, he in time came openly to demand information as to the matter of the Empress's confessions. In spite of John's earnest remonstrances, Wenceslas secretly determined that either the disclosure should be made, or the holy almoner should perish. And an occasion soon offered of beginning the persecution. For remonstrating against a horrible instance of cruelty on the part of the Emperor, John was confined for several days in one of the dungeons belonging to the palace, and some of which extended below the bed of the river. " There," thought the tyrant, " his zeal will cool, and I

shall bend him to my will." With this view, after in vain letting him know that compliance was the only condition of his obtaining freedom, he changed his tone, and sent a friendly message, to the effect that he was expected to be present next day at a court banquet, where honor would be done him before the denizens of the palace and the chief nobility. This promise was abundantly realized, in order to soften the heart of the saint. A private interview followed, at which the detestable solicitation was renewed. "I do but ask you," said the tyrant, "to tell to me, her husband, who have the best right to know, what are the principal sins confessed to you by the Empress; your compliance shall ensure you every thing you can desire; your refusal shall as certainly be followed by the most dreadful tortures, and by such a disgraceful death as your disobedience will well deserve." From that moment the saint made up his mind to martyrdom. Attempting, in vain, to convince the Emperor, and bring him to reason, he was hurried back to his dungeon, racked, burnt, and otherwise tormented. Nor, when the Empress had obtained him liberation, and some favor, did he ever allow himself to suppose that he was to survive this crisis. On the contrary, the following was the tenor of his secret devotions:—
 "O Lord, my Almighty Friend and Protector, whence is this grace to Thy poor servant, that he should have the inexpressible glory of being the first martyr for the inviolable sacredness of the seal of confession? Even so, rather because it has seemed good in Thy sight, strengthen me, then, unto death; and let my name be the watchword to many a poor and lowly priest in ages yet to come, when he may be tempted to that of which Thou knowest I abhor the thought, and, for refusing which, I have already suffered, and am prepared, joyfully, to suffer more. And you, O saints of former times, pray for me in my trial. Glorious Ambrose, who didst stand at bay against Theodosius, and make thy crossier stronger than his sceptre! invincible Thomas of Canterbury, who didst so meekly bow thy head to the murderous ministers of the Norman tyrant, assist me by your prayers, and add me to your number." While such was the current of his private thoughts, in the pulpit (he now preached more than ever), he was bold and prophetic. One of his last sermons was from those words of our Lord—"A little time and you shall not see me." "Rapt into future times," he foretold the coming judgments on Bohemia:

the rise of the Hussite heresy, and the long train of wars and tumults it was to occasion. Returning from a visit to a famous image of Our Lady, he was observed by the Emperor from a window of the palace. In a fit of passion he sent for him immediately, and gave him his choice between compliance and present death. The answer was simply a bowing of the head, expressing his readiness for the latter. The Emperor ordered him to be thrown into the river as soon as twilight should be ended. The impious order was executed; and, no sooner had his pure and resolute soul taken its flight to heaven, than a token of his immediate glorification was given in the bright light we have already described. While the Emperor, as we have said, struck with horror and remorse (alas! there was no *repentance*), abandoned his city and court, the news of the miracle rapidly spread, and the confessions of the executioners explained it. The body, thus wonderfully revealed, was taken up by the dignified clergy, borne to the nearest church, and venerated by the multitude. In defiance of the imperial orders, it was soon buried in the cathedral, and a most full, minute, and honorable inscription engraven over it. This epitaph is still legible. Numerous miracles were vouchsafed in honor of the saint's intercession; his persecutor was at length deposed, and his death-bed showed no signs of grace. The tomb of the saint was miraculously defended against heretical spoilers; and, when it was opened, more than three hundred years after his death, his tongue was found uncorrupted. All Bohemia, indeed, had venerated him as a saint from the time of his death; but he was not solemnly canonized till the early part of last century. Of the three fairs annually frequented at Prague, one is called the fair of St. John of Nepomuc, the invincible martyr, the heroic defender of the seal of confession.

IDEAS.—The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious! He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

PAIN.—Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles hope and a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

No. 1.—THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN DURING THE EARLIER AGES.



ONE of the most intellectual men now living said in the true spirit of this presumptuous age, that "History is of no more value than an old Almanac." This is a bold and clever, but is it a true saying? Is it reasonable to assert that we, who have the gift of memory as well as those of will and understanding, should find no use for that which is the

first, and generally the strongest of the three powers? And is it not the selfish principle which would counteract the right use of these, and would persuade us to consider all things as centering in utility; and, therefore, is it not one step above this selfishness to ask what relates to our fellow-creatures, and especially our own ancestors?

The present state of England is that of a busy, powerful nation, and the buildings and produce are those of wealth and luxury. Was it always thus? How came it to be thus?—And sometimes enquiring persons find remains of antiquity which do not belong to anything we now use, and it is but natural to ask, who built these? There is no one, however stupid or ignorant, who could see Stonehenge without asking what people have raised those vast and shapeless stones on the open plain?—and he would be told by the people in the neighborhood that the stones have been there for hundreds of years, that there is no stone like them in the neighborhood, and that the people who brought them there must have been powerful and intelligent; and some one who read history might tell him that these were piled in a circle by the Druids, who lived for years before the Christian era, on this very soil we tread. It is quite true that this rich and cultivated England was then the abode of uncivilized tribes. It was covered with forests, there were no towns, nor bridges, nor corn, nor cattle; the first inhabitants came across the sea in little open boats, and lived by hunting stags and wild boars and bears, and they learnt by degrees to milk the wild cattle which grazed in the open pastures. These men could neither read nor write: they listened, as the North American Indians do now, to the aged or the venerable, and those whom they respected as such were called the Druids. These Druids did not teach idolatry, for they had

learnt in the East, which was their native country, something of the religion of Abraham. They taught that there is one God who rewards virtue and punishes vice; but they knew no more than this. They had never heard what His law is, nor how those who break it may be restored to His favor; and the Devil abused their ignorance, and led them to satisfy their guilty consciences by sacrificing men in those rude temples of stone which remain, as it has been said, "An enigma and a wonder." There were, also, bards, who were listened to by those who desired to learn something above the things they saw around them, and some of our English poets describe them with more splendor than they probably deserved. Mason, in his *Caractacus*, says—

"Yonder grots
Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning 'immortal' strains."

It must be remembered that Britain was peopled at different times and by different tribes, some from the North, some from the South of Asia. That colony which came from Asia Minor, about the time of the taking of Troy, though they were, like other Gentiles, ignorant of the law of God, yet they did not believe the superstitions of the Celts and their Druids, and they had kings and cities, and something like national governments. It was at this period, which was more than one thousand years before the Christian era, that there were kings whose names yet belong to rivers and countries, and whose legendary history has afforded subjects for the best English poets. As an instance of these ancient names, that of Britain is derived from Brutus, who is said by the British historians to have led a colony from Troy to the south coast of this island, and built Troynovant, as London was formerly called. One of his sons was Lochrine, who gave his name to a district now forgotten, but another was Camber, from whom Cambria was named, and another Albanact, from whom Scotland was called Albania. Lochrine slew a king of the Huns, called Humber, near the river which bears that name, and his daughter Sabrina was drowned in the river whose name is now altered into that of Severn. Milton says of her in *Comus*—

"Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilome, she was the daughter of Lochrine
That had the sceptre from his father Brute;
The guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged step-dame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course."

Several towns were now built in the most suitable places, as York, Dumbarton, Carlisle, Canterbury, and Winchester; and King Bladud built Caerlud at the hot springs of Bath. It was Leir, whose name is made so familiar to us by Shakespeare, who built Kair Lece, or Leicester. The British historians relate that when he asked his eldest daughter how much she loved him, she replied more than her life. The second said she loved him more than all creatures; but Cordelia, the youngest, said she loved him as her duty required. The two elder daughters possessed the kingdom, but Cordelia had nothing. She was so lovely and so gentle that she was chosen, though without a dowry, by the King of Gaul, to be his Queen, and when her elder sisters drove out their aged father to perish in the wilds, she received him with filial devotion. Shakespeare describes the entreaties of the helpless Leir to Goneril:

"If you do love old men; if your meek away
Allow obedience; if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part—

And when he is exposed on the heath to the fury of the elements:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have ta'en
Too little care of this!"

It is recorded by Milton, in his history of England, that when King Beli and his brother Brennus were about to fight, their mother, after "embracements and tears, assails Brennus with such a motherly power, and the mention of things so dear and revered" as irresistibly wrung from him his enmity against Beli, and he turned his arms against Italy, where his name is famous as having led the Goths to the foot of the Capitol at Rome. Beli afterwards built a town on the Usk, where is now Caerlleon, and a wonderful gate at Troynovant, in a part of London, which yet bears the name of Belin's-gate, as Ludgate is named from Lud, one of his successors, who also made a causeway from Menevia (or St. David's) to Southampton, which was crossed by another from Cornwall to Caithness. There is a beautiful instance of the domestic virtues in the reign of Elidure, King of Northumberland, which has been dramatized by a lady. The story is shortly this:—King Archillego was for his bad conduct deprived of his crown, and his brother Elidure the Pious, reigned in his stead. One day, when he was hunting in a forest in the North of England, the King met his exiled brother. He took him

to his royal city, Alclud (now Dumbarton) on the Clyde, and there feigning sickness, he introduced his nobles, one by one, into his chamber, and made them swear allegiance to his brother, whom he accordingly restored to the throne:—

"Bright was the promise of their early youth;
Archillego was ardent and courageous,
Impetuous, not implacable, his nature:
But Elidure was all a mother's soul
In its proud fancy's fondest dream could frame."

And after all his sufferings, Elidure says:—

"Yes we will note it as a tale gone by,
Yet full of matter for our future warning,
Thou shalt instruct me how calamity
Tutors the soul. I knew that it would make thee
The wisest, purest, best of human kind."

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

GLORY.—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine; the honor of destroying your species, and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

GOLD.—Dead earth, for which men sacrifice life and lose heaven.

GRATITUDE.—A lively sense of future favors.

GRAVE.—The gate through which we pass from the visible to the invisible world.

HAPPINESS.—The health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise. They who would attain it otherwise may search for the word *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

HEAD.—A bulbous excrescence, used for hanging a hat on, taking snuff with, shaking, or nodding; or as a target, which they who know its value offer to be shot at for a shilling a day.

HEALTH.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

HERO.—A wholesale man-butcher.

HEARSE.—The triumphal car in which bones and dust proceed in state to their final palace—the grave.

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

LARK.—The matin chorister that first sets the light of heaven to music.

LOAN.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

MILK (London).—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

MISANTHROPE.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

NO. I.—THE BLIND ASYLUM.

"RELIGION," says the Abbé Bez, "has a consolation for every sorrow—a solace for every species of suffering, a remedy for every ailment; what she cannot cure she at least alleviates; she breathes the sweet words of resignation and of hope into the ears of the unhappy sufferers; she presses them to her heart, she warms them in her bosom, she tends them as her own dear children."

The truth of the pious Abbé's words, viewed as a Christian theory, no professing Christian would venture to deny; the probability or even the possibility of the practical exemplification of their truth would to most Englishmen appear Utopian.

Protestantism talks much of the consolations of religion, but as a rule refers its children each to his own reflections, or to the pages of a corrupted Bible, there to seek as best he may these consolations for himself. It is loud in its admiration of the beauty of Charity, yet in its works of benevolence, stupendous as in this country they sometimes are, it proceeds with a fixity of system, a calm calculation of practical results, a rigid economy of good works, which utterly destroy to Catholic eyes all that in Charity is most beautiful and most holy. We would not say that the sublime spirit of self sacrifice has never manifested itself in a Protestant breast; we speak not of individuals but of a system. We deny not the noble acts and generous thoughts of the many glorious though perverted minds whose biography illuminates the gloomy pages of Protestant history, but we deplore the nature of the system which, though it boasts of them as of its ornaments, had no part in producing them, and whose stony coldness simply failed to chill the fire of their own warm hearts.

No! if we wish to see what are the real practical effects of Christian Charity, it is not in proud and wealthy England that we must seek them—hospitals, almshouses, dispensaries, and other splendid foundations for the relief of the poor, she has in abundance, and managed too, with a skill that does credit to a nation of shrewd and calculating merchants; but if we look for those evidences of self-sacrifice, those marks of brotherly love and sympathising forgetfulness of self which are the most sublime distinctions of God-like Charity, she is eclipsed, with all her magnifi-

cence, by the most wretched principality, or by the most despotic empire in which Catholicity holds sway over the hearts of the people.

We do not now refer to the holy ministrations of the Priest, the pious words of consolation, the loving words of admonition, and far beyond all, the holy and all-sufficient Sacraments, which make the sufferings of earth seem light by raising the mind to the contemplation of the joyful glories of Heaven. We content ourselves with referring, for the justification of our bold assertion, to such works of mercy as are more intelligible to those who see no good but that of which the results are directly manifested on earth. We point with loving reverence and with grateful pride to the countless hosts of Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph, and other religious women, toiling with unremitting patience, and with untiring activity—solacing the sorrows of all who come within their reach—as attentive to the most loathsome as to the most interesting—as cheerful with the most restless and ungrateful as with the most resigned and the most thankful. We feel that we do nothing when we point to the hospitals and infirmaries of Catholic countries, though inferior in no respect to those of England, and infinitely superior to them in the comfort and kindness resulting from the presence of religious nurses; but in spite of ourselves we almost yield to the impulses of pride when we look upon their hospitals for incurables, their Magdalen Asylums, their successful reformatories for young criminals of both sexes, their houses of refuge and laboratories for criminals of maturer years. To attempt a catalogue of the noble works which Catholic charity has founded with success for the alleviation of the miseries of humanity would keep us too long from our immediate duty, suffice it to say, that on the Continent of Europe the enquiring observer may find in active operation some work for the remedy of every evil which the infirmity of human nature or the persevering malevolence of our great enemy has entailed upon our race. Among the Catholics of England the same spirit of Christian Charity of course exists: it is inseparable from their Holy Faith, though in the hearts of many it seems sadly chilled by the cold atmosphere around it. It is exercised, however, amidst the restraints and confinement of countless obstacles to its natural development. The great bulk of the Catholic population is hopelessly poor, the number of our priests and religious is miserably disproportion-

tionate to the amount of the labor they are obliged to undertake, and the watchful jealousy of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, excited by the incredible misrepresentations of a certain portion of their so-called pastors, clogs and impedes our every action. The years are few since the removal of the penal laws has permitted us to give any public scope to our religious feelings; and yet, in spite of the difficulties to which we have just referred, in spite of the necessity under which we lay of expending a very great portion of our means in building churches to supply the places of the stately edifices of which the ruthless injustice of a tyrant had unscrupulously deprived us, England is already giving abundant proof that no persecution can stifle the Church of God, no pressure of poverty can destroy the Charity of her children.

In every corner of the land are rising buildings devoted to works of Catholic charity; and it is our intention, from time to time, to call the attention of our readers to some of those which ornament our own town.

We begin with the Blind Asylum,—not because it is the oldest, nor because it is the most important, but simply because we must begin with something; and as a Bazaar will in a few days take place for the benefit of this Asylum, the time appears to us an appropriate one for giving to our readers some idea of its nature, its merits, and its claims.

The Catholic Blind Asylum of Liverpool—the only *Catholic* blind asylum, we believe, in the United Kingdom—was established in the year 1841. The importance of the charity, and the activity and zeal of its originators, among whom our late revered Vicar-general, the Very Rev. Dr. Youens, held a prominent position, secured for the infant institution a fair amount of public support, and even obtained for it some liberal donations. But the path of its early progress was beset with difficulties; here no devoted religious were to be found to guide its tottering steps, and lead it to that height of efficiency invariably attained by good works under the care of those whose sole business in life is to labor for the poor for the love of God. The details of its management were of necessity entrusted to persons who undertook the task for a stated remuneration, and who were directed and controlled therein by a committee, whose members could devote to its welfare only such time as could be spared from employments to which it was their duty in the first place to attend. Want of experience in such works, and want both of time and money, for a while

prevailed against zeal and good will. The pressure of an increasing debt weighed heavily upon it, and its committee were induced almost to despair of its ultimate success. Its Very Rev. President, Dr. Youens, however, was not to be daunted; an earnest appeal made by him to the whole diocese, and a most opportune legacy from the late Mr. Dillon gave the means of at least temporary relief from the most urgent claims. Only a small portion of the legacy was ever received, but the hopes of the committee were revived, their courage was restored. They had acquired some experience; they made some improvements; they had the good fortune to procure the services of a matron who had previously occupied a position of a somewhat similar nature, and who organized a complete course of work and diet, and introduced into the management of the household a system at once economical and efficacious. Her valuable services were not long available; she received a more lucrative appointment elsewhere, and was succeeded by her relation, the present matron, a lady who, though not a member of a religious order, evidently acts from the high motive which best secures success. She has performed the duties of her important office, almost without intermission, since 1844; she has sacrificed much, both as regards health and comfort, in her assiduous care of the pupils and by her constant attention to their wants in sickness, and her unremitting kindness at all times has justly entitled herself to their gratitude and their love.

The institution, since its establishment, has, in all, given shelter and instruction to sixty-two blind persons, of whom twenty-eight are still enjoying the shelter of its roof. Of these nineteen are of the male and nine of the female sex. The whole of the inmates, of both sexes, are instructed in some useful art, according to their respective tastes and abilities.

The men and boys produce large quantities of baskets in every variety of form, fire-screens, cradles, chairs, and other articles of wickerwork, thread-mats, chain-rope mats, cocoa-fibre mats, wool hearth-rugs and fancy door-rugs. They weave also from coir-yarns a very durable and useful species of carpeting. The girls are chiefly employed in knitting and the various descriptions of wool-work, and one of them, by the assistance of a machine, manufactures an excellent sash cord. A large assortment of the various products of the industry of the blind is always exposed for sale in the shop attached to the institution in St. Anne-street, and orders for any article not found in stock are always

romptly executed. Many of the blind possess considerable taste for music, which is cultivated under the care of skilful teachers, and on every Wednesday afternoon, from two to three o'clock, a little concert is given, to which all who make a small purchase in the shop are admitted. The pupils provide from among their number a choir for St. Joseph's Church, and organists for that of Holy Cross and the Institute.

Of course, in a Catholic institution, the most important of all instruction, is that having for its object the attainment of eternal happiness, and the inmates have the good fortune to enjoy in this respect the advantages arising from the care of the Sisters of Mercy, and of the Very Rev. President of the Committee.

The revenues of the institution are derived from various sources; a small remuneration is received from the churches already named for the musical services described; concerts are, with the kind assistance of the musical teachers, from time to time given, not only in Liverpool, but also occasionally in the neighboring towns, and have hitherto been attended with satisfactory results. The sale of the articles manufactured is steady, though not so extensive as could be wished, nor as the good quality of the articles themselves deserves. At the commencement of each year a bazaar takes place at the Asylum, when the accumulated stock of the shop, and a variety of fancy articles generally contributed on such occasions by charitable ladies, are disposed of. In addition to these, annual subscriptions are received to the amount of about one hundred and fifty pounds.

The whole of these sources of income combined are not, however, sufficient to meet the expenses of the institution, if efficiently conducted on its present scale, and debt had once more commenced to weigh heavily upon it. When last year his lordship, the Bishop of Liverpool, caused collections to be made for it throughout his diocese, and so rescued it from the impending danger.

The doors of the Asylum are open to the poor and blind of all parts of the United Kingdom, and a considerable portion of its present inmates are not natives of Liverpool; yet beyond the limits of our own town it receives comparatively little assistance except on the occasions of the concerts, to which reference has already been made.

Some few kind friends it has who remember its necessities, even when far removed from the scene of its good works. It has received orders for mats from the West Indies and from

Germany; it has received donations from distant countries and from the United States; but away from its own immediate vicinity, the universality of its charity seems to be better known to those who need its help, than the consequent universality of its claims seems to be remembered by those capable of assisting it.

THE WORK OF THE PATRONAGE: WHAT IS IT?

The Patronage! *The work of the Patronage!* What is this *Patronage*? What is this *work*, of which we have heard so much as being the surest obstacle to oppose to the terrible dangers which menace, and the unhappy falling off, which every one deplures, among our Catholic youth? So said we to ourselves, as we turned over the pages of the little manual which we had purchased to serve as our guide to the different charitable institutions of Paris, and our eye rested upon these words, *Work of the Patronage of the Children of St. Vincent of Paul*. We were determined to see and judge for ourselves. The same day saw us at the door of one of the houses of the Patronage indicated in our guide-book, that situated in the Rue de Regaud, No. 14.

Finding M. M——, the Director, engaged in the reception of a young aspirant to the tender care and watchful guardianship of the Patronage, we occupied ourselves in examining the general aspect of the room into which we had been ushered, which let us into some of the secrets of the house.

The room was large, and adorned on one side with a little altar of Our Blessed Lady, tastefully decorated. The walls, moreover, are ornamented with painted representations of the saints who are honored as the patrons of the various trades and professions; St. Joseph is there for the carpenters; St. Luke, for the painters; St. Hubert, for the gunners; St. Martin, for the printers; and so of the rest. Below each of these again was the name of some pious and virtuous Christian, who had sanctified that state by his holy life, and who was proposed to the apprentices as a model for their imitation in that particular path of life. But allow us, patient reader, to present you with a document, which, in the absence of pen, ink, and paper we took the liberty to transcribe into the tablets of our memory, and we trust it will present as pleasing a picture to your mind as it did to

ours. It was written in a youthful hand, and attached to one of the pillars which supported the roof.

GREAT FEAST.—ROSARY SUNDAY.

10 A.M.—Arrival at the house. Recreation. Conferences of the Monitors.

12 A.M.—Mass.

1 P.M.—Lunch at the house. Receipts for the Savings' Bank.

2 P.M.—Instruction and Benediction.

3 P.M.—Conferences on the Visiting of the Sick.

3½ P.M.—Gymnastics.

4 P.M.—Recreation in the Gardens of the Luxembourg.

5½ P.M.—Return to the house. Evening Prayers. Distribution of good marks. Return of the children to their parents and masters.

N.B.—Confessions will be heard by the Father Director of the Patronage on the Saturday Evening and Sunday Morning, for those who purpose to honor the Feast of Our Blessed Lady by approaching to the Holy Sacrament.

A GRAND LOTTERY

will be held in the course of the evening of the Feast. All will be winning numbers, and will entitle the fortunate holder to the possession of some article valuable in regard to taste, amusement, or utility.

We had but time to cast our eyes upon another paper suspended from the walls, containing the names of all the millionaires of the Savings' Bank, from the holders of 250f. (£10), to the happy possessors of 25 centimes (2½d), when we were summoned into the presence of Monsieur, the (lay) Director of the Patronage.

We will not speak to you of the good deeds, the devotedness, the self-sacrifice, and withal, the humility and simplicity of this veritable child of St. Vincent, nor will we even mention his name for fear of shocking his modesty, should these lines fall under his eye, we will confine ourselves to setting down in a few words the substance of the information with which he favored us, and which we gathered from our own observation, on the "Work of the Patronage."

The Patronage, then, is that noble work of charity which receives under its maternal care the young boy growing up into youthdom, with his rising passions and his opening intelligence, and his inconstant and unguarded heart—which receives him at a moment when the devil and the world are beginning to claim him as their own, and hem him in with snares and perils of all sorts, at an age when he is least able to detect and defeat them—which adopts him at the very time when his earthly parents too often prove inefficient for their responsible charge, and are forced bitterly to complain that they can no longer manage and

control him. But then it is that God, Father of the orphan, and of him who is as high as destitute as the fatherless, inspi into the hearts of certain pious, heroic, self-sacrificing young men the generous reaction of devoting not only their alms, but w is far more, their time of innocent amusem and recreation, and their energies, to the no work of rescuing from the universal corrupt which threatens to involve them, the cheris youth of God's Church, the hope of the press the fathers of the future generation. T meet together to concert their plans of ope tion, or if it be, as generally it is among members of the Conference of St. Vincen Paul that the idea has had its birth, arrangements are made by the committee management, and proposed at the next meet to the acceptance of the members. A ho is rented, one if possible with a play-gro attached, which may serve as a place of res of recreation, and instruction for the yo protégés of the Patronage. One of the m convenient rooms is fitted up as a chapel, some zealous priest desired to undertake spiritual direction of the house. A director is also appointed, whose duty it is be ever on the spot upon the days of meeti and at stated times during the week for reception of new members, the apprenticing old ones, in a word, for the transaction of general business of the Patronage. This is most important office, and requires particu qualifications. To the Director it belongs arrange the whole programme of the d proceedings, the prayers, the games, the wal the fêtes, &c., and not only that, but to ke the whole going on to the satisfaction and pr of all parties concerned, Assisted by otl pious and devoted young men, he mixes with young, joins in their games, encourages th shyness, smooths down their roughness, mal himself all to all, gains an entrance into th hearts, studies their character, develops and fords a field for their good qualities, checks a provides a remedy for their evil ones. It is duty also to make himself master of th various tastes and acquirements, to obtain them a suitable apprenticeship if they are yet placed, to transact the business of their engagement and secure for them honorable advantageous conditions from their vari employers. But that is not all: he watcl over the exact fulfilment of the terms of engagement, protects the interests of protégés, both in a moral, religious, and te poral point of view, and provides for them

means, if necessary, both of completing their primary education and of cultivating those particular qualifications which will enable them to attain greater success in the various paths of life which they have chosen. This the Director effects in a great measure by the means of the particular patrons, assigned to each of the children on the day of their reception. These young men become responsible for the conduct and well-being of their respective charges. It is their duty to visit them very frequently at the schools and workshops at which they have been placed, to receive reports of their conduct and progress, to assign them good marks, and to inform the Director and Committee of all necessary particulars. Thus do poor, friendless, and neglected boys find in the bosom of religion what frequently they have in vain sought in their own family, true friends, fathers, and protectors. Their hearts open under the influence of such generous devotion, their evil habits are eradicated, their passions checked and their youthful ardor diverted to some lawful object; deep principles of piety and habits of virtue are implanted, and thus a pious, exemplary, and intelligent class is trained up in the lower orders to become later the bulwark of society and the ornament of religion. All do not indeed correspond equally with the graces received, nor repay the care and expense bestowed with the same gratifying results; but we were informed by the Directors of two houses of patronage which we visited, and concerning which we made the most minute enquiries, that these cases were but a small proportion, and that frequently these unfortunate youths, after causing every trouble and anxiety to their generous protectors, and defeating every effort made for their reformation, returned in after-life, with tears in their eyes, to beg pardon for their former conduct, and produced, in that late hour, solid fruits from the religious principles instilled into them during their youth. Many simple and affecting incidents of this nature were related to us by a lady who has been many years in charge of the House of Patronage opened by the "Société des Amis de l'Enfance," in the Rue Culture St. Catherine. The recital of one of these may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Some years ago, this lady received under the care of the institute one of the *gamins* of Paris, and a very unfavorable specimen who defeated all efforts made for his reclamation or even his settlement in life. He neglected the

schools, disregarded the instructions, was idle and untractable, and to crown all, deserted many times from the masters to whom he was bound as an apprentice. At length he ceased to frequent the House of Patronage, during the whole time of his attendance on which he had not exhibited one sentiment of religion, or even one trait of good feeling. As is customary in Catholic countries, the feast-day of the patron saint is kept with great solemnity and rejoicing, and so it happened on the Feast of St. Nicholas, the patron of Madame, the Directress of the Patronage, all her friends, and in particular, the young men who either then were or had formerly been members of the Patronage, came to congratulate her in her gaily decorated room, and to present to her their bouquet of flowers. Among the rest she perceived one who hung down his head, and did not venture to approach to present the offering which he held in his hand. It was Jules, the scapegrace of the Patronage. She approached and kindly took him by the hand, expressing her pleasure at seeing him, and making many enquiries after him. The poor youth burst into tears, and could not answer her a word. When she had led him into a neighboring room, "Ah, Madam," said he, "I did not venture to come forward to present my bouquet, for I did not know how you would receive me after the trouble and anxiety which I have caused you. I did not think then how good you were and what an ungrateful reprobate I was; but I know it now. No words can express what I have suffered since I left the House of Patronage, but far beyond all was the remorse which I felt for having neglected so many means of improvement and treated with such heartlessness those who took so deep an interest in my welfare." The good lady reassured him and pointed out to him the means by which he might repair his past conduct and become a useful member of society. But Almighty God accepted his sincere contrition, and his good purposes, and had reserved for him a different lot. Shortly afterwards he fell dangerously ill, and was conveyed to the hospital where he edified all about him by his heroic patience and his fervent sentiments of piety. He received the holy sacraments with the most edifying disposition, insomuch so that many of those about him, asked for a confessor in consequence, and he expired with the holy names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips. A few hours before his death he wrote a letter to M^{de}., the Directress, overflowing with gratitude for her tender care

of him, the fruits of which she had now the consolation of reaping in his happy and edifying death. Consolations such as these are the well-merited reward which Almighty God not unfrequently bestows in this life on the Directors and co-operators of the Patronage.

Let us now terminate an article whose length will we hope be excused by the importance of the subject, by an extract taken from a work lately published by the Director of the House of Patronage, in the Rue Regaud, before alluded to.*

I am not afraid to say, that in the age in which we live, without the Patronage there is no security for the scholar, the apprentice, and the young workman.

He goes on then to explain the nature and objects of the Patronage.

A Patronage is an institution formed for a double object.

1.—To preserve the young from the corruption of the workshops, by providing for them the means of persevering in their religious duties.

2.—To preserve them from misery by procuring for them suitable situations and good masters, and protecting them from ill-treatment or excess of labor.

To these benefits the Patronage ordinarily unites Sunday réunions in which the apprentices meet again the friends of their boyhood, and unite with them in the amusements befitting their ages. Walks in the country, fêtes, and the distribution of prizes for good conduct, industry, and regular attendance, are of frequent occurrence.

The reader of these lines will not, I am sure, refuse a *Hail Mary* from time to time to beg that Our Blessed Mother will inspire and assist some pious, generous, and devoted souls to commence and carry out this noble and truly Catholic work, in the midst of our numerous but sadly destitute youth.

BARWELL RISE.

(Air.—HOHENLINDEN.)

On Barwell Rise, as oft my lot
Has led me through the lowland dun,
Crowning the southward slopes, a cot
Stands out, and fronts the cheerful sun.

Who knoweth, while the windows flame
With dazzling light the hill-side o'er,
Whether for blessing or for blame
The mark of heav'n be on the door?

But well I deem, a heart in tune
With all things pure in earth and skies,
Glow warmer, brighter, than in June
The sun-lit cot on Barwell Rise.

Trudge on, trudge on! nor weary yet;
There's nought is cold or dark but sin—
He basks in beams that cannot set,
Whose sunshine radiates from within.

* L'école après l'Apprentissage, a notice of which will be found in another part of the magazine.

Reviews.

History of England, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. LONGMAN, 1855.

Well nigh seven years have passed away since this great master of English rhetoric adorned our literature with volumes I. and II. of his *History of England*. In the interval have appeared many works now celebrated in almost every department: history, travel, poetry, and fiction, have each lent their attractions, in number and variety, to enlighten and to please; but, when thoughtfully dwelling on this interval in our literary annals, we believe a great majority will agree, that Macaulay's *History of England* has outrun all in the splendid race for fame.

But let it not be inferred that Macaulay's literary name—that name so popular and splendid, is dependent on his *History of England*. In the masterly essays, which from time to time for the past twenty-five years, he has contributed to the great northern review, his fame has been long since established. The grand genius of the historian unmistakably shines in each of those beautiful compositions, so elaborately polished, yet so deliciously flowing on, where so much anxious study is disguised by the "outward ease with which superior strength smiles under its own exertions." It is not that we are ever overwhelmed with a display of vast erudition, or have our scruples swept away by mountains of authorities; Macaulay's fascinating style is at once more convincing and more genial. For the historical student, indeed, authorities must often be provided, and the foundations of arguments, tending to clear away historic doubts, must frequently be detailed; but on questions, such as Macaulay has so often chosen, which have been eagerly canvassed by numbers on both sides, whose solution depends on clear reason and common sense, and whose fruits or consequences extend to our own day, we may rejoice in the absence of small print and mere detail of other men's doctrine, and revel in these pages appealing to sense and reason.

And although in Macaulay's writings there is a total absence of gratuitous display, and his highly cultivated taste never allows his gifted mind to descend to a mere parade of its own acquisitions, yet there is in every line clear evidence of wonderful memory, and proof

of the startling compass of his reading: each particular portion of history which he chooses for his subject, is handled with a familiarity which could only have been acquired by intense scrutiny and excessive study, while the vast range of that study is proved by the variety of race and period he treats of. At one time he places vividly before us the position of Charles II. and the corrupt social state of his capital; at another, the temporal vicissitudes of the Papacy, the intricate history of the Jesuits, or the dawn of the "Reformation" in the land "where the beautiful language of Oc was spoken." In one charming paper he forms our judgment in an acute criticism on poetry and poets; in another he powerfully arouses us to the past appalling mismanagement of our Indian Empire, and proves, by terrible illustration, that to force British criminal law—the offspring of British society, on races imbued with Oriental deceit and Brahminical superstition, is alike a burlesque on legislation, and an outrage on justice and reason. With the same graphic power and wonderful familiarity with details, are held up to view the characters and deeds, say, the very thoughts and feelings of departed orators and statesmen, the rise and fall of parties and cabinets, the vices and virtues of kings and rulers, and cause and result, prosperous issue and terrible calamity, are as neatly discussed as though the greatest riddles of history were but plots of his own weaving, and the master-spirits of other days merely creations of his own genius.

The eye runs down along page after page of this enchanting writer until long past midnight far into the morn. Questions for which the reader had long sought a solution, and traits in historical characters that he had in vain striven to comprehend, are there made clear to him by reasoning that appeals to his common sense, and by arguments springing from the author's truthful observation in a long commerce with mankind. As if lest details might weary, we have occasionally a somewhat extraneous topic introduced, never indeed appearing to interrupt the narrative, but growing naturally out of its original subject: witness the character of Sir Robert Walpole, the tribute to the antiquity of the Catholic Church, or the interesting mention of Junius. Sentences of surpassingly beautiful structure are adorned with Scriptural or classical allusions, ingenious arguments are brought home to us by a choice metaphor, and we have now and again a page of description—such as the Hall of Rufus on the

opening of Hastings' trial, or the tribute to the departed splendors of Holland House, which for elegance of composition, we believe, unrivalled in the language.

But while endeavoring to express our cordial, it may be excessive, admiration for Macaulay's style and erudition, let it not be concluded we believe him without sin. There, naturally perhaps, often glares forth a prejudice which we painfully feel unworthy of his genius, and occasionally a little inconsistency which surprises us in a so careful writer. In one of his essays, for instance, he stigmatises "dignity of history," as a detestable phrase, and yet he makes use of it himself in the first volume of his "England;" and in the latter also, although he avails himself of apparently every opportunity to impress upon us the fact that a *fourth or fifth* part of the incomes of our time is fully equivalent to those received under the Stuarts, he yet distinctly states, that because the English country gentleman derived from his acres only a *fourth* part of what they now yield to his successors, he was at the time of the Reformation comparatively a poor man. Nor are we at all inclined to subscribe to the "pure old Whig's," fond praises of the early chiefs of the Whig party; the imbecile Rockingham appears to us eminent only for his wealth and consequent station, and posterity will scarcely justify Mr. Macaulay's idol, Charles Fox, for his selfish lust of power, or for so cowardly humiliating England in the eyes of Frederick and Joseph.

When, however, we realise to ourselves the vast expectations which these essays excited, with regard to the first announcement of his History, we can form some idea of the splendid talents which so signally fulfilled them. In the short interval above noticed, its mere commencement has run through ten colossal editions, and been favored with a vast number of readers, which at once powerfully attests the world-wide fame of our literature, and is unparalleled in its annals. The enthusiasm, however, which saluted Macaulay's reappearance with a universal hymn of praise (we remember, of course, the reptile exception), has in some measure passed away: the first two volumes are now estimated almost like a completed work, and men of every creed or party will now express a calm opinion. The vast reading majority—those who so warmly appreciate the combination of pleasure with profit, still are, as we believe they ever will be, in its favor. The severe historical student, suspicious of its command of language and

charm of style, dissenting from the too frequent exaggeration of its details, or perhaps offended with its Whiggism—though probably only so by reason of its own prejudices—may sometimes lay it aside for more congenial arguments and sterner diction. While the “small and creeping things,” who are often willing to disgrace their manhood in obstructing the rise of a fellow, those waspish critics—who so profoundly ignorant of all that Macaulay could so admirably teach, frequently acquire in daily life an undeserved reputation for wisdom, through their familiarity with other men’s sophisms, in a sweeping condemnation, would forsooth have us believe that the work is perhaps fairly written, but worthless in every sense as an historic record.

We have perused the first two volumes again and again, each time with a keener relish, and more clearly recognising their substantial claims, at least on literary grounds, to an enduring popularity. To every mind and class they powerfully speak, and in their pages, on some particular ground, all find a congenial tone. The statesman sees the policy of his predecessors clearly explained, their faults or blunders fearlessly stated, the English friendship for precedent and gradual growth of English mind patiently followed and graphically portrayed. He sees how the prerogatives of Royalty were, after lawless tyranny on one hand and bloody struggles on the other, at last surrendered to the parliament, and how the parliament finally became sole guardian of the liberties of the people; how the guilt of wrong in the use of power was visited with a just retribution, and how corrupt practices in public life so often led to a dishonored grave; he sees the comparative perfection of the system under which he now serves, and the strong temptations by which he is untried. The soldier sees the gradual formation of our army, and the causes which drove so many to acquire amongst strangers the glory of which the land of their birth was afterwards so proud. The sailor sees the glowing contrast between the wonderful naval organisation of our time and that of the miserable fleet in which “the sailors were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not sailors.” No detail seems wanting in filling up this picture of the life of our ancestors: misrule and insurrection in England, rebellion and religious strife in Scotland, Celtic barbarism struggling with a fiercely-hated “civilisation” in Ireland; the rise of towns and the temper of counties, the statistics of population and the changes of manners,

foreign relations, national pleasures, trade, taxation, furniture, fashion, each and all are faithfully remembered; and, that in our attempt to account for their popularity no claim may be overlooked, the “superstitious mummeries,” and “idolrous rites” of Popery meet with a degree of censure in these volumes amply sufficient for the most intolerant mind.

All the acknowledged merits of the essays must be also perceived in the history: it is itself a grand essay. Between the time when “the country, lost to view as Britain, reappears as England,” and the starting point named in the title, the interval is run over in a masterly survey. The various changes in the public mind, and each remarkable historical occurrence are carefully noted, their general causes explained and actual consequences made clear. The public censure which destroyed Charles, his execution, which was afterwards so terribly avenged on his people, and the consequent reaction which welcomed his libertine son, the results of puritan fanaticism and of the fearful power acquired by one party over another, are all so clearly brought before us, that as the flowing dissertation at last merges in the detailed history, we are the more interested in its perusal from having been thus enabled to compare its leading events with those of former times.

And when at last the detailed history commences, we find one valuable characteristic of Macaulay’s style still everywhere apparent: instead of leaving us to form our opinion of public men from their detached actions, he accordingly, as they first appear, lingers a moment to describe the character and antecedents of each, and thus enables us to understand their motives and account for their errors and successes, from the opinion of them thus already formed. Nor is the history, minutely detailed and plentifully supplied with references as it is, a shade less pleasing than the swift preceding narrative; there are the same keen remarks, beautiful metaphors, and charming illustrations; as when he tells us that “James learned by rote the common-places which all sects repeat so fluently when they are enduring oppression, and forget so easily when they are able to retaliate it;” when explaining the perplexed feelings of the Tories after James’s policy had severed in his mind the connection between Church and King, he remarks, “What situation could be more trying than that in which he was placed, distracted between two duties equally sacred—between two affections equally ardent? How

was he to give to Cæsar all that was Cæsar's, and yet to withhold from God no part of what was God's?" Or as when he likens the manly courtesy of Louis towards the fallen tyrant, to that with which Edward, the Black Prince, had stood behind the chair of King John at supper on the field of Poitiers.

We confess it is with sincere diffidence we employ our unskilled judgment even in merely noticing a great work like the present, and one which will assuredly monopolise, for many months to come, the ablest critical pens in England; and while in the volumes before us we acknowledge the same evidence of Macaulay's great literary ability—on which, indeed, our admiration is almost entirely grounded, and in which we recognise his *greatest* claim to future popularity—we feel bound to acknowledge, also, that our praise must well nigh terminate here. In the arguments on open questions, and on such general subjects as concern more national honor abroad than party rogues at home, in the beautiful anatomy of character and the very pleasing surveys of mere daily life and manners, we fully believe that Macaulay will be regarded as a valuable reference for condensed information, and have not the slightest doubt but that he will be, at all times, read with much profit and intense gratification. But on the true eras of history and real turning points of nations, where long-lived parties are formed and lawless men rise to power through dishonor which their followers would attempt to justify, where are laid the seeds of future prejudices, and where we must so often seek the causes of subsequent dissensions, we consider that Macaulay is essentially a partisan writer. We have no idea whatever of allowing his charming style and beautiful diction to carry us along with him in his excessive esteem for Cromwell, the blaspheming usurper and ruthless oppressor of Ireland, regarding that unfortunate land as the fair booty of a conqueror, as, indeed, we often fancy, he would have regarded England herself had he dared. It will truly require something more than good-humored assertion or sparkling narrative to prove that this man's nationality was not ambition, or that so much of his so-called virtue as was not hypocrisy was anything save the fanaticism in which age often seeks to make a frantic atonement for the excesses of youth. We cannot at all admire Macaulay for his very able but deeply prejudiced condemnation of narrow-minded James; nor at his bidding absolve William of ambitious de-

signs throughout on the English crown, or coincide with him in glossing over the latter's infamous private life, while at the same time every proof of similar excesses, on James's part, is brought boldly forward. Agnes Strickland proves, moreover, clearly enough, that William's infidelity to Mary, marble-hearted and undutiful as she was, embittered her life, from her marriage to her grave. We cannot for a moment fancy that William's aim was, as described long ago, and as now reasserted by Mr. Macaulay, merely to circumscribe the power of France; that with this view alone he meddled with English affairs; that for this he *accepted the invitation* of discontented English nobles, and previously averse to Monmouth's invasion, *consented* to become the "deliverer" of England. Our firm belief is, that a great majority now, and a yet greater one hereafter, will decide on exactly the reverse—viz., that William's appeal to the prejudices of contemporary sovereigns against the growing power of France was far more, because Louis patronized James, than by reason even of William's own hatred of France; that William favored Monmouth, and himself finally invaded England with but very remote reference either to the encroachments of Louis or the tyranny of James; that the aim of William's scheming life, at least until his usurpation, was less to check the power of Louis than to rob James of his birthright; and that the prejudice of Macaulay's effort to degrade James, and of his attempt to prove William a hero, is in both cases equally glaring: discerning posterity may consider the former less knave than fool, and though allowing the other to have been a brave soldier and a wily statesman, will, we are convinced, steadily deny that he was an honest man.

Although the first portion of the work concludes with an elaborate dissertation, yet we rush into the third volume without any perceptible break in the fascinating story. Of course the determination to raise William above censure or suspicion, is persevered in. The loud applause which hailed his usurpation, arising itself from a reaction in the public mind, and nourished by the complete success which throughout attended all his schemes, very quickly cooled down when those schemes were accomplished, and when his friends came forward for their rewards and his enemies recovered from their dismay. On this topic, so peculiarly suited to Macaulay's essayist pen, he is as sparkling and as brilliant as of yore. In the full tide of his prosperity, the new King, he tells us, had foreseen the reaction which

might have been predicted by a less sagacious observer.

"Thus it was now in England. The public was, as it always is during the cold fits which follow its hot fits, sullen, hard to please, dissatisfied with itself, dissatisfied with those who had lately been its favorites. The truce between the two great parties was at an end. Separated by the memory of all that had been done and suffered during a conflict of half a century, they had been, during a few months, united by a common danger. But the danger was over: the union was dissolved; and the old animosity broke forth again in all its strength."

By coolness to friends, however, and by carelessness towards enemies, William establishes himself, apparently unmindful of censure or of praise. Through the fearful disorganization of the legislative machinery, he had a difficult task to perform—all was strife, confusion, and uproar: he dared not employ his own trusted friends, because of national jealousy, and he could not favor either side, as he had friends in each: both were powerful and at open war with one another.

"If he employed men of one party, there was great risk of mistakes. If he employed men of the other party, there was great risk of treachery. If he employed men of both parties, there was still some risk of mistakes; there was still some risk of treachery; and to these risks was added the certainty of dissension. He might join Whigs and Tories; but it was beyond his power to mix them."

Once firmly seated, William, with his characteristic shrewdness, occasionally withdraws from the scene, and leaves the hostile parties to fight it out between them. We have keen discussions on the Comprehension and Toleration Bills, and in treating of the Coronation Oath, Macaulay gives us many pages on the scruples of Churchmen in acknowledging the new Sovereigns. The doctrine of Hereditary Right, already discussed at the close of the second volume, is again opened out, and as it is, moreover, minutely debated once more further on, in treating of the Nonjurors, all interested in its history will not be disappointed in these volumes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Story of the War in La Vendée and the Little Chouannerie, being vol. VII of the Catholic Popular Library. London: BURNS and LAMBERT.

That the gallant French people should stand tamely by and see the head of Marie Antoinette roll in the dust, caused the English historian of the French Revolution to exclaim *that the age of chivalry was over*. And yet

within a few days after that base murder, a war burst out in the western provinces of France, which, for gallantry, daring, unselfishness, high principle, and honorable purpose, is unrivalled in the chivalric chronicles of the world. It was entirely a war of principle; a hopeless war in defence of religion and honor. For from the first shot that was fired, its prosecutors knew that their efforts must end in disaster and ruin. But in spite of this dismal prospect they struggled heroically to the last in defence of their altars and their hearths. When the flame of the revolution first broke forth, the people of Brittany and La Vendée, in their remote seclusion, heeded it but little. They went on peacefully, tilling their acres and tending their flocks. But when the conflagration gained strength, and almost the whole of France quailed before its destructive advance, when the legitimate monarch of France was assailed and assassinated and the church of their fathers was menaced in the deportation or imprisonment of the clergy; the peasants of the west suddenly awoke to a sense of their real position. They abandoned the plough and the spade for the trumpet and the sword. Ploughmen became heroes; country boors, tacticians; every man, a warrior. They knew there was no chance of success against the overwhelming odds on the other side. But the old Catholic chivalry of their race forbade them from yielding tamely without striking a blow for the right. When D'Eblée was invited to take command of the little gallant army, witness the spirit that animated him as portrayed in the following extract:

"My children," he said to his tenants, when they pressed him to put himself at their head, "you know I have never deceived you; and I shall not deceive you now in this most important matter. The revolution is a fact: it will not, it cannot be undone. It will devour all that is good in France; and our efforts at best can be but feeble against a power which strengthens every day. I am ready to die for God and my King; but I will not command men who are not worthy of being martyrs. Go back for this night to your cottages; reflect that an act of yours may set them on fire, and ruin your families; and weigh well what I have said to you. To-morrow morning come back again, if God inspires you with courage to die; and then I will go with you."

It was indeed a holy war—a crusade. Not only grown-up men poured into "the ranks of war;" the students of a college, mere boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, became the heart and sinew of the struggle. They formed a regiment, learned their military evolutions by watching the Imperial troops at parade which they rehearsed afterwards secretly.

nightfall or leaving their bed before dawn. Mothers kissing the downy cheeks of their lovely boys, little deemed that their hands had been handling the musket, the broadsword, not in childish play, but in preparation for the stern game of cold steel, the gathering storm in these young hearts.

Professor of mathematics at the college, who had odour with the boys on account of his predilections, first lit the spark of rebellion. One day, after goading his madness by his insufferable air of triumph, audacity to walk across the court before the eyes of the young royalists parading in colorful cockades. They resented the insult with loud cries upon the enemy, and that with its offensive appendage in the complaints were made to the local authorities; the principal, anxious to compromise the matter, put up a sort of lame apology, which he read to the ears of the boys to read to the prefect in the college.

Professors of the school, afraid of incurring the imperialists, yet anxious to conciliate, endeavoured to steer a middle course between the two parties. This produced a constant war between the upper boys and their protestations were constantly being met by some fresh act of concession to the lower. When any such protestation had been made, some boy was chosen for spokesman, he heul of the class, and who wore in his hand a little cross of silver with a cross on it.

This symbol, at once Catholic and emblem of the department ordered to be worn by the imperial eagle. The poor principal, knowing what an effect this order would have on the boys, durst not refuse to enforce it. He would be considered tantamount to rebellion, he endeavoured, therefore, to effect the stratagem. He began by being exalted and affectionate; and then said to a boy the name of Rio (since favourably known as the author of *La Poésie de l'Art* and of other interesting works), who was a companion, and who owed to that circumstance an important part which he subsequently gave me that cross; I will give you in a few days. At these words he fixed upon the lad upon whom had the duty of expressing the general feeling. How well knew that all his companions would see him submit; and he said, proudly, to tell you, in the name of all my comrades, that you had better keep your eagles to dress you wish us to tread them under. We will not change our decoration as long as we people change their cockades (this is the name of the professor's having worn a very cockade); and our breasts are not made of what we consider an emblem of rebellion. The school was silent at this audacious speech the little orator could read in all faces more flattering than any cheers would have been. The poor principal stammered out a few words, and then drew from his pocket a

lecture ready written on the inevitable ruin which their obstinacy would bring upon the college.

"In the dead of night, armed with ladders and paint-pots, cunning artists were despatched to paint over the college gateway a colossal eagle—an eagle worthy of the empire—an eagle whose outspread wings would extend as far as the walls would allow. The next morning the scholars who lodged in the town assembled as the bell rang, and the first object which met their eyes was this gigantic bird staring at them from its inaccessible height; while streets and windows were filled with spectators curious to see the young royalists pass under the yoke, and rejoicing in the prospect of a laugh at their expense.

"But instead of entering the college, they all stood outside discussing the state of affairs, and at length formed into a series of semicircles round the object of their wrath, the townsmen wondering the while what was coming next. It had rained hard in the night, and the feet of some hundreds of scholars soon worked up the road into a thick paste. At a given signal all threw down their books and their dinners, and gathering the mud in their hands, discharged a heavy battery on the bird. Gradually it disappeared from the light of day, and in five minutes not a feather was to be seen; and then, with triumph in their faces, and *non indecoro pulvere sordidi*, ('Soiled with no dishonourable dust') they went to their classes, where the masters were awaiting them, trembling with terror at the audacity of the young rebels for whose good conduct they were responsible."

Young warriors and old, they formed an army of martyrs. Prayer, confession, and communion preceded every engagement; and when they hurled themselves on their knees *en masse* before a *Madonna* by the wayside: "*Let them pray*," said their general; "*they'll fight none the worse for it.*"

Space fails us, else could we dwell with pleasure on the deeds of the gallant little Vendéan army. We are doing a real service to our readers in calling their attention to this excellent and cheap volume. We are satisfied that in the whole range of cheap literature they cannot find any work, better calculated than this, to please, instruct, and elevate the mind during these long winter nights. The reading public ought to be most grateful to the publishers for the series of beautiful works which they are now bringing out in such liberal profusion; and they cannot better testify their appreciation of the boon, than by aiding by purchase and recommendation to their friends, the necessarily heavy outlay which accompanies their production.

Après l'Ecole ou L'Apprentissage par un Directeur de Patronage. Paris, Rue de Regaud.

This is a decidedly clever, amusing, and truly Catholic book, written expressly for the

young apprentice or aspirant to apprenticeship, by the Director of one of the Houses of Patronage opened by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris. The book consists of a number of original stories, which not only amuse and interest the general reader, but lay before him a true and graphic picture of the character, occupations, and amusements of the Parisian youth. It is written evidently by one who has studied deeply not from books but from daily observation and experience, the manners, disposition, and character of the *gamin* of Paris. For the young, for whom it is written, by one who has long become one of themselves to gain them to Jesus Christ, it is in the highest degree beneficial, as containing, under all the attraction of fiction, most important and timely advice on their choice of a state of life, the imminent dangers which beset them, and the means by which the happy, joyous innocence of their youth may be preserved or re-established. To the work there is an appendix subjoined which contains many useful hints on the apprenticing of the young and the nature of the *Patronage*.

See an article upon this work of charity contained in the present number of the Catholic Institute Magazine.

Nouvelles Morales des Faubourgs. Paris: CHARLES DANIEL. Rue de Tournan.

The above is a work of a similar stamp to the "Après l'Ecole," written expressly for the youth of Paris, by a worthy curé, who has long worked among them for their moral and religious improvement, and is now devoting his pen to the same noble end. The stories are simple, but well worked out, and we candidly recommend them to the perusal of the young French scholar. Many are deterred from the study of the French language by the over-rated difficulty of the undertaking, but we can assure such, by experience, that after the first preliminaries of grammar have been mastered, it is very possible in a few weeks to become sufficiently conversant with the language to read it with ease. Books like the above entice us on, and give us each day an increased facility—and then what a noble field is opened out to us of history and biography, sacred and profane, of fiction, science, and philosophy! Here is a new region for us to explore where we shall find ample treasures without the discomforts and disappointments of the Australian diggings.

A Compendium of Modern History. London: BURNS AND LAMBERT.

This important work we shall speak of in a future number. Would that we could procure such a three-and-sixpence work as this in our school-days! It contains a survey of history from the earliest times to the peace of 1814: no idle words, but an intelligible style and *lucidus ordo*, and an immense range of matter. That most essential point—a general reference has been most carefully prepared, a copious and correct index. There are also the necessary comparative tables of sovereigns.

Manual of Serving at Mass; by Dr. PIERCE. London: JONES.

This is a very excellent little manual which we should have liked it better, had responses at Mass been placed in a consecrated form, without the intervening prayers at the end of the book.

Jesus Christ, the Model of the Priest; from the Italian, by the Rev. J. L. PATTERSON. London and Derby: RICHARDSONS.

On the plan and in the style of the *Imitation of Christ*, with a strong infusion of the same devotional spirit. There could be no better pocket companion for the priest on his solitary walk or long journey.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Catholic Almanac for 1856. Richardson and Sons.
The Conversion of Marie-Alphonse Rattazzi. Burns and Lambert.

Verba Verbi. Burns and Lambert.
Litany Chants, and Words of the Litany of Loretto. Marsh and Beattie.

The Music of the Hymns, Anthems, and Litanies for the use of the Confraternities of La Salette. Edited by the Rev. J. Wyse; music arranged by Spivey. Richardsons.

Legends of History. Burns and Lambert.
All of the above we cordially recommend to our readers.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG MEN.

II. DEBT.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

"The human species," says Charles Lyell, "is according to the best theory I can form composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow and the men who lend*. To these

original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, and red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is a something in the air of one of this caste, lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

"What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills!—what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! What approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of half of the principle at least.

"He is the true taxer, who calleth up all the earth to be taxed! His exactions too have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season! Every day is his Feast of Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! In vain the victim, whom he deligheth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and Dives!—but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were, half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See, how light he makes of it; strain not courtesies with a noble enemy."

Well said, Charles. There is nothing like your quiet irony; it depicteth well the brassy impudence of the borrower. Which of the *two races of men* do you belong to, good reader?

We trust that few of our readers belong to the *great race*.

We will spend but few words over the *lenders*. It is a thing that very soon corrects itself; for, in nine cases out of ten, you will find on lending, that "loan oft loses both itself and friend." This only would we remark. Where real necessity exists, where you can supply the ripe wants of a friend, without injuring yourself, lend, and lend cheerfully. Do it as you would any other work of friendship and mercy. But when the improvident fool—one of the *great race* comes to play upon your benevolence suspecting your inability to say *no*, trample on false delicacy, and plainly deny him. Your borrower is a capital physiognomist—none in the world cleverer at detecting the word "fool" written on any body's forehead: resist the gentle torment of his bland look, and refuse him. By so doing, you confer an obligation on him as well as yourself.

Would that it were as easy to caution against *borrowing* as *lending*! Debt is the most fatal of worldly evils to the young man. Do you wish to be pressed down with despondency—get into debt. Do you wish to become a stranger to peace, to independent spirit, to energy—get into debt. Do you wish to be oppressed with an everlasting day-and-night mare, the last gnawing thought in going to sleep, an overwhelming and leaden presence in your troubled slumbers, the first spectre thought as you toss miserably on your pillow during the endless, weary hours of grey daybreak—get into debt. Do you wish your friends to say: "*What's come over him lately? I never saw any one so changed; he's not half the man he was*"—get into debt. Debt is a young man's chancery suit—the fly in his ointment—the Damocles's sword of his merrier moments.

The Latin phrase for debt is *res alienum*—*another man's brass*. How expressive! it meets you at every turn. If you buy a new pair of gloves or a hat—*another man's brass*: I am eating into his substance: I am doubly infringing the first law of society—I am not living by my own labor—I am preventing another from doing so. Every penny I spend is *another man's*. I am making a direct aggression on his property, rights, and capital.

The Roman law made the debtor the slave of his creditor—no such law needed making—the great *lex non scripta* of nature was already in force. The debtor is the worst of slaves; he skulks unmanfully before the eye of the

man he has wronged. Ingoldsby represents a fashionable ball-room as thrown into a tremor by a *single* knock at the door; everybody thought it was a bailiff's *single* knock, and declared it was perfectly disgraceful and shocking that anybody should frighten *respectable* people by giving single knocks at doors. Dick Swiveller had to go three miles round if he wished to cross the street, every nearer thoroughfare was blocked up by debts; a suit of clothes in one street; his laundress in another; and the cook-shop in a third. Debt killed Sir Walter Scott; and debts, though not of his own contracting, had brought the bailiffs for the ninth time into Newstead Abbey, when Byron said of himself that *he stood upon his desolate hearth, with his household gods shattered about him!*

But to a man of any heart, the worst consideration connected with debt, is, not his own misery and degradation, so much as the misery it frequently brings upon others. Take a single class of debts—the most common of all as an example; those between buyers and the tradesmen who supply their wants. No adequate notion can be formed of the blessing prompt payment is to these humble creditors. We scarcely can imagine any means by which so much good may be done as by a speedy settlement of tradesmen's accounts. Our trifling debt, with Mr. A's., and Mr. B's., and Mr. C's, added to it, amounts to a formidable sum in poor Mr. Z's ledger. Enter his back parlor, and watch his emotions, his hopes, and his fears, as he pores over those columns of fate. We consider him a dun, when he calls to trouble us for his "little account;" but accompany him home; and as the disappointed dun tells his tale, behold the agony which his words produce in poor, fond, tender hearts, that had looked to his return for relief and gladness. Space fails us; so with a few brief considerations, we conclude.

Discharge these little liabilities as speedily as possible. Live within your income. "Annual income;" it is Mr Wilkins Micawber that speaks: "Annual income, twenty pounds Annual expenditure, nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence—result, happiness. Annual expenditure, twenty pounds, no shillings, and sixpence—result, misery." Do not borrow; "he that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." Do not buy whether you want the thing or not, merely because it is a good bargain. A thing is always dear if you do not require it. Except in extreme cases, do not buy on credit, but question yourself

thus: "Would I buy it if I had the money about me?" If not, do not buy it. Pay all your liabilities or portions of them at the earliest moment. Always endeavor to have something laid up for the rainy day; for, depend upon it, there's no friend like a shilling in your pocket. Remember the old English song:

It's a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, to get a man's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

[From our London Correspondent.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The prosecution of the Redemptorist Fathers, carried on, as some of your Protestant contemporaries say, "at the expense of discretion and common sense," has been one of the principal objects of religious interest during the last month. "Catholics with the spirit of mice, to say nothing of higher principles (I quote the words of the *Weekly Register*) would have been excluded from every office the Queen can give rather than conduct such a prosecution:—and it originated with the conductors. Had the law-officers of the crown been Protestant, it is more than probable so foolish and wicked a display would never have been thought of. But it is over, and Father Petcherine acquitted—acquitted of using one means among the many open to him for preserving ignorant people from the contamination of false doctrine.

The conduct and position of the Right Rev. John Bird Sumner comes before us as rather an amusing contrast in this particular. He has very consistently and properly refused to give any decision in the case of Archdeacon Denison, on the ground "that his judgment would have no weight with the Church." If this declaration do not open men's eyes, perhaps the decision of Dr. Lushington may, which goes to abolish every kind of religious symbol from Protestant churches in future. They belonged to Catholic times, and now "the altar is gone, and the Mass, root and branch, extirpated by the authority of Parliament."

While on Protestant ground, I may mention that Mr. Jowett, Professor of Greek, at Oxford, is to be, it is said, called to account for denying the doctrine of the Atonement. This was only to be expected from some other member of the body to which Professor Maurice belonged; it is but another and very natural step in the downward progress of the Establishment.

Your readers are, no doubt, familiar with the reception the King of Sardinia met with from the "Young Men's Christian Association," an affair which even the *Times* pronounced "disgraceful." What a lesson for all luke-warm Catholics! "I would thou wert cold or hot:" so because thou art luke-warm, and neither "cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Notwithstanding the admirable lectures of the Cardinal Archbishop upon the subject (two of which have been already delivered at Moorfields) the ferment in the popular mind, respecting the Austrian concordat, appears not as yet to have subsided. *It*

be exceedingly curious could we discover how people suppose this matter affects themselves, and then eliminate from it grievances entirely different to those they thought themselves suffering from the "Papal aggression" mania; but that no difference; logical contradictions, it would be easily jumbled together by those who are engaged in the Devil's battle against God's Church. Redemptorist Fathers have been giving a Retreat every last letter, at the new little "Chapel of the Holy Spirit," in the Edgware-road; they drew crowded audiences, almost entirely composed of laboring men, who had been neglecting the Sacraments for years. The permanent good effected, and yet to the contrary consequence, it is thought by the resident, will be very great. Connected with this there is a "Young Men's Society" formed, at the Cardinal Archbishop's gave the opening of "On the nature of an inaugural discourse." The occasion took occasion, in the course of it, to correct the mis-statements, and fill up the omissions, of John Russell at Exeter Hall. On Sunday, 19th of November, the Cardinal held an ordinary at the Brompton Oratory. On that occasion two laymen were admitted to the priesthood, and members of the Passionist Institute. Formby has suggested, in a letter to the *Register*, that in place of endeavoring to spend so much money for "Reformatories," it would be better to expend a smaller sum in trying to meet the need of them by means of education. It may be truth in this view, nevertheless we venture to hope that reformatories will not be required; and it is encouraging to find that the Mount St. Bernard has the desire and intention of establishing one under the immediate supervision of the Cistercian Fathers. I intended to go before a new mission in the neighborhood of London, established by the Capuchin Fathers at Mount St. Bernard. The blessings of religion were very much increased there, the inhabitants having been living at a great distance from any church. We read in the Continental papers, that at Munich a society is being formed for founding perpetual Masses at the Holy Sepulchre. It seems singular, on a first view, that this is now to be done, and has not been accomplished; but there have been reasons for this, and insuperable obstacles in the way. I find, left myself but little room for news of a general character; but if it be true, as it is said, that European capitals there is a very general belief that peace is at hand, that fact will, in interest and importance, absorb every other.—I am, dear sir, &c.,

R. D. L.

London, December 17, 1855.

LITERARY ITEMS.

We hear strange stories relative to Macaulay's career. The issue is, we understand, sold, and has swallowed 5,000 reams of paper, and six tons of milled boards, 7,000 yards of cloth. Westley and Co., the great binders, have turned out 6,000 volumes per day; and now has been rather inconvenienced in its room for the immense issue.

Edmund Broughton—immortalized in the dedication to "Childe Harold" as John Cam-

Hobhouse, has appended to a new edition of his "Albania," some interesting remarks relative to the refusal of the Westminster Dean and Chapter to admit a statue of Byron into the Abbey.

M. Dumas has gotten himself into trouble at Paris through some expression of sympathy with Brussels politics and late doings at Jersey. The indefatigable author is about to publish two new plays, and after superintending the re-issue of his collected works in 300 volumes! intends setting out on a tour through China.

We are promised a life of the celebrated authoress of "Jane Eyre," from the pen of the clever writer of "Mary Barton." "Jane Eyre" has, we learn, been dramatised and acted with signal success at the Vaudeville theatre, Brussels.

We are glad to hear that Messrs Hurst and Blackett intend publishing their newly acquired property, the Dublin University Magazine, in Dublin, as heretofore, and that they will preserve its national character as much as possible.

Mr. Joseph Guy, the well known author of the "Spelling Book" &c., is at present in very indigent circumstances near London.

The *Scotsman* says that the friends of the poet Robert Nicoll are making considerable progress towards raising a monument to his memory.

Cardinal Wiseman contradicts the report of his appointment as librarian of the Vatican.

Shakspeare's *Tempest* has been lately performed with great success at Munich. It is we believe the first English drama ever presented in Germany.

Amongst recent deaths in the literary world we may mention those of Robert Montgomery, the notorious author of *Satan, &c.*, of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, authoress of much bad poetry, and of Robert Bunyan, of Lincoln, the last male descendant of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The venerable author of the *Pleasures of Memory* has also very lately departed.

An ultramontane journal resembling the *Univers* at Paris is about to be established at Vienna.

The library of the late president of Magdalen College, Oxford, Dr. Routh, willed by him to Trinity College, and consisting of 20,000 volumes, has arrived in Dublin.

We are glad to hear of Catherine Hayes' cordial reception at Sydney, N.S.W. Her greatest triumph there appears to have been as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

The whole of the Church Office for Christmas-eve was celebrated at the Institute. The Matins were not recited merely, but chaunted in choir, with the Lectios and Responsories complete. All who assisted in the Sanctuary communicated at the High Mass, and Lauds followed as a fitting thanksgiving after Holy Communion. We believe this is the first time that the entire office has been chaunted in this country, except in one or two of the colleges. We trust it will become more general now. It is a beautiful service.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

. It would oblige us much, if all friends who address us in writing and require written replies, would take the trouble, besides merely signing their names, to say at the foot: "Address to Mr. A., Mrs. B., or the Rev. C. D." Because we not unfrequently find ourselves in considerable difficulty as to the proper title to be used; not having the faculty of decyphering "the name, weight, and color," of the scrivener from "a specimen of his handwriting."

Unsuitable Communications.—We have several such on hand; many of them accompanied by pressing entreaties to return them to their owners if not required by us. This we cannot by any means undertake to do. We hold all that have been sent up to this time; and any of them that are required we will restore on receipt of envelopes stamped and addressed. But this cannot be done after the present notice. We, therefore, trust our correspondents will preserve duplicates of what they send.

The Boys' Ceremonial.—We have received suggestions from more quarters than one as to points that might be used in speaking of this matter. We thank our friends; but we cannot use their hints. It is quite foreign to our purpose to involve ourselves in any controversy, especially with a priest.

Ich Dien, Monmouth.—The very idea you express has occurred to ourselves as to the use of "outlandish" names of persons and places in works of fiction. But we do not conceive "Muddleton" to come under this category. This very doubt was maturely canvassed before the story appeared, and we satisfied ourselves and some critical friends that the names were not too quaint—certainly not "outlandish." With Dickens's *Reverend Melchisedech Howler*, and Sir W. Scott's *Cleishbotham* and *Dryasdust* before us, we felt no hesitation how to decide. *Malim errare cum Platone, quam cum aliis recte sentire.*

Phrenology.—We have received a communication, headed: "Answer to the usual objections against

Phrenology." It seems to us, that beyond smart writing, the paper contains nothing new. Suppose the writer were to send us a sub-article on the science first, this supplemental to objections might come in very well after. Will the writer communicate with us?

. The compiler of *A Prayer to be used by Priests*, wishes us to draw attention to it. We much pleasure in doing so, as far as we can. It is very devotional, and contains suitable aspirational preparation for Mass. It is printed on a sn sheet, that would do very nicely as a marker Office-book. It can be procured from Mr. B. Preston.

Quisquilæ.—We again wish to explain this which occurs in our table of contents and advertisements. It is the Latin word for "sweet" and by it we mean the odds-and-ends that fill the corners of our columns occasionally.

R. S. P.—The passage you object to was a tition, and marked with inverted commas; thus we are not responsible for the punctuation, certainly is open to objection.

A Book-keeper, Lord-street.—The Institute Society is open to all respectable visitors; and cannot employ a spare hour on Thursday any more agreeably than by dropping in there.

W. R. H.—We insert your lines according to promise. But they are not quite the thing that. You do not seem to have studied the metre, as some of your lines are broken-back the regions of poesy, the line and rule are as required as in brick-laying:—

OH! FOR A CLASP OF THE HAND.

Oh! for a clasp of the hand once again,

That now is contracted and cold, in death,
That has grasped the sword 'gainst his country,
Nor yielded it up till his latest breath.

Tho' glory's meed be awarded his name—

Tho' the twining laurel be placed o'er his brow,
Oh! rather a clasp of that hand, than his fan
For those he has left, and to whom he was

Oh! for a word from the lips that are mute,
Now, alas! silent for ever and cold;

Whose impassioned tones excited the brave
To actions, rivaling heroes of old.

Tho' his words be emblazoned in glory's fane

And history point to his deeds well approved,
Could one word from those lips be spoken again
It would be sweeter to those by whom he was

Obituary.

On December 14, the Rev. James Ne founder of the Mission at Southport.—R. I.

Lately, at Torquay, the Rev. G. Gradwell, of 1 aged 28 years.—R. I. P.

Printed by EVAN TRAVIS, at No. 57, Scotland Liverpool.—January 1, 1856.

THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

VOL. 1.

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

NO. II.—ST. ELIZABETH'S INSTITUTION.

England has long been celebrated for the abundance and the pithiness of the adages in circulation among her people, but her social history does not show that the practical simplification of the precepts which they so tersely convey can by any means be justly named as one of the sources of her national pride. There are few phrases in more common use than the brief assertion "prevention is better than cure," and there are few truths more thoroughly neglected in our social organization than that which it enunciates.

Our machinery for the detection and punishment of crime is on a scale of wondrous magnitude, and is directed with a degree of skill such as might be expected in a nation which claims to rank among the first of the peoples of the earth; but until very recently little or no effort was made to prevent the germination in the minds of the youth of the poorer classes of those poisonous seeds of vice whose fruits are shown in the fearful deeds of wickedness that fill the columns of our newspapers with reports of robbery, brutality, and murder.

Children are, in the few years during which they are too weak to work, taught in the charity schools to read and write, and are trained in the moral principles of Christianity, as far as such principles can be impressed upon their unreasoning minds by means of a system which robs Christianity of all that gives it the strongest hold upon the affections, as well as of all its material and practical aids for the preservation of grace. But once they are strong enough to work, into the never-ending "battle of life" they at once must plunge, to fight their way through "the vale of tears" as best they can unaided and alone. If they fall ill or are corporally injured by an accident, hospitals and infirmaries are ready for their relief; but while they are in health the whole world about them seems united for their perse-

cution. Laws, bye-laws, and police regulations meet them at every turn to impede their efforts to gain an honest livelihood.

England, bible-loving church-going England seems to have forgotten that the Founder, the God of the religion which she professes, was Himself poor and in all things studiously gave honor to honest poverty. With her poverty is looked upon almost as a crime, and in many cases is treated worse than crime.

If after a long day's toil carrying about for sale a few penny-worth's of fruit, some wretched girl worn out with fatigue rests her basket on the kerb-stone, she herself standing meanwhile with her shivering feet in the running waters of the gutter, or in the wet mud of the carriage way, an over-zealous policeman forthwith orders her away, enforcing his commands with a rude push or a still ruder blow; or perhaps summons her for obstruction to the police court, there to be fined a sum larger than she ever earned in a fortnight, and in the inevitable default of payment to be sent for a week or two to study morality in a gaol. There is no friend for her above the level of her own class; there is no refuge, no resource for her but the workhouse; and when in hunger and despair she turns to that, she is met, and if possible thrown back upon her own resources by some gruff official, whose feelings have been deadened by long habit; or worse still, by some heartless busybody, who, with an ambition despicable below contempt, strives to gratify his cravings after a base popularity by thrusting himself between the poor and their wretched pittance, that he may boast at a vestry meeting of the diminution in the parish expenditure, caused by his energetic attention to the interests of the ratepayers.

With misery gnawing at their hearts; with troubles and sorrows on every side; with every sense displaying to them the inability of such morality as they have learned, to procure them happiness or comfort in this life; and with none to console them and to show them a loving example of endurance here for the sake

of joy hereafter, what wonder is it that hundreds of poor girls should yield to the temptations of surrounding abundance, and swell with their names the catalogue of youthful thieves which fills the pages of the police registers? What wonder is it that hundreds more, lured on by the fascinations of vice, or bewildered by the prospects of pleasure should abandon themselves to nameless sins, and fall into the ranks of that fearful host of hapless outcasts who haunt our streets at close of day, and rush through a life of hollow gaiety and depraved excitement to an early death in misery and shame.

Asylums few in number and small in extent have been founded for the reception of penitents, and reformatories are being established for the redemption of youthful criminals, but little indeed is done effectually to prevent the occurrence of the evils which these costly institutions are intended to cure.

The picture we have drawn is a most melancholy one, but is there a charitable Catholic or a philanthropic Protestant among our readers who does not feel its truth, or who would not gladly help to throw some little light into contrast with this mass of shade?

Already one bright little ray is beaming forth, here in our own town, and hailing its appearance with sincerest joy, we proceed briefly to portray the circumstances of its advent, and the happy effects which already have resulted from its cheering influence.

In the month of December, 1853, a few Catholic ladies made the modest beginning of a work which, with God's blessing, now makes good promise of taking a very high position among the Catholic charitable institutions of the town. The use of a room was obtained from the good Sisters of Notre Dame, into which were daily received a number of poor girls in want of employment. Here they were taught to sew, they were instructed in the principles of religion, they received each day a meal of good food and they were regularly paid for their work, the productions of which their kind benefactors sought to sell for the benefit of the new charity. The result of the undertaking was not however satisfactory to its pious founders. The girls returned nightly to their own homes and employed their evenings in various pursuits which tended to undo much of what during the day might have been effected for their moral advancement. Experience proved that if any real good was to result the system must be entirely changed.

The little band had been reinforced by the

addition to its ranks of the lady who, under the title of its Superioress, has since become the guiding spirit of the institution named at the head of our present paper; a lady whose name we suppress solely in deference to her own modesty, and whose unwavering charity and patient perseverance have so earned our respect, that we refrain from giving expression to our admiration, almost as much from consciousness of our inability to do justice to the theme, as from the feeling that she acts from love of One whose acknowledgments, when the time for them shall come, are such that before them the praises and rewards of men sink into an insignificance which we have not language to exemplify.

The ladies determined to exert themselves to procure if possible the foundation of an institution which might save young girls from such fates as we have referred to in our introductory remarks, and after struggling for some time for the realisation of their desires against difficulties which to aught save Catholic charity would have been insurmountable, they fell back upon their strong faith, and engaged, on the 1st of August, 1854, the house now known as St. Elizabeth's Institution, in Soho-street. The house had but ceased to serve as military barracks, and was delivered up to them in a condition much more easily imagined than described. Nothing daunted however, by its appearance they entered into possession with a stock of furniture consisting of little more than half-a-dozen chairs, a table, and a desk. Intimation had however been judiciously given to many charitable friends of the objects for which the house was taken, and no sooner was it secured than donations of furniture, earthenware, hardware, linen, and many other requisites for housekeeping were poured into it. Young artisans of various trades, painters, plasterers, joiners, coopers, and ironworkers thronged its rooms after working hours, and under their active hands walls and wainscoatings were decorated; floors and ceilings assumed the beautiful hues of cleanliness; tables, chairs, benches, and washing-tubs sprang into existence. In short these noble-hearted youths not only gave with joyful alacrity the work of their skilful hands to make all that was most urgently required, but refusing all other means of procuring the necessary materials they went about and begged for them.

Although the house is even yet by no means completely furnished, it was thus so well and so usefully supplied that the ladies have hitherto been able to carry out their charitable

project without entailing upon the funds of the institution any charge for furniture, excepting for the beds and bedding; and to sum up all, a family long known for its charity, paid for them the first year's rent.

But we are putting the cart before the horse; we have told that a house was taken, we have told how it has been furnished, and it is quite time that we should say to what end has all this been done.

Briefly then, into this institution are received destitute young girls between the ages of eleven and sixteen, who are there thoroughly instructed in all the duties of household servants, and are lodged, fed, and clothed until they are able to enter into suitable situations. Orphans or girls whose parents are unable properly to support them, are equally admissible to its protection, provided only that there be no stain upon their own character. They are taught to read and to write, to sew and to knit, to cook plain food, to wash and to bake. They are zealously instructed in the principles of our Holy Religion, and carefully trained to habits of cleanliness and order. In short, to repeat the words of the amiable directress of the institution addressed to ourselves on the occasion of a recent visit: "We do not attempt to teach them astronomy, botany, chemistry, or geology; we never dream of embroidery or wool work; but when we send a girl to a place we know that she has been well taught her religious duties, that she is skilful with her needle, that she is cleanly and orderly, and that she can wash well, and bake good bread."

The institution at present shelters four-and-twenty girls. During its brief existence it has already sent out to service seven, every one of whom is, we understand giving complete satisfaction to her employers; and within its walls twelve have been prepared for their first communion.

The training of the girls has, with episcopal sanction, been undertaken by the superioress already referred to, who, a nun without the vows, resides in the house, and without hope or desire of any reward, other than the glorious one of another world, has devoted herself entirely to this noble work. The government of the institution, with the same high sanction rests with the Very Rev. Canon Kenrick, the Lady-president who first sowed the little seed from which this goodly tree has sprung, and the Superioress. The priest of the district attends to the spiritual necessities of the children, and in their daily instruction valuable assistance is rendered by a number of Catholic young ladies who attend in rotation for that purpose.

The history of St. Elizabeth's institution, short as its existence has yet been, gives abundant illustrations of the activity and untiring energy of Catholic charity, and if the contributions to its funds should become proportionate to its merits, and its managers be thus enabled to enlarge, as they wish to do, the scale of its operations, its beneficial influence on the social state of Liverpool would be incalculable. It has a small list of annual subscribers; the girls make a considerable quantity of clothes suitable for the use of the poor, for sale to the charitable; and some young ladies, with a charity beyond all praise, have devoted themselves to the irksome task of making collections, the fruits of which they bring in monthly. These, with the proceeds of an occasional little raffle or lottery in which the prizes are the gifts of benevolent friends, are the precarious sources on which the institution must rely for the means of existence. With these it has already effected much good, and in strong faith and pious hope its founders look forward to the future without fear, knowing that He, without whose knowledge not even the vilest insect falls to the ground and dies, will, if their work be good, raise up to them friends and helpers in their time of need.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAP. III.

The members of the human frame are disposed and arranged according to a law of grace and use combined.

In examining the exterior of the human body, we are compelled at once to acknowledge that all and each of its parts are judiciously arranged, in place and method, for the easy and exact discharge of the divers functions for which they are severally destined. But Divine wisdom, in thus assigning to each member its most proper and useful sphere, has also added to this provision for the ease and wants of man, the charm of beauty, the grace of ornament, and the symmetry of proportion.

First of all, it is evident, without further demonstration, that all these members are disposed of in the most advantageous manner possible. The human body is a self-acting machine, which is to be set in motion by the inherent powers given to it, without the necessity of foreign impulse or the intervention of a force exterior to it. Its members have to execute with facility and exact despatch the commands of the soul's will. The *bones*, for instance, are primarily destined to give solidity to the whole machine; but in order that man

may make easy use of his limbs, that he may extend or fold his arms, that he may bend or raise himself at will, the bones are divided by several joints, and each of the principal bones terminates in a round head or pestle, which, embedded in the spherical cavity of another bone, works there without hurt or pain, being protected by a polished cartilage, and continually moistened by a self-acting supply of unctuous humor, which lubricates their action and counteracts the inconveniences of friction. Again, on the other hand, these bones are so firmly attached by strong ligaments, that they cannot slide one over the other; and though the feet have to support the heavy pressure of the whole frame, and the hands are often called upon to raise enormous weights, none of the parts get out of place, nor are the bones detached from their sockets, except by some overpowering shock, or when strained to perform offices beyond the powers which nature has measured to them.

Nor, secondly, in this arrangement of our members has less regard been paid by the Divine Artificer to the *commodity* of man. The soul has been furnished with all kinds of organs for the execution of its will without let or hindrance. The senses are there like outposts, or sentinels, to give it instantaneous warning of all that may interest it, and the other members obey with the greatest loyalty and docility all its commands, like subordinate officers. For example, the *eye* being charged to keep a look out for the whole man, is stationed upon the most elevated post: it can revolve on either side, and observe all that is passing. The *ears*, posted likewise on an eminent situation, are open night and day, to give alarm to the soul of the slightest noise, and to communicate to it the impression of every sound.

Again, as the elements have to pass through the *mouth* before entering into the stomach, the organ of *smell* is placed immediately above it, to keep watch together with the eye, that it admits of nothing which may be noxious or corrupt. As for the *touch*, it has allotted to it no particular seat: it is so diffused throughout the whole habit of the body as to be able to distinguish for it pleasure from pain, and to turn these sensations to the advantage of the individual. The arms, as we saw before, are the servants whom the soul makes the most use of for the executing of its orders. Situated near the chest, the strongest part of the body, and removed at a convenient distance from the lower members, they are arranged in the most convenient position for all sorts of exercises

and works, and ensure the safety of the head, as well as of the other members. But lastly, the Sovereign Creator in fashioning our body deigned to occupy himself with its elegance and grace, as well as with its use and conveniences. This *beauty of the body* of man consists in the harmony and exact proportion of his members and the agreeable combination of colors in a fine and delicately woven skin. Thus the double members, such as the eyes, the ears, the arms, and legs are set each on a side at an equal and symmetrical height; whilst those which are single, such as the brow, the nose, the mouth, and the chin, hold a middle place. This harmony is preserved throughout the whole man. In infants the head is proportionately larger than the other members, as being the principal part of the body, and the seat above all of the four senses, it is required to arrive the soonest at perfection. It is composed, moreover, mainly of bone, and would therefore not be developed or expand so quickly as the more fleshy members. A wise provision has thus been made against this inequality of ulterior growth, and the blemish at the same time to harmony, which would otherwise have been its necessary result, has thus been providentially anticipated. Whilst all the works of creation—the plants of the field, the bodies of men and animals—present such tokens of Divine workmanship, such admirable proportions, such adaptations to their several wants and destinies, is it not strange that any should be found who, when they behold some bodies ill-proportioned or deformed, or when they meet some monster or other, begin to deduce doubts from thence as to the intelligence or providential agency of the Supreme Artist? As well might they enter the laboratory of a sculptor, and condemn him of ignorance and want of skill, because they saw figures here and there mutilated and defaced. Unnatural children, who eye their mother askance, and find fault with her, that they may thence infer that they are justified in straying from her laws! They will not believe that these very irregularities are based upon general laws, which to make things right according to them, would *have to be suspended* in these particular cases; a suspension and continual variation which would prove to be a real disorder, and a far greater discrepancy than these rare phenomena which they impugn with so much ignorance and presumption.

Oh! mortal man! far from daring to contradict or oppose the currency of these laws to thwart the works and ways of thy Maker, admire rather the perfection and beauty of th

own body, the intimate relations, the nice adjustments, the harmony and perfect symmetry of all its parts. Each member you see is closely connected with the other: they do not clash, nor embarrass, nor interfere; they are all and each set there, exactly where they will best fulfil their several offices, and render mutual aid to the whole body. All these organs are so many springs acting one on the other in unanimous concert, to procure the weal of each and all together. Beware of mutilating a work so skilfully constructed, so delicately adjusted, and so exquisitely adorned. Beware of distorting or degrading it by excess and disorder. Beware of damaging and vilifying it by shameless passions. Thy body should be ever a monument of the wisdom and goodness of God. Take care to preserve it as such, without blemish and without disfiguration. And above all take care that thy soul, so degenerated by sin, be re-established in its primitive beauty, and restored to its original glory, by the Grace of the Redeemer. Thus wilt thou be compensated hereafter, for the temporary revolution which thy body must undergo, when it shall again for a little time return to the dust out of which it was taken.

CHAPTER IV.

Man—Variety in his Features. The Hair.

The wisdom and goodness of the Divine Author of nature are as strongly impressed, and clearly manifest, in what to the rash sceptic appear to be the anomalies, defects, and diversities of nature, as they are broadly engraved on every line of its wonderful harmonies and matchless perfections. What a diversity for instance reigns in the external forms of men; and yet in this variety what unity—and in this very diversity what wisdom and goodness are displayed! Man is everywhere like to man in his essential parts, and yet there is always something in which he differs from another, and by which he may be easily distinguished without risk of error or confusion. Out of so many thousand millions of individuals of the same species there have never been any two that have exactly resembled in every part the other: each one had and has some particular mark by which he could be distinguished; and this characteristic diversity generally resides in that part most exposed to the eye or ear, the countenance, the voice, or the tongue. But in this very variety another wonder meets us again. For the parts which compose the face of man are but few in number, and those parts in each subject are arranged according to one and the

same plan, and yet the physiognomy of no two are perfectly uniform. O! whose work can this be, if it be not that of the infinitely wise Master and Ruler of the universe?

If all things here on earth be the production of blind chance, why is it that all the faces of men are not the same, like bullets cast in the same mould, eggs laid by the same fowl, and drops of water distilled from one cistern? No; the infinite goodness of the Sovereign Lord of all things devised this variety for the comfort and benefit of man, and His infinite power effected it. Supposing the face of every man resembled that of his fellow, who can imagine the inconveniences, the dangers, the disorders to society which would immediately and necessarily be the result—society could not exist, man would never be sure of his life, of his honor, of his goods, nor of the virtue of his spouse. The assassin and the brigand could not be distinguished, nor could the innocent be known from the guilty, if there were nothing in the voice, or face, or speech to betray them. Exposed as he is to the malice and jealousy of the wicked, the honest and virtuous man would never be secure for an instant against the attacks, surprises, circumventions, and frauds of his enemies. What hopeless uncertainty in contracts, in commerce, in conveyance, in exchange, in courts and tribunals! What subornations in witnesses—what confusion in the domestic circle! In a word, uniformity and perfect resemblance in the species, such as would be the result of any but a Divine authorship would be the annihilation of human society, and, therefore, the destruction of the whole race itself.

This variety of feature enters into the pre-conceived scheme of God's government and economy towards us; it is a permanent and ever palpable proof of the care which His sweet Providence takes of His creature—man: and once more—for every step we take, every part we analyse, every fibre we examine, elicits the same tribute of gratitude and admiration, not only the general structure of his body, but also the disposition of its divers parts, the unity in the variety, and the difference in the uniformity—all these are the fruits of the profoundest wisdom, and the operations of an all-benevolent Will.

The *Hair* is one of the most beautiful ornaments of the human head: but this appendage has been given to man to serve an end higher than that of pleasure, as we shall see.

Take this hair—a single hair of your head: here you have a long and finely-drawn filament

ending in a knot thicker and more transparent than the rest, and both visible to the naked eye. The filament is the body of the hair; the knot or butt is its root; and the whole is composed of three parts—the exterior envelope, the interior tubes, and the marrow. When the point of the hair has arrived at the surface of the skin, through which it is to shoot its way up and force its passage, it is then strongly protected by the pellicle of the root, in which it is enveloped—it then puts forth the epidermis, of which it makes to itself a kind of sheath, and which, when the hair is young, is a soft and transparent substance, but which becomes hard, brittle, and elastic when it is fairly grown and matured, so as to recoil with audible violence when broken or cut in sunder.

This exterior envelope preserves the hair for a long time. Immediately beneath it are various fine small fibres reaching from the root to the extremity: they are all united one to the other, and bound likewise to the sheath by several elastic threads. This collection of fibres form a tube, which is filled with two substances, the one fluid, and the other solid, and these constitute the marrow of the hair. This wonderful composition, however, can be analysed only by help of the microscope.

Such is the form and matter of every thread of the human hair. We may conclude then, that from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet there is nothing in man which does not tell of the perfections of his Creator. The very parts of his frame, which at first sight appear the most insignificant, and such as we might readily pass by, derive a wonderful importance, either when viewed in their relation to others, or examined in their structure, or considered in the ends which they are adapted and destined to fill. And yet, how many are there who regard the hair of man as unworthy of attention; and imagine that here, at least, are to be discovered no traces of the wisdom and love of the Divine Artist; no impressions of the finger of God. That the hair contributes to the beauty and ornament of the head and visage, all are agreed indeed; but this is one of its least advantages. The hair serves to protect the head, to preserve it from cold and damp, and preserve the natural warmth of the brain; it procures a gentle and imperceptible evacuation of certain humors which require to be carried off from the skin; and it promotes genial perspiration.

And how many other advantages, yet unknown, may not even this part of man contribute to the well-being of all his parts.

THE BARD OUTWITTED.

In all countries, from time immemorial, it has been the custom of persons belonging to the lower classes, to forsake friends and home, and seek their livelihood by wandering minstrelsy. But in a country so essentially musical as is Ireland, it is to be expected that this custom should have been carried out to the fullest extent. And in effect it was. And those minstrels were not all members of the lower, for several from the middle, classes were found in their ranks.

At the time to which my tale refers, those "wandering minstrels" or "bards," as they were called, were treated with the utmost respect and attention by the country-people—for it is to these I allude,—not for the virtues or good qualities which they possessed, but in order to induce them to celebrate their hospitality in song, or, where no such ambition existed, to keep themselves from being a bye-word in the mouths of the surrounding peasantry. For these worthies exercised an inconceivable influence over the circles in which they mixed. They would lead to the skies the person in whose house they had been well treated. But woe to the unfortunate being who had the misfortune to displease one of these potentates. His name would infallibly be handed down to posterity, in witching verse, as the worst of human kind, scarcely fit to exist in the fair land which, perchance, gave him birth. Hence it is that we find such pieces as "Connor O'Reilly of Clounish" (Conchobhar u a Raghallaigh Cluan) by Carolan, "Planxty Kelly," &c., in the national music of Ireland; and it was the aim of every peasant—aye, and gentleman, too—to give the best reception possible to the "son of song" during the latter's stay at his place.

The prince of "bards" was Brian O'Connor, the hero of our present tale. He was a big, broad shouldered, good-humored son of Erin, (by the way where is the Irishman who is not this last?) possessing two sturdy legs encased in comfortable worsted stockings, which terminated at one extremity in a pair of well-oiled, heavily-nailed brogues, the pride of some country shoe-maker; and at the other in a handsome corduroy knee-breeches neatly fastened at the knees with bright and handsome brass buttons. His coat was of Ireland's staple production—grey frieze. His figure was surmounted by a conical hat, technically termed a "caubeen." To complete this imperfect sketch we have merely to add the much loved harp—the grand point of attraction upon which centered more than half the desire evinced for its possessor.

Such is Brian O'Connor as he appeared at the door of Larry Mahony's house one fine Autumn evening about dinner time. Larry was glad to see the Bard, and invited him into the house as a matter of course, while at intervals he eagerly desired all the news of the country to be imparted to him.

"Arrah! Brian honey! and sure its a cure for sore eyes to see yourself at all at all. And its me-self that's glad to see you; come in avic. The dinner is just ready."

"Biddy here's Brian o'Connor," said he addressing a fine rosy-cheeked woman, who was sweating over a fire on which boiled a pot of potatoes.

Biddy's welcome for Brian was not a whit less energetic than her husband's; and a seat was prepared for their illustrious visitor just beside the fireplace. Larry after a short conversation left the fire-side and beckoned to his wife, who immediately followed him into a room off the kitchen, where her

entered into an explanation of the tactics he to pursue with regard to the unconscious e told her to put a quantity of butter into of course unseen by Brian, and when the were boiled to dip some rushes in the grease the rest to him. Biddy then proceeded domestic duties, while Larry betook himself -side to resume the conversation which had rrupted previously.

hile dinner is preparing, we will step out-iew the situation of Larry's house and land. land, formed an angle of an old churchyard l fallen into disuse, and was extremely rich e, and highly prized by the worthy farmer on we are acquainted. He worked night if I may be allowed to say so, on its im- it, and had the satisfaction of hearing from eighbors that it was the "best land in the ye, or in Ireland." The house was r situated at a little distance from the road, red in no way from other country houses by farmers.

hen did Larry Mahony and his wife, with a cheerful family, live in happiness, the only c being the visits of the oft-mentioned Bard, ling which the worthy farmer was fully ed to prevent for the future.

ll now enter the house and see what has ce there during our absence.

covered with a snow-white cloth stands in e of the floor; a large wooden bowl or dish eareth ready to receive the steaming potatoes ; they leave the pot; while the good woman use, our friend Biddy, is busily engaged in ; some very greasy matter from the water aring the latter off.

reasy matter excites the Bard's curiosity. vors in vain to account for the strange pro-

But when she begins to dip the rushes he in an impatient tone:—

"Biddy! what the deuce is that?"

rry takes upon himself to answer the Bard's and enters into an explanation which I am musical acquaintance had not the remotest eceiving.

ee, Brian," began the host, "that our gar- art of the old church-yard that I walled in e ago; and it is a great matter that I did so, ve a great deal in the year by dipping the ; Biddy is doing now. The fat of the dead at we skim off the top of the water is so

der-an'-turf man! d'ye want to poison me?" . Brian O'Connor. Gi' me my hat, an' let f the house, you set of haythens. O, dear! do? I'm poison'd!" And with such like us did poor Brian bolt from the house of ahony, while the latter and his wife were *burst* with laughter at the trick played the ate Bard.

l scarcely say that Brien O'Connor never the house of Larry Mahony again, who lived : in perfect happiness (if such a thing exist loved and respected by all his neighbors, to ng after he used to relate the wicked trick pon his unwelcome visitor.

necessary to add that if Larry Mahony did l the cutting reproof, which would certainly istered had he pursued such a course, he ve taken a more summary way of disposing rper's unwelcome services.

THE MUDDLETONIANS;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. IV.

The few days I had spent in Muddleton had not tended to raise my opinion of its inhabitants generally. I was, indeed, prepared to see much of the working of English bigotry in its excited moments, but by no means would I before have believed the possibility of such scenes as were to take place so few days after my arrival in that town. Being absolutely unknown there, I resolved to avail myself of that circumstance to neutralise, if not to bring to nought, the efforts of the conspirators against Father Ambrose and his flock. How far I succeeded in this purpose, the reader will judge. Meanwhile let him follow me to London, whither some important affairs required that I should repair for a day or two.

In that famous metropolis of the world there is a spot which cannot fail to have attracted, at some time or other, the notice of every Londoner—a spot chiefly remarkable for its teeming population, wonderful dirt in wet weather, and almost countless gin-palaces and pawn-shops. The locality is intersected by two great lines of thoroughfares, running into each other at right angles, namely, the New Road and the Tottenham-court and Hampstead Roads.

At the back of these two main streets are numerous dingy-looking smaller ways, chiefly inhabited by little peddling tradesmen, third-rate city clerks, and not a small number of those unhappy women who nightly haunt the streets. At one of the corners of the two main lines stands a gigantic gin-shop, with magnificent plate-glass windows and a huge gilt lamp overtopping the principal entrance. Inside the ever-opening-and-closing swinging doors are ranged on shelves Herculean barrels, garnished round their bases with innumerable bottles of every shape and variety of contents, while the gilt and framed window labels invite the passers-by to come in and revel for next to nothing in the supreme happiness of quaffing down the steaming purl, the manly ale, or the delicate cream of the valley. In and out of the doors passed and repassed a never-ceasing file of worshippers at the shrine, mostly, though not all, of the lower orders. There might be seen the seedy tradesman, whose rusty threadbare attire and faded features but too well indicated what fatal passion had marred his prosperity. Behind him came a brawny fellow

in ragged fustian and a dirty face, whose twelve shillings a-week, when earned by the painful labor of the hod, were reduced before he reached home late of a Saturday night, to something like half-a-crown, wherewith a wretched wife and five children were expected to sustain life for a long week to come. Then came a tattered woman, with a miserable infant in her arms, her eyes and those of the poor unconscious babe watering in the fierce excitement of the recently swallowed gin-draught; for, alas! these heathen mothers are not satisfied with hourly drinking the vile public-house compounds, mis-called gin and rum, but they must also pollute the lips of their puny infants with the unhallowed potion, and pour into their doomed little frames the liquid fire which will, ere long, parch up the very stream of life. Before the bar, which was gleaming all over with polished ivory and burnished gold, stood—for they were not allowed to sit—a motley mass of men and youths, women and girls, drinking, shrieking, cursing, and vociferating in lewd language, while the atmosphere—a London November atmosphere, too—was redolent with the accumulated fumes of tobacco, filthy clothes, and evaporating liquor.

I was on my way from the city to Paddington, and rode outside an omnibus, for the novelty to me of every object made me unwilling to lose any sight, when the vehicle prepared to pull up as usual at the aforesaid tavern. Just at that moment a large drove of cattle were on their way to the Copenhagen Fields, and as they jostled on in serried ranks, urged by the fierce barking of the drovers' dogs, a large furniture van, in order to avoid them, made a sudden side movement out of its path. To avoid an imminent collision, the omnibus-driver backed his vehicle right over the curb-stone of the footway. A scream was instantly heard, followed by an eager rushing of the crowd; a poor woman had been run down whilst attempting to cross the road. She was immediately carried into the public-house, and laid on the floor of a back parlor, while a surgeon was being sent for. I was not unacquainted with the surgical art, and thinking I might be of some service to the poor woman, I left the omnibus, paid my fare, and stepped in.

Fortunately, she was not much hurt. The wheel of the omnibus had grazed her leg, but spared the bone. Fright had, however, deprived her of her senses. I thought no time was to be lost; I quickly took out my pen-knife, and bled her in the arm: as the blood oozed out thick and black, consciousness and

speech returned. The woman opened her eyes, and staring at me with all her might, called out with much volubility: "Take me home to Muddleton. I live in Muddleton—number one Pecker-street. My name is Lillypegs—Mrs. Lillypegs, grocer and bookseller, Muddleton. Send for Father Ambrose, quickly! Oh, dear; oh, me; I am dying!"

"No, my good woman, you will not die yet; you are but slightly hurt: all will be right if you will only keep quiet for a few hours. I know Muddleton; I will see you conveyed thither, if you are not able to return alone."

"Thank you, thank you; you are a dear good soul. Are you sure I don't want Father Ambrose?"

"You mean the Priest at Muddleton, don't you? Be comforted, I am a Catholic myself; I'll see to all your wants. But there is no need of a Priest for so trifling an accident as this."

I bade the little woman make herself as comfortable as possible, promising I would shortly return; and recommending the landlady to take every possible care of her for that day, I passed through the bar into the street to proceed to Paddington.

I gave an involuntary start, however, when I saw two men leave the tavern before me, and recognized one of them at once as the Muddleton bill-sticker. He was rather better dressed than usual, and held a busy conversation with his companion, a dubious-looking young man with a red nose, whose peculiar appearance at once struck me, and forcibly realised in my mind the well-known proverb:

Birds of a feather
Flock together;

for he had a sinister squint of the right eye, black smoothly-combed hair, what should have been a white neckcloth, and a slouching gait in walking, as if he had been perpetually looking over his shoulder at some savage enemy. I was close behind them, and could scarcely help overhearing their conversation. I made no scruple, however, to do so, as I felt sure they were after no good, and possibly they might bring Father Ambrose and the Muddletonian doings into their confabulations. I was not mistaken.

"I hope that woman didn't see us," said Hiram; "she has a tongue of her own; and just fancy her gadding about among the Muddleton Papists that Mister Hiram Holy was seen at the bar of a London gin-shop!"

"Who is she?"

"Why," answered the bill-sticker, "her name is Lillypegs; she keeps a little shop in

our place for tea and sugar, as well as Popish books, beads, pictures, and all that kind of idolatrous trumpery. She is a mighty favorite of the Priest's, for she puts him up to all that's going on. I hate the creature! But wait a bit, if there isn't a smash there also in a few days. I hope she did not see me, though."

"Well, scarcely, I think; for she seemed unconscious when brought in."

"May she remain so, and rot in't!"

"Amen," piously drawled out the city missionary.

Some one else had, who would do as well, Mr. Holy.—The two worthies left the main thoroughfare they had been pursuing for a quarter of a mile, and turned to the left down a bye-street, which we must call Verner's-street. At number nineteen of this street, Hiram and the city missionary stopped, and after a repeated single knock were admitted within.

Good reader, like all story-tellers, I must assume that you believe in my omnipresence and all but omniscience. How else could I tell you what was said and done in that same number nineteen, and many a place besides? Let me then at once claim my privilege, and do not find fault if the story appear to lose by it some of its probability.

Hiram and his friend were ushered into a large room, the window-blind whereof was adorned with a wire-worked semblance of a large Bible, with a cross on one side, a crozier on the other, and overtopped by an episcopal mitre. A scroll ran round this symbolical representation, bearing the words: "United of all Nations' Protestant Alliance," thereby informing all religiously-minded Christians that this house was the central focus whence emanated throughout and over a benighted world floods of evangelical refulgence and Bible-spreading zeal. Over the mantel-piece was a large engraving representing a tall be-sandalled and be-corded monk, with a furious countenance flashing from beneath a huge cowl. The said monk held aloft in one hand a crucifix, in the other a scourge wherewith he appeared to threaten some dire misfortune to a very meek and learned-looking young lady, with one hand extended over an open Bible, and a pair of blue eyes upturned to Heaven, in most admirable melodramatic expression. In the back-ground, was a dismal prison-cell, with high barred windows, and sundry frowning ferocious satellites armed with huge keys and various instruments of torture. The picture purported to be a faithful representation of the persecuting spirit of the Church of Rome, as exhi-

bited in a late case of tyranny in the dominions of the Bible-hating Grand Duke of Brittany, where a god-fearing young Deborah had endeavored to enlighten the heathen natives with the saving knowledge of Gospel truth, and had thereby incurred the never-forgiving hatred of the friars. It was the master-piece of a celebrated R.A., to whom the Protestant Alliance had voted a handsome *douceur*, as a feeble mark of their sense of his Christian zeal.

In the middle of the room was a square black leather-covered table, with various papers and pamphlets on it, and round the walls were rows of pigeon-holed shelves, each with an inscription on the top board. One or two ran thus, and are a specimen of the rest: "Convert. Priests' Dep.," "Dingle Ref. Schools," "Rec. Facts ag. Popery," &c., &c. On the mantel-piece itself, and beneath the picture of the ferocious-looking monk, was a large japanned tin-box, with money-slits above and around, wherein dropped the frequent gold or silver contributions of godly old ladies and other dupes of the pious swindlers that managed the affairs of this wonderful Protestant Alliance.

The city missionary and his companion appeared pretty familiar with the particulars just described, as they sat for still some time without looking at any one object in the room, only now and then whispering some remark to each other. Another knock at the door announced a fresh visit, and almost before Holy could assume a look of solemnity, and his friend smooth down his greasy hair, and take up his pocket-Bible, two personages entered, and at once sat down before the table, unrolling some papers deposited there before their arrival.

The bill-sticker and his friend remained standing in an attitude of the most profound humility. "I congratulate myself, Sir John," said the former, in an oily tone, "that by the favor of the Lord I am privileged to see so zealous an upholder of our pure faith as yourself. My friend here, Mr. Pourforth, told me I might be honored with your directions as to the grand movement we are about to organize in Muddleton; and you, as well as this reverend gentleman," bowing and scraping to the Baronet's friend, "may confidently rely on my strict fidelity in carrying on your revered commands."

"Hang the fellow!" muttered he of the squinting eye, "for a greasy-tongued rascal!"

The Baronet thus addressed was the well-known city banker, Sir John Fibby, of the firm of Fibby, Stibby, and Coates. Exeter Hall had not a more zealous patron or pious speaker.

"Mr. Holy, I believe, from Muddleton?" responded he, looking up with a patronizing air. "Ah, yes, here is a letter from my worthy friend Popson, speaking highly of your efficiency in the cause."

Another low bow and scrape from Hiram.

"Have you just come from Muddleton?" asked the banker's hitherto silent companion. "I suppose you are ready to give me the various particulars I need to make my forthcoming lecture more effectual and damaging to Popery?"

Hiram expressed himself ready to do so. While in his own peculiar way, the bill-sticker answers his interlocutor's questions, let us for a moment look well at this personage, for never did human countenance better express the inward nature of a heart than did that of the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio.

He was a trifle above middle stature, square shouldered, and remarkably thick-set for a foreigner. His face, rather dark than otherwise, was made up of large and luscious features, over which there shone an extraordinary kind of varnish which made one think of the hardness and burnish of brass. He had no beard or whiskers, but a profusion of long and coarse black hair; and the unusual fleshy development of the lower part of his face, as well as his greasy look in general, gave a certain indication of his being more than ordinarily given to sensual habits of life. He was simply what we would call a disgusting fellow. His eyes, however, were the great indicators of his mind. Very flat and staring in aspect, there was a fixed, hard, impudent look about them which morally proved a long antecedent career of shameless profligacy on the part of this chosen champion of the purest Protestantism. For all this, his manners were entirely at his command, and his language refined or coarse, religious or impure, as it suited his interest to make it, and according to the sort of persons he had to address.

"Sir John," said he, turning to the baronet, "do you think this worthy Mr. Pourforth well qualified to play his part?" and there was a comical twinkling in his grey eyes as he spoke.

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," replied the banker, he must have seen a great deal of life in his London perambulations, and he has a good name for cleverness. With your able direction, he will make an excellent African prince."

"We must call him 'King Quaqua;' you will remember, Mr. Pourforth, you are called 'Quaqua.' Be particular about it; it's a real Timbuctoo name. Levy, of Holywell-street,

has every part of the requisite costume. Here is a note of the articles you will require. Sir John here will give you a cheque for the necessary expenses. Have you your part well by heart? Just try a little now, we can't be too sure of ourselves for the cause's sake."

He of the squinting eye stood up, deliberately drew from his coat pocket, and fastened to his head a savage diadem, composed of sticking up feathers of some outlandish great bird, and began:—

"Kristan Bridin, me Quaqua, King of Timbuctoo, lub all ye Inglis kristan. Me cum Inglis land, tank great Vader for me bin kristan. Houra great King Victoria!"

"Capital," said Sir John, "that will do well for Muddleton. It's an excellent and ingenious device, my worthy reverend friend, and will greatly help our work. Mr. Holy," continued he, addressing the bill-sticker, "you will not fail to be at the railway-station on Wednesday afternoon to meet us and take us to the mayor's house. We need not your services to-day any longer; be sure your preparations are perfect. Here is your cheque upon our city house. You will still be in time if you make haste, (looking at his watch), to cash it to-day."

So saying, he held out a cheque for twenty pounds. The city missionary quickly stepped forward to take it up, but Holy was quicker, and securely held the paper, which he put into his pocket, to the evident vexation of his companion.

"I'll have it yet," thought Pourforth; "confound the fellow! It would just take me to America!"

On leaving Verner's-street, our two worthies cut across Oxford-street, threading their way through the somewhat intricate regions of Soho, and after sundry turnings, emerging into the Strand, and proceeding eastward, soon found themselves in the well-known Jewish Holywell-street.

What a contrast between that street in the year of grace 18— and the same spot four hundred years before! Then, almost any day, might one have seen a gaily-painted and decorated barque deposit its human freight on the shore which is now occupied by Somerset House but which was then the garden of the presbytery of St. Clement's. A procession would then form, headed by the sign of Redemption, and enlivened by burning tapers and floating banners; and with melodious singing of the beautiful inspirations of the Royal Prophet of Sion, the numerous pilgrims would proceed to the Holy Well, dedicated to the

saintly virgin-martyr Winifred, and there supplicate Almighty God, through her intercession, for health of body and soul. But now, go through Holywell-street, and only glance at those frowzy children of Abraham. How unmistakably impressed on their dirty faces is the love of gain, and the sharp cunning of unscrupulous traffic! Dingy-looking shops, full to suffocation of cast-away frippery, and exhaling far and wide an indescribable fusty odor, have replaced the smiling orchards of ancient days and the pretty way-side oratory whence many a fervent prayer or charitable wish made its way to heaven.

"Shentlemens vant a good coat, sheap?" kindly inquired Mr. Moses Levy as he saw our two friends approaching, and the Israelite rubbed his hands together, and gave his head, mediæval-image-like, a shoulderward inclination, as he joyfully anticipated custom. "Coats, great coats, veskits, all sheap, very sheap, shentlemens, given away in fact!"

Mr. Levy's smiles gave way to a keen, business-look, as Hiram and King Quaqua turned into his shop. They soon found what they wanted in that vast receptacle of odds and ends from a fire-shovel to a peer's faded robe, not, however, without a considerable deal of higgie-haggling, in which the Jew's cunning, great as it was and well practised, almost found a match in the shrewdness of Holy.

"Shentlemens going to private theyatricals?" quietly, yet inquiringly said the Hebrew trader. "Shentlemens will find here, for ready monish a little bills, a great stock of shammeries, masks, swords, bishops' wigs, and preashing powns. Shentlemens would not want a lot of shermons? very good shermons, sheap, en shillings and sixpence each, by a clever vangelical clargyman. In course, shentlemens, anonymous, but, 'pon my honor, never reached anywhere....."

"Thank you; no," interrupted Hiram, "we've got what we want." And carrying a large bundle, the two friends went down the street, and round the corner into Drury-lane, where, a little way up, stood the "Jolly Fighters" public-house, into which they quickly entered.

"Hollo, Tippy!" called out the lusty, white-proned Boniface, as the city missionary hastily passed the bar, followed by Hiram. "Wot's in the vind, now? you look mysterious, rayther!"

"Hist," whispered Tippy, *alias* Pourforth, *alias* Guagua, "I'm on secret service; ahem, have you got a nice private room, with a Psyche in it?"

"A wot?" said the puzzled landlord.

"A Psyche, don't you know, you stupid? a large looking-glass on swings, to be sure!"

"Oh, you calls it a Sikey, do you? Vell, the world is a turning round, now; it used to be called a glass, when I vas a boy?"

Of course, there was a private room at the *Jolly Fighters*, with a *Psyche* in it; it was too near the theatres not to possess that rather luxurious article.

Boniface ushered Holy and his companion into a back parlor, casting as he entered a keen side-look at the bill-sticker to ascertain, if he might be one of the fraternity. For it may as well be said, *en passant*, that the stout landlord of the "Jolly Fighters" had been in his younger days a noted celebrity of the "prize ring," and that our friend Tippy, *alias* Pourforth, had been his pet and favorite disciple in the noble art of self-defence, until the youth, too presuming of his own skill, and not sufficiently obedient to his master's sage advice, had in an evil hour ventured to stand forth, in the Tilbury marshes, against the renowned "Norfolk Cub," the result whereof had been for Tippy the speedy demolition of one of his eyes and three of his ribs. Unable any longer to follow his original vocation in the pummelling line, the ingenious youth had turned his attention to a nobler species of wrestling, and devoted himself in the service of the United-of-all-Nations-Protestant-Alliance, to the overthrow of the devil and his great ally, Popery. And he found this new pursuit, if not so profitable as his former one, yet more easy and far less damaging to eye and limb. The *Jolly Fighters*, both out of gratitude and inclination, remained one of the chosen haunts where Pourforth would pursue his scriptural studies, and daily refresh his parched lips after the laborious occupation of reading and expounding the Word.*

The bundle was unrolled, and the looking-glass duly bent to the proper angular degree, while Boniface looked on in silence to see the new dodge. Quaqua divested himself of his integuments, and piece by piece, with the help of a close-fitting black oilskin mask, the forementioned savage diadem, and sundry old pantomimic habiliments from Mr. Levi's repertory, he soon turned out a complete and

* Let not the reader deem this character overdrawn. Every body knows the exposure lately made by a Protestant clergyman of some of these city missionaries who were proved to be the most infamous characters in the metropolis. Yet, Exeter Hall refused to interfere for the sake of the cause!

perfect King of Timbuctoo. "Perfectly true to nature," vowed Hiram, "and strictly in accordance with the written notes of the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio."

"Vell," said Boniface, as he surveyed with evident admiration the metamorphosis of his ex-disciple, "vell, the world is a-turning round, it do! S'pose you make a speech, Tippy, my boy. Queer lingo they do speak, I should rayther think, in them blackamoor countries."

"There's no harm in trying again," added Holy; "practice makes perfect."

Thus encouraged, the ingenuous Tippy placed himself before the glass in an attitude that would have raised a thunder of applause at the Surrey, and stretching forth his right hand with a look of intense majesty, began:

"Kristan Briddin, me King Quaqua, great Quaqua of Timbuctoo"
Roars of laughter interrupted this fine beginning; all parties concerned suddenly looked round towards the door, and beheld what will be described in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

MONEY.—May be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

ORIGINALITY.—Undetected imitation.

OSTENTATION.—The real motive of many who wear the disguise of hospitality, and invite their guests "to choke them with envy, not fill them with meat."

PEACE.—A cessation of those wholesale murders which prevail during three-quarters of every century in this enlightened era, and which are sanctioned and inculcated by all Christian governments under the name of War.

PARTY-SPIRIT.—A species of mental vitriol which we keep to squirt against others, but which in the meantime, irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own minds.

QUART.—Rather more than a pint, according to the bottle-conjurors of the wine trade.

SATIRE.—Attacking the vices and follies of others instead of reforming our own.

SCANDAL.—The tattle of fools and malignants, who judge of their neighbors by themselves.

VANITY.—Another term for the whole fleet-ing pageant of human existence.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

II.—THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

A few years before the birth of our blessed Lord, Julius Cæsar, whose Commentaries are read by every school-boy, had led the Roman legions to conquer the savage nations who inhabited the territories of Gaul. When he reached the north-western coast, he beheld the white cliffs of this our island, and he called for the merchants who were used to trade thither for the pearls which are still found on our coasts, and perhaps for the cattle, and for tin, and iron, and silver which was dug up especially in Cornwall. They told him that the white cliffs were called Albion, and that the country was inhabited by some warlike tribes called Britons. Cæsar waited for a fair wind to cross the unknown seas, and sail with many boats up the Thames, where there was already a town and a port, where London now stands. But Cassivelaunus, the chief of the British kings, met him with the men of Kent, and repulsed him. Cæsar landed again on the banks of the Thames, and on in the Isle of Thanet, but he was repulsed a second time, as the British historians say, with disgrace; and as the Roman historians say, after he had granted peace and imposed a tribute. When Augustus became Emperor, our blessed Lord was born in the distant regions of Syria, and in the days of Tiberius, He was crucified for the redemption of mankind; and the twelve Apostles soon afterwards went forth to preach the Gospel among all nations. In the reign of Claudius, the British king refused to pay the usual tribute to the Romans, and an army was sent to re-conquer the island. Plautius, the general, after a severe struggle, obtained possession of Britain, and a peace ensued, which is generally believed to be the period when Christianity was first brought into this country. Wordsworth, the poet of natural religion, says in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets:—

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things reveal'd like future, they can tell
What powers presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage island bless'd
With its first bounty. Wandering through the w
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
And call the fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent stream invest?
Or he whose bonds dropp'd off, whose prison door
Flew open, by an angel's voice unbarr'd,
Or some of humble name to these wild shores,
Storm-driven, who having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their master, sojourn'd here to guard
The precious current they had taught to flow?

It is recorded that St. Paul had alre

preached, and St. Peter had already established bishops in Gaul; and it is probable that some of the Apostles, as St. James or St. Simon, or more probably St. Paul himself, preached here, according to the testimony of St. Jerome and the Fathers, who say that Britain was converted by apostolic preaching. There was also another way opened for the introduction of the Gospel. Plautius, the general of Claudius in Britain, married Pomponia Græcina, a British lady; and Pudens, who is mentioned by St. Paul, was an officer in the Roman legions stationed in Britain when he married Claudia Rufina, who was also a Christian.

The next revolt in Britain led to the capture of the Great Caractacus by Ostorius, another general of Claudius. Tacitus gives a very interesting account of the battles fought by that warlike king in defence of his country; and he describes his manly bearing when he was led in chains, with his captive family, along the streets of Rome. He asked for his liberty with such a noble and dignified firmness, that Claudius released him, and he, with his father Bran, were converted to Christianity at Rome, where St. Paul, a few years afterwards, was preaching in the Via Lata. His father returned to Britain, and probably brought with him the good tidings of salvation, for the epithet attached to his name is "the blessed."

Once more the Britons revolted; and Suetonius, the general of Nero, penetrated the mountains of Wales, and crossed into Anglesea, where the lofty groves and vast stone temples of the Druids remained in their terrific grandeur. While the Britons fought furiously, the Druids in their white robes were uttering curses on the invaders, and the women, with their hair dishevelled, rushed about in black attire, brandishing their torches; but the Roman soldiers advanced boldly, though they as pagans felt some superstitious terror: and they conquered the Britons, expelled the Druids, and cut down the groves which had been polluted by their heathen rites. Suetonius then turned his arms against the warlike tribes who dwelt in Norfolk, whose queen, Boadicea, has been described by historians and poets so often, that the very school-boys can tell how she drove, in her scythed car, up and down the British ranks, urging the soldiers to revenge the injuries of the Roman conquerors. But she was defeated, and with the despair of a passionate woman without religion, she poisoned herself.

The conquest of Britain by the Romans led

to some most important consequences. The Roman manners and laws were introduced, and the country became civilized: palaces were built, and baths, and marble columns and walls of Roman brick, and pavements of tessellated patterns are often dug up at the places where they were stationed. Not only are their coins found, and the foundations of their camps and castles, their towns and even their villas, but the names of many of our cities are derived from their word "castra" (or camp)—as Gloucester, Chester, Cirencester, Worcester, and other places; and these still prove that this country, which was once the abode of savages, and now of industrious and wealthy Englishmen, was for a period of three hundred years a Roman province, with Latin laws, and language, and governors.

Nor is it only a gratification of innocent curiosity to know that this country was once Roman. It was from Rome that England became Christian. For this great purpose the Roman empire was permitted to spread so far, that through all its provinces the messengers of God might travel as in one country. Thus it was that they came here, and there were even then converts, who called on Christ to bring this island into the one fold of His Church. And it is a remarkable truth, that though their history is almost forgotten, and other missionaries founded the present Church in England, yet the first as well as the last missionaries came from Rome.

There is one account of the introduction of Christianity, given by William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the twelfth century, which deserves mention. He says that during the peace which followed the first Roman conquest under Claudius, St. Joseph of Arimathea, who had already preached in Gaul, came with twelve disciples to England. They arrived sixty-three years after the birth of our blessed Lord, and fifteen years after the Assumption of our Lady, and the barbarous King Arviragus, "though he was unwilling to become a Christian, yet because of their long voyage and great virtues, gave them a spot of ground surrounded by fens and marshes, that they might build a place of worship. The other pagan kings, moved by their great sanctity, gave them lands which were afterwards the property of the Abbey of Glastonbury. These holy men had not been long settled in the wilderness before they were commanded by the angel Gabriel to build a church in honor of the blessed Virgin; and they built a chapel, of which the walls were made of twisted osiers. It was finished

thirty-one years after our Lord's Passion, and although the building was mean, it was remarkable for the Divine presence, and the beauty of holiness, and it was dedicated by Christ himself in honor of his blessed Mother. These twelve holy men served God with extraordinary devotion in this place, and made special addresses to the blessed Virgin, and spent great part of their time in watching, fasting, and prayer; and they were supported under their difficulties by the aid, and also by repeated visions of the blessed Virgin." and William of Malmsbury gives as his authority for all this, the charter of St. Patrick, and other ancient writings; and it is interesting to find a local tradition faithfully witnessing the fact that St. Joseph of Arimathea was in the Avalonian Isle, and that his staff, which he planted in the soil, grew up into a hawthorn, bearing an abundance of suowy flowers between the Festival of Christmas and St. John's Day, and it is certain that such a tree blossoms there still, and bears the same full foliage and opening blossoms in the depth of winter.

————— the Julian spear
A way first open'd; and with Roman chains
The tidings come of JESUS crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering,
Receive the faith and in the hope abide. [hear;

THE VICTORY!

"The things that were gain to me, the same I have counted loss for Christ."

"Father, I seek your convent halls,
A traveller from the court of Spain;
Some ghostly counsel here to learn
And bear it to the world again.

"How great, methinks, your lot! to yield
All self, a holocaust to heav'n;
Oh, blest with more than king's estate,
To whom such joyous call is given.

"What high serenity of soul
Adorns him, as toward his crown
He gradual mounts, and passion freed
Calm on the lessening world looks down!"

They pace the noiseless cloister through,
The prior opes one lowly door;
A stalwart monk within his cell
At once kneels down upon the floor.

"Stranger!" exclaims the father stern,
"Mark ye the man? O sight of shame!
Who would have deem'd a coward's heart
Throbs in the pulses of that frame?"

"Was it not shame, from manly fight
To flee, to cower in cloister'd shade,
And cling to a dishonor'd life,
While kinsmen sank beneath the blade!"

The lip close set, the changeful brow,
Show'd what emotion shook the frère;—
He answer'd not—the latch was clos'd
While still he kneel'd submissive there.

"Spare him, good father, taunt so keen!
He comes, belike, of servile race;
Religion sure may crown the brows
That glory's wreath could never grace."

With patient smile the prior strode;—
"Fair stranger, learn ere thus you speak
No knightlier blood proud Spain can boast
Than glows within that brother's cheek.

More honored name in camp or hall,
More dreadful to the foe, was none:
Your cavaliers would welcome death
Renown so peerless to have won.

"Ever, amid the bristling press,
His falchion drank of bravest gore;
Alone through serried ranks he burst
To win the banner from the Moor.

"Now in a harder, deadlier fight,
For life eterne ye see him close;
By will subdued, by lowly prayer
The prize to win from ghostly foes.

"Our rule austere he closely treads,
No murmurs pure obedience mar;
Only one stubborn foe within
Against the Spirit still makes war.

"One idol yet, though tottering keeps
Its antient place—his knightly fame!
The old self writhes with sudden wound
If taunt of fear assail his name.

"Hence at uncertain times, as now,
Is he held forth to blame untrue,
Till that last lingering frailty yield,
And Grace, triumphant, all renew.

"Till, following One whom a lost world
Join'd to dishonor and deride,
The robe of scorn he lov'd to wear,
By its keen virtue purified.

"Stranger, thy lesson thou hast learn'd,
While that dear frère the merit gains:
No offering pure he gives to God,
Who vows his all, and part retains!"

—————
If men did but know what felicity dwells in
cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he is
how quiet his breast, how composed his mind
free from care, how easy his provision, how he
his morning, how sober his night, how moist
mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never
mire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions
and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill
houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the
bitious.

The brave man is known only in war; the
man in anger; the friend in time of need.

SOULS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

It may be reasonably supposed, that a working priest in England has more than sufficient to engage his attention in the study and care of the human soul, without troubling himself about the souls of other animals. But as the question of the souls and instincts of animals has always found a place in the course of a liberal education, and has, during the last century, become doubly interesting, in consequence of its natural obscurity and difficulties having become more approachable by the accumulation of evidence and argument respecting it, an attempt to bring an interesting metaphysical subject within the reach of the popular mind, will not, I trust, prove either idle or vain.

In making an inquiry about the "Souls and Instincts of Animals," I mean, of course, all animals except man. For although man is an animal, still, as his soul, with its properties and powers, is essentially different from the souls of other animals, we shall not notice it, except in so much as other animals are to be compared with him.

My object will be to show that animals have souls, and are not mere machines; and, that those souls are often highly gifted with such wonderful powers and faculties as to make them appear, to a casual observer, almost similar to a human soul, whilst they are still at an immeasurable distance from real similarity. In speaking of the *Instincts* of Animals, it is not my intention to expatiate upon the wonderful instances of instinct, with which every one is sufficiently familiar, but rather to show that instinct is not the *only* guide of animals, although, it is the principal motive of their actions. Should I enunciate any philosophical propositions upon this subject, which some may be unwilling to believe, I beg to assure them, that I don't profess to give Articles of Faith upon the subject. I merely express my own humble opinion as formed after a short study of the question. Each one may, therefore, adhere as tenaciously as he pleases to his former convictions, and to that Englishman's Article of Faith which teaches, that you may believe just what you think proper, and nothing else.

Upon the subject of the souls of animals there have been, and are still three classes of opinion. The 1st—degrades animals to the nature of mere machines, without souls, without sensation, without intelligence. The 2nd—

exalts animals to a level with man, teaching that there is no *essential* difference between them, but that they only differ in *degrees* of perfection, mental and corporeal. The 3rd opinion takes a middle course, and admits a great many mental faculties in the souls of animals, common to them and to man, but in a less perfect degree; and yet that there are most *essential* and important distinctions between them. Those who degrade animals, often do so out of an unreasonable fear of lowering the character of the human soul; or of giving any countenance to the second class which exalts animals and consequently, they aim at making the distance between man and animals as great as possible. They have an intense horror of being like unto beasts, in anything which concerns the soul. The 2nd class, on the other hand, which, includes many infidels and libertines, make beasts appear as much like man as possible, in the hope of extinguishing moral responsibility, in themselves. For as they are sure that other animals have no moral responsibility, and will find no hell or other punishment after death, they would like to persuade themselves that man's soul will be equally exempt, and that he need entertain no fears about futurity! In these two classes, "the wish is farther to the thought." Instead of arguing from facts to theory they have a pre-concerted theory in their mind, to which they are determined to accommodate into every fact that appears.

But these two classes of philosophers are both like bad captains of vessels. The timid one keeps too close to shore, and by his false caution is grounded on some unexpected shoal. The other fool-hardy, and whose greatest glory is found in perishing, dashes head-long amid storms and breakers, without the aid of sufficient skill to meet his difficulties. The third class, in whose vessel I hope to sail, launches boldly forth into the doubtful sea but takes with him all the appliances of art and science, to enable him to contend successfully with unexpected obstacles. Let me not, therefore, be considered rash in admitting that animals have souls, and that many of those souls have in a limited degree, most of our faculties, for this can be done without compromising the superior excellence of man: and with a perfect certainty that after all man is an essentially different creature from other animals; that he shall put on immortality, whilst they shrink back into their original nothingness; and that the words of the Psalmist are still as beautiful and as

true as ever; "thou hast made man a little less than the angels; thou hast set him over the works of thy hands, thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, moreover the beasts also of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea."

It is hardly necessary for me to prove at any length that animals are something more than mere machines; for the subsequent portion of my lecture, which tends to prove that they have *highly gifted souls*, will necessarily prove that they have souls, still I will not leave that theory unnoticed upon its own ground. Those who assert that animals have no souls, but are mere machines, acting by necessity in all their impulses and operations, would have us believe that Almighty God has constructed these machines so admirably, that whilst they are worked by the Laws of Nature, that is, in fact, by the indirect wisdom and power of God himself, every possible circumstance or contingency, or obstacle, is provided against in that wonderful piece of mechanism, and that their organs are so nicely adjusted that they cannot fail to guide them correctly in all their operations; and that they have no souls at all, no powers of thought or sensation, no choice or liberty in their actions, in fact no life except something more perfect than, though analogous to, the life of vegetables, which keeps their organism from decomposition.

This theory has the sanction of learned men, and yet it is a strange mixture of wisdom and absurdity. It gives us a very exalted idea of the wonderful wisdom of God, who no doubt could have created such perfect mechanism, and yet it is quite evident that he has not created such a mechanism. And whilst this theory exalts the wisdom of God, it lowers His infinite majesty and dignity. For if animals have no soul, no will, no choice, God is made the *moving cause* of all their insignificant and even improper actions; and in some instances, as we shall see presently, it would make God the author of positive error. For animals fall into error; and if these animals are mere machines, directed by the power and wisdom of God, they would be referable to God himself; this would be blasphemy, and therefore the theory is false. For example: there is a plant called the carrion plant, from its unsavory smell; and in this plant the blue-bottle fly sometimes lays its eggs, under the false impression that it is flesh meat, in which its instinct teaches it to lay its eggs,

that the young grubs may have something to live upon when hatched. Again, instinct, or the machine, as they call it, sometimes falls into error and goes wrong, even in that perfect specimen of the animal kingdom, the hive-bee. I have in my possession a hive of bees, in which the architect bee made an egregious mistake in his calculations—a misfortune that happens occasionally to all architects, both human and animal. He drew out the plan, and laid the foundation of a *double* honey comb, that is, with cells on each side of it, in a part of the hive where there was not room for a perfect double comb. It was the last comb constructed, and next to the glass window which enabled me to watch the proceedings of the bees. The *working* bees, who, as amongst human builders, had no business either to doubt about or to inquire into the propriety of the architect's plans, went on building for a week before the error was discovered. Whether they, or the architect, or a clerk of the works, discovered it, I could not ascertain. But there was evidently a stoppage of the works, and much apparent consultation, and running about, and planning by the architect about the remedy. The comb was the size of my hand, and it would evidently have been a great loss of labor and material, either to abandon it, or to pull it to pieces, or to use it as it was; for the cells, which should be half-an-inch deep to contain young bees, were only a quarter-of-an-inch deep, and there was no room to make them much deeper. The two cells, at opposite sides of the comb, could not be made into one, by eating out the partition; for in a honeycomb, the *middle* of one cell always coincides with the partition *walls* of the opposite cell. The machine was apparently at a dead lock. But the ingenuity of the living soul of the architect bee, who had discovered his error, unlocked it and made the best of a bad job, by sacrificing one-half of the expended labor, to save the rest. The bees were ordered to pull to pieces all the cells at one side of the comb; they eat the ends out of the cells on the opposite side, and extended them to half-an-inch deep, as they now had room to do so, by the opposite cells having been removed. And thus, after much labor lost through the architects blunder, a single-cell comb was produced, as it ought to have been at first. Now from this fact, two most important conclusions show, 1st,—that the bees did not work as mere machines, and 2nd,—that they were not even guided by instinct alone, but by something superior to

instinct. Machines and instinct both act with the same unchangeable certainty, and always in a similar manner under similar circumstances. Now if the bees had acted as machines or by a sole instinct, they neither could have got wrong, nor could they afterwards have set themselves right. They acted quite differently under the same circumstances, and in the same place; making a double comb in the first instance, and changing it into a single one when they grew wiser by *experience*. Generally speaking, the instinct of animals does direct them infallibly in *most* of their actions; but still we find a certain variety in the habits, and dispositions, and actions of animals of precisely the same family, which proves that they are endowed with some liberty of action, proportionate to their intelligence, and which deprives them of the character of mere machines. We find also that their dispositions and instincts can be considerably improved by training and experience. But a *machine* made by God can hardly be said to be capable of improving itself, or to be susceptible of improvement by man.

Some have endeavored to prove from Scripture or Revelation the truth of their own conjectures about the question of souls in animals. I believe that Scripture teaches *nothing* positive upon the subject either *pro* or *con*. But I believe at the same time that it appears to teach quite as much, if not more, in favor of souls in animals, than in countenance of the "Machine Theory."

In Genesis, 1st chapter, verses 20-21-24-30 we find the phrase "*animam viventem*," a *living soul*, constantly applied to animals, birds, beasts, reptiles, &c.; whilst in speaking of plants, we find another phrase, "*herbam virentem*," the *green or budding herb*. Again, in Daniel, chap. 3, verse 81, we find "all ye beasts and cattle bless the Lord." And Isaiah, chap. 1, verse 3, says "the ox *knoweth* his master, and the ass his master's crib." And yet Psalm 31, verse 11, says "do not become like the horse and the mule which have *no understanding*." I repeat then that Scripture throws no positive light upon the subject. But animals have sensation; they display feeling if you hurt them, and pleasure if you gratify them; they understand signs amongst each other, and even from man; they can think of the meaning of an arbitrary sign which man gives them. And all these things pre-suppose the existence of a soul, or of something far superior to a mere machine, like the sensitive plant.

We come now to another portion of our subject, that which compares the souls of animals to human souls. If animals have souls, we wish to know how far those souls are gifted with any share of the intellectual faculties with which man is endowed; and whether they have reasonable souls, or are confined to the guidance of instinct alone. I purpose endeavoring to show that they have highly-gifted souls, not only capable of thinking and of entertaining some ideas, but endowed also with a limited share of the ordinary powers of the human soul, will, memory, and understanding; and further, that they have reasoning faculties to a certain extent; which reason not only assists their instinct in those circumstances which would never occur in a state of nature, but which, in many instances, makes them do violence to their natural instinct, and act in direct opposition to its imperative dictates. As we here approach that portion of the subject about which the learned world is most divided, viz., the disputed boundary between instinct and reason, we must in the first place know what is meant by instinct, before we can assign any action of the animal kingdom to its dominion.

For brevity's sake, I will not give all the definitions of instinct which have been framed by various writers, for the following description of it, taken principally from the Encyclopædia Britannica, appears to embody all the characteristics given by other writers.

"Instinct is a certain power, or disposition of mind, by which, independently of all instruction, and prior to experience, without deliberation, and without having any end in view, animals are unerringly directed to do spontaneously whatever is necessary for the preservation of the individual, or the continuation of the kind."

"Instinct differs from intellect," says another writer, "by the unerring certainty of the means which instinct employs, by the uniformity of its results, and the perfection of its works, prior to, and independently of, all instruction or experience. The actions of every individual of the species are, when dictated by instinct, similar, whenever the circumstances are the same."

From these descriptions of instinct, we may see pretty clearly what are its limits, what it is capable of doing, what actions may be attributed to it, and of what class of actions it cannot claim to be the author. From the examples which I shall adduce of various extraordinary actions of animals, we shall find that instinct, properly so called, could not produce those actions, and consequently that they were the result of a kind of reasoning in the animal mind. We shall find that animals are capable

of thinking, of comparing one idea with another, of exercising and restraining their will or choice, of receiving instruction in things quite strange to their natural wants, of remembering those instructions, and of reducing them to practice, the stimulus either of fear or pleasure; we shall find them in some instances, appearing to draw conclusions from one consequence to another; influenced also by the pleasures and troubles of the imagination, where there is no intervention of the senses; acting against their natural instinct, when their better judgment bids, instructs them to do so; communicating their ideas to one another and to man, and receiving ideas from man which is in fact a kind of dumb language. We shall also discover in them what may be called high capabilities of social virtues, both between themselves and man, and amongst one another, displaying a wonderful amount of fidelity, gratitude, affection and kindness towards those even of whom instinct teaches them nothing. Let it not be supposed, however, that I wish to attribute all these extraordinary powers and faculties to all animals, or indeed to any of them individually; but that embracing in one view the whole animal kingdom, from the sagacious elephant, monkey and dog, to the almost lifeless zoophytes which look more like plants than animals, we find here and there amongst them various mental qualifications differing widely from instinct. And whatever capability of soul is found in any animal, that quality may be referred to the animal soul, when we speak of it in general. For as some men have more brains or intellect than others, so animals have various degrees of understanding.

I am quite prepared to give instinct its full due. I admit that every action of animals, which comes naturally, without deliberation, or experience, or instruction, and which is found uniformly in the same species, &c., no matter how brim-full of reason it may be, is still the result of instinct. The wonderful economy and architecture of the bee, and the still more wonderful calculations of the beaver; the pretence of death which we observe in the caterpillars and other insects which roll themselves up like a ball, and lie perfectly motionless even when you annoy them; the mockery which seems to be made of corporate towns by the wisdom of moles, badgers, &c., which construct a town with a fortified citadel in the centre, lay out principal streets and branch streets, dig wells, lay down sewers, and provide various chambers as storehouses, &c.; *these and similar natural wonders, in spite of*

the wisdom they display, all proceed from instinct, because they come naturally to the animals, without any instruction, experience, or deliberation. They are the designs of the Creator rather than of the creature for whose preservation he has connected such capabilities inseparably with their organism and their mind. In the same way there are some instincts in the human race, though very few compared with animals. Man has more reason, and therefore less instinct. For the providence of God has wisely ordained that instinct shall increase as reason diminishes, and vice versa. Savages have far stronger instincts than civilised men. It is said that if they are put down in the midst of a dense forest, many miles from home, they will find their way home as easily as a bee, with scarcely any effort of the understanding, and though they may never have been in that locality before. Whereas, we know, on the other hand, that a civilised man is often lost on an open moor, where he can see all around him. A child sucks its mother's breast by instinct; and children sometimes, by instinct, greedily devour chalk, when their organs require it, and when they do not receive it in any other shape in their food. Yet a reasonable man would not do so by instinct. And he would be in danger of perishing for want of chalk, unless science came in to his assistance. It is also said that we wink by instinct, when any danger approaches our eye. But that you may see how few are man's instincts compared with animals, this last example is by some denied to instinct. For it is said by those who have tried the experiment that a child, for a few days after it is born, does not wink at the approach of danger to its eye; that *experience* teaches it to do so, and that an instinctive *habit* is then formed. For reasonable habits may become instinctive or natural to us, by a second nature; but instinct can never be construed into reason. I will give an instance of the wide field which I allow to instinct, that I may not be supposed to be a special pleader against it. A hunted fox, at his wit's end how to escape the pursuing hounds, met a flock of sheep in a field. He seized one of them, killed it, and eat his way into its bowels to hide himself, and would probably have by that means escaped the hounds had not an old dog, under the conviction that there are exceptions to every general rule, and that in this instance he would be excused from the grave charge of sheep-worrying, persevered in tearing the sheep to pieces, in spite of the

whips of the huntsmen, until he brought out the fox. Novel as was the stratagem, I allow that, probably at least, it was instinct and not reason which taught the fox to hide himself, not exactly there, but anywhere that he could.

It remains now for us to consider a number of anecdotes of animals, and many wonderful actions recorded of them, and to examine them with reference to the principles laid down, and see whether they can be reconciled with the dictates of pure instinct, or whether we must recognise in them the workings of some reason and of the intellectual faculties. It is useless for us to call in question the authenticity of the anecdotes, which seem incredible merely because they militate against our pre-conceived ideas and theory. We might as well deny any fact of history, as many of the recorded anecdotes of animal life. The numbers of years in which they have been accumulating, the various classes of witnesses who have recorded them in every part of the world, the learning and character of many of those witnesses, and the positive opposition of some of them to the idea of reason being accorded to animals, all combine in assuring us that we shall be unreasonable if we reject the testimony of men upon no other ground than that the facts appear at variance with our previous ideas, and that our own eyes have not seen them.

The examples which I shall relate, I shall endeavor to reduce to five classes; 1st,—those which exemplify the powers of understanding in animals, their reason, capabilities of growing wiser by experience, instruction, &c. 2nd,—those which present animals to our view whilst acting in opposition to their natural instinct. 3rd,—those which refer to their imagination. 4th,—their powers of language, or the communication of ideas; and 5th,—their social qualities and capabilities.

I.—THEIR UNDERSTANDING, ETC.

A dog which had been left in a room by himself, and wanted to get out, was accustomed in several instances to ring the bell for the servant. Instinct did not teach it to do so; for very few dogs would do it. It had seen the door open when its master rang the bell, and it judged the door would open also if it rang. The Very Rev. Canon Toole, assures me that he had a cat which performed the same feat. It tried to open the door itself, and not succeeding went and mounted a chair near the bell-pull, took hold of it with its front legs, and pulled perseveringly till the servant came, when puss marched out without any further remark. A goldfinch had been trained to get

at its food by raising up a heavy lid with its beak, and then keeping it open by keeping its foot upon a certain lever. Another bird, called a Redpole, was in a neighboring cage, and had never been taught to do so, but from frequently observing the goldfinch, had learnt by observation, and experience, and memory the method of getting at that food. And the first time it got loose, it showed how well it had learnt its lesson and how faithfully it remembered it against the time of need. Many years ago, a cat frequented a closet which was fastened by a common latch. The cat had seen her mistress get in and out by raising this latch, and from observation learnt to do the same thing herself, and continued the practice for many years. A similar case was recorded, a few months ago, at or near Bristol. The meat safe in the yard was fastened by a button-bolt. The cats observed that the servant turned the bolt in order to get at the meat, and during the night they frequently opened the safe by jumping up at the bolt until they turned it. They were watched and caught in the fact. Of the observing powers of the monkey and the good use he makes of them, the following is a good illustration. A dog once attacked a monkey, the companion and property of two barrel-organ Italian boys. When words ran high between the respective owners of the monkey and the dog, it was at last agreed that the monkey and the dog should fight it out for themselves; but the monkey being the smaller animal was to be allowed a stick. The Italians then taught the monkey how to act in the coming battle, which they did in the following manner. One of the Italians went on all-fours, barking like a dog, whilst the other got on his back, grasped his hair, and beat him about the head with a stick. The monkey looked on with great gravity and attention, learnt his lesson, took his stick, and no sooner saw the dog coming against him, than he leaped upon his back, and went through the same process as his master, so successfully, that he nearly killed the dog. A still more remarkable instance of monkey cleverness may be seen detailed at length in *Chambers's Journal* for May, 1855. It is called the man-monkey of Brazil, from its near approach to human habits and capabilities. It is an accomplished tailor, a well-trained and good-mannered waiter at table, and a good general servant. It makes its own clothes, sweeps the house, waits at table, brings in lunch at the proper hour, hands round lemonade and glasses to the company, shows the house to visitors, loads a gun and fires it

with apparently as much caution and knowledge as a man. Its owner and trainer is a Mr. Vanveck, and the monkey may probably be still seen alive by any one who doubts the reports of those who have seen it.

Cats have been known to learn lessons from dogs. When they have observed dogs, at the dinner-table, getting something to eat in consequence of sitting erect on their hind-quarters in the attitude of begging, they have concluded by a process of reasoning that similar causes should produce similar effects. They consequently tried the experiment, and their anticipations were realised. We are told by credible observers that when an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile, he howls for some time on the banks of the river, till the crocodiles, attracted by the sound, crowd up to the spot where he is; and then he runs in haste to the part of the river which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety. Dogs in India have recourse to a similar stratagem when they wish to swim across a river in safety. How did dogs learn such an expedient? Their instinct taught them to dread the crocodile and to run away from it; but it was reason and experience combined that taught them to attract the crocodiles towards them for ulterior motives. Whether man has ever taught them or their ancestors to have recourse to such an expedient, I know not, and it matters not to the argument. For whether the dogs acquired the habit from instruction, or from individual experience, or from hereditary experience, it would no longer be instinct, which acts "prior to all instruction and experience, and without having any end in view." Again, place a stick, three feet long, in the mouth of a dog, and watch him attempt to enter a door two feet four inches wide. At first he will not manage it at all, because he does not think of the comparative dimensions. But by experience he grows wiser, and either carries the stick aslant in his mouth, or turns his head sideways when he arrives at the door, and thus introduces it without difficulty. And even when his experience has taught him to act thus, he does not do it by instinct, but by real thought. For if you hurry him, or attract his attention to something else when he is near the threshold, so that he cannot think of what he is about, he forgets himself, and again attempts to carry the stick in square. It is his *thought* then that makes him provide against the known difficulty; for *instinct* cannot *forget* its dictates. There was a remarkable instance of sagacity in a dog, lately

recorded in the newspapers. A few miles north of Inverness, a retriever regularly watched the arrival of the coach, and begged charity from the passengers. A gentleman, informed of the dog's habit, gave him a penny, and followed him to a neighboring shop, where, placing his fore-paws on the counter and exhibiting the penny in his mouth, he silently asked for a roll. The roll being produced, the penny was dropped. "Take back the roll," said the gentleman, and the woman did so; upon which the dog took up the penny and was walking off. He was recalled, the roll was given to him, and he again paid down the penny. In this case, instruction and experience had taught the dog the value of a penny, which instinct taught him to be worth nothing. The dog also, by silent signs or language, conveyed both to the gentleman and to the woman an idea of his wants, and to the latter, his determination that if she did not give him the value of his money, he would go somewhere else for it. The capability of receiving instruction, and his willingness and anxiety to receive it, are so remarkable in the dog, and of such common occurrence, that examples would be superfluous. The mere remembrance of what each one has seen or heard or read of sheep-dogs, cattle-dogs, game-dogs, &c., is enough to prove that their instruction and intellectual development are more wonderful than any anecdotes that I have yet related.

And who does not know of the clever schemes by which old rats and mice, birds, fishes, and badgers escape the traps, which by experience they have learnt to be dangerous? Fishes are often tame in a pond; but let one of them be caught and they soon learn to be more cautious. The very proverb respecting the difficulty of "catching *old* birds with chaff," and of catching an *old* fox, teaches us that many animals grow wiser by *experience*; and consequently that as instinct cannot be improved, and is "independent of all experience," their improvement is the result of their reasoning faculties. There is an instance of still more perfect logical deduction than any I have hitherto mentioned, recorded in the Encyclopædia Britannica, by a writer whose prepossessions are rather against allowing any reason to animals. The purport of it is as follows. Crows, by instinct, in search of food, take shell-fish high up in the air, and drop them upon the rocks, that by thus breaking the shell they may get at the fish. Now this looks like the reasonable action of a man; but I allow it to be instinct. Next

as the real process of reason. A cat annoyed crows by endeavoring to get at their nest. required much vigilance and many a battle kept her away. One morning, when she made an unsuccessful assault, and had no shelter under a hedge to escape the net-like beaks of her adversaries, they light a long range of vertical shot to bear on her. For one of them, taking up a stone from the garden, and hovering over her in the air, aimed at letting it fall upon her at the moment she emerged from the hedge. The writer says the fact was communicated to him by a gentleman who saw it, and whose sagacity was unquestionable, and who was no philosopher, and had no favorite hypothesis to support. He adds, that the crow must have been misled, by her power of reasoning, from the effect of one fall in the case of the shell-fish, to a similar effect in the case of the cat. Can we not imagine that the crow was directed in this case by mere instinct, one of whose essential characteristics is to act "without deliberation, and without having any end in view?" Another instance of deliberation, and of the use of artificial means to compass an object in view, is found in the fact that elephants, bison, though naturally careful about cleanliness, sometimes cover themselves all over with mud, in order to protect themselves from the bites of mosquitoes. An ass is looked upon as a stupid beast; but even he has cunning and deliberation enough in his head to rub his rider's legs against a wall, in order to make him dismount; and when that does not succeed, to walk into a pool of water and drown him down, to punish his rider with a ducking. Is not all this done with a knowledge of the end which he is desirous of attaining? Another instance of the wonderful sagacity of rats in using means to an end, is found in the following anecdote, recorded by a man of undoubted sagacity, and who was a deliberate eye-witness of the fact. The gentleman found that some mice were drinking oil in his store-room, had their bladder eaten of the mouths of the bottles, and that the oil was fast diminishing, though the bottles were packed in a box, and the oil did not get spilt. Determined to find out how the oil was got out, he watched it through a window, and to his amazement he beheld the mice deliberately dip their tails into the bottles, and then lick off the oil. If instinct taught these rats such an unnatural use of their tails, every rat should act in the same manner under similar circumstances, and at the first opportunity or necessity. But we may rely upon it that at most rats would be a long time in discover-

ing such a plan or device, unless some clever one set them the example.—With one example of the extraordinary sagacity of an Arabian horse and its fidelity to its master, I shall conclude this portion of my subject.

The horse and its master were both taken prisoners by an adverse tribe. The man was bound hand and foot, and the horse was fastened up for the night at a distance from him. During the night the man managed to crawl unperceived to his horse, and loosened his tether, with the intention of letting him return home, in order that his friends, seeing him return without his rider might have their alarm excited, and come to his rescue. But the horse would not go home, without his master, though commanded to do so. The truth at length flashed across the horse's mind; he saw that his master was in fetters and unable to ride. He seized his clothes with his teeth, lifted him from the ground, and galloped off at full speed, and never stopped until he laid his master down at the door of his tent, and shortly afterwards sank lifeless to the ground, exhausted by the effort which he had made. Now many no doubt will say they cannot believe such a story. But why not? Oh! it is too good to be true. That is to say, your estimate of the sense and of the affection of an Arabian horse for its master is too low. But remember that the mutual attachment of an Englishman and his faithful dog, is often but a shadow of the mutual attachment of the Arab and his horse. And if dogs will preserve the lives of their masters when drowning or attacked by robbers, why should not horses do the same. And if dogs carry cats about in their mouths, in the most friendly manner, without either hurting or annoying them much, and if a horse has been known to take a friendly cat in his mouth, and lift it gently out of the manger, and place it upon the ground, when he wanted to eat his corn, why should not the affectionate Arabian horse have credit for his sagacious liberation of his master, to whom he is so affectionately attached? I repeat the warning that I have already given that we must beware of refusing credit to the wonderful instances which are recorded of animal sagacity and reason, unless we have made up our minds to believe nothing but what we see with our own eyes, and to judge of the probability of recorded facts by the pet theories which are in our mind, rather than follow the ordinary course of philosophy which deduces theories from recorded facts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reviews.

History of England, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III and IV., 8vo. LONGMAN, 1855.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 122.)

The next chapter takes us to Ireland; and we may at once state with what pleasure we perceive this history shows some justice towards that land. Macaulay has travelled himself over the localities he mentions, and the exact information thus acquired will not fail to render more valuable this portion of his work. The ruthless oppression of the Celt by the dominant class, is fairly stated, and more than once affords, throughout the work, matter for much keen argument and for many beautiful illustrations. The whole campaign in Ireland, both previously to William's retirement in disgust from before Limerick, and subsequently under Ginkell, is patiently followed; this picture of the Irish war, though of course frequently one-sided and uncandid, is on the whole vivid and complete, and the relations of James with France are described with much felicity and care; and when at last the bloody record closes in devastation and misery, we are told with as much truth as power, that at last the native population was tranquil, but with the ghastly tranquillity of exhaustion and despair.

But it is when he conducts us to Scotland that Macaulay's flowing style truly appears, and his information and beautiful writing delight us once more. In the numerous details of Covenanters, conventions, hatred of Episcopacy, and squabbles about Church government, we have no pleasure or concern, and quickly passing them over, we are in the mountains amongst the clans and red deer. Macaulay invests this portion of his subject with an interest rarely called forth in Waverley, and we have some pages of fine writing, assuredly not to be found in even that wonderful series.

"It is not easy for a modern Englishman, who can pass in a day from his club in St. James's-street to his shooting-box among the Grampians, and who finds in his shooting-box all the comforts and luxuries of his club, to believe that, in the time of his great grandfathers, St. James's-street had as little connexion with the Grampians as with the Andes. Yet so it was. In the south of our island scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland; and what was known excited no feeling but contempt and loathing. The crags and the

glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trosachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock tapestried with broom and wild roses: Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose, as it still rises, over the willow islet of Loch Awe. Yet none of these sights had power till a recent period, to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions. In deed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic dispositions will readily admit, to develop in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outline and rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstasies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular; by the boiling waves of a torrent, which suddenly whirls away his baggage and forces him to run for his life; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be on his own eyes.

"It was true that the Highlander had few scruples about shedding the blood of an enemy: but it was not less true that he had high notions of the duty of observing faith to allies and hospitality to guests. It was true that his predatory habits were most pernicious to the commonwealth. Yet those erred greatly who imagined that he bore any resemblance to villains who, in rich and well-governed communities, live by stealing. When he drove before him the herds of Lowland farmers up the pass which led to his native glen, he no more considered himself as a thief than the Raleighs and Drakes considered themselves as thieves when they divided the cargoes of Spanish galleons. He was a warrior seizing lawful prize of war, of war never once intermitted during the thirty-five generations which had passed away since the Teutonic invaders had driven the children of the soil to the mountains. His inordinate pride of birth, and his contempt for labor and trade were indeed great weaknesses, and had done far more than the inclemency of the air and the sterility of the soil to keep his country poor and rude. Yet even here there was some compensation. It must in fairness be acknowledged that the patrician virtues were not less widely diffused amongst the population of the Highlands than the patrician vices. As there was no other part of the island where men, sordidly clothed, lodged, and fed, indulged themselves to such a degree in the idle sauntering habits of an aristocracy, so there was no other part of the island where such men had in such a degree the better qualities of an aristocracy, grace and dignity of manner, self-respect, and that noble sensibility which makes dishonor more terrible than death. A gentleman of this sort, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hogstye, would often do the honors of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles."

William returns discomfited from the Continent to England, through the fall of Mons,

and encounters the usual reaction in the mind of his dissatisfied people. Numerous plots for restoring the half-idiotic James are discovered and suppressed. The ministerial arrangements are one amongst a host of causes for fierce party disturbances; but William ever carries his point, and scorns to notice even the treachery of his highest servants.

"In general he was indulgent, nay, wilfully blind to the baseness of the English statesmen whom he employed. He suspected, indeed he knew, that some of his servants were in correspondence with his competitor; and yet he did not punish them, did not disgrace them, did not even frown on them. He thought meanly, and he had but too good reason for thinking meanly, of the whole of that breed of public men which the Restoration had formed and had bequeathed to the Revolution. He knew them too well to complain because he did not find in them veracity, fidelity, consistency, disinterestedness. The very utmost that he expected from them was that they would serve him, as far as they could serve him without serious danger to themselves. If he learned that, while sitting in his council and enriched by his bounty, they were trying to make for themselves at Saint Germain's an interest which might be of use to them in the event of a counter-revolution, he was more inclined to bestow on them the contemptuous commendation which was bestowed of old on the worldly wisdom of the unjust steward than to call them to a severe account."

The history of the rise of the East India Company is noticed at great length early in the fourth volume, and all the arguments on its public advantages, its pernicious monopolies, and its celebrated misdeeds are minutely detailed. These pages, and those further on relative to the state of Scotland, the attempt to buy over the clans, and the appalling massacre of Glencoe, are, to our thinking, as specimens of rare information and very beautiful writing, unsurpassed in the whole work. The rise and vicissitudes of Marlborough, and the equally strange career of his cunning Duchess, are ably treated, and we rejoice that he, although but one from a crowd equally degraded, at last meets with the merited condemnation, for deeds, anomalous in a hero, and which, as a man, rendered him a disgrace to the English name. The demons, Oates, Jeffries, Ferguson, and their worthy disciples, are also not forgotten.

Passing on in search of merely literary beauties, as we postpone to a future period any remark on double-sided history, we find the gradual increase of the country in wealth laid before us. For although "taxation, both direct and indirect, had been carried to an unprecedented point," and yet the revenue had fallen far short of the outlay, still the overflow in the money-market was increasing every

day. Capitalists were eagerly seeking what to do with their money. Upstart companies, which are here detailed with much quiet humor, were patronised in the absence of sounder investment. And when at last we are clearly shown that the State wanted money, while the capitalists had more money than they knew what to do with, the origin of the National Debt is powerfully brought forward.

"There was, indeed, nothing strange or mysterious in the expedient to which the Government had recourse. It was an expedient familiar during two centuries to the financiers of the Continent, and could hardly fail to occur to any English statesman who compared the void in the exchequer with the overflow in the money-market.

How, indeed, was it possible that a debt should not have been contracted, when one was impelled by the strongest motives to borrow, and another was impelled by equally strong motives to lend? A moment had arrived at which the Government found it impossible, without exciting the most formidable discontent, to raise by taxation the supplies necessary to defend the liberty and independence of the nation; and, at that very moment, numerous capitalists were looking round them in vain for some good mode of investing their savings, and, for want of such a mode, were keeping their wealth locked up, or were lavishing it on absurd projects. Riches sufficient to equip a navy which would sweep the German Ocean and the Atlantic of French privateers, riches sufficient to maintain an army which might retake Namur and avenge the disaster of Steinkirk, were lying idle, or were passing away from the owners into the hands of sharpers. A statesman might well think that some part of the wealth, which was daily buried or squandered, might, with advantage to the proprietor, to the tax-payer, and to the State, be attracted into the Treasury. Why meet the extraordinary charge of a year of war by seizing the chairs, the tables, the beds of hard-working families, by compelling one country gentleman to cut down his trees before they were ready for the axe, another to let the cottages on his land fall to ruin, a third to take away his hopeful son from the University, when Change-alley was swarming with people who did not know what to do with their money, and who were pressing every body to borrow it?"

We regret we cannot adorn our pages with the entire passage on the rise and growth of the huge national burden; it cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention, together with that which follows on the first murmurings for Parliamentary reform, which have since so often swelled to a war cry; both are beautifully written; the latter teeming with information as to the freedom of Englishmen, the other highly instructive as to the wonderful progress of England.

The establishing of the freedom of the press, and abolition for ever of Government censors to restrict its movements, are detailed further on, and the characters instrumental in for-

warding this great cause, are duly noticed. We are tempted to extract one or two sentences occurring here, as specimens of the quiet pleasantries we have remarked before.

"Blount also attacked Christianity in several original treatises, or rather in several treatises purporting to be original; for he was the most audacious of literary thieves, and transcribed, without acknowledgment, whole pages from authors who had preceded him. His delight was to worry the priests by asking them how light existed before the sun was made, How Paradises could be bounded by Pison, Sihon, Hiddikel, and Euphrates, how serpents moved before they were condemned to crawl, and where Eve found thread to stitch her fig-leaves.

"The literary workmanship of Blount resembled the architectural workmanship of those barbarians who used the Coliseum and the Theatre of Pompey as quarries, who built houses out of Ionian friezes and propped cowhouses on pillars of lagulite."

The formation of the Bank of England, and the abortive attempt to establish a land bank, are related in due course, and there are some highly interesting pages devoted to the currency question; the terrible distress consequent on the calling in of the hammered money, and on the contemporary drainage of William's warlike policy towards France, are vividly described. We have also minute details of the various Jacobite plots, of the bribery amongst officials, and of the plans and attainder of Fenwick. Macaulay goes into these latter at great length, and the following is a fair specimen of the plausible reasoning with which we are already so familiar in his writings.

"The Whigs had also a decided advantage in the dispute about the rule which requires two witnesses in cases of high treason. The truth is that the rule is absurd. It is impossible to understand why the evidence which would be sufficient to prove that a man has fired at one of his fellow-subjects should not be sufficient to prove that he has fired at his Sovereign. It can by no means be laid down as a general maxim that the assertion of two witnesses is more convincing to the mind than the assertion of one witness. The story told by one witness may be in itself probable. The story told by two witnesses may be extravagant. The story told by one witness may be uncontradicted. The story told by two witnesses may be contradicted by four witnesses. The story told by one witness may be corroborated by a crowd of circumstances. The story told by two witnesses may have no such corroboration. The one witness may be Tillotson or Ken. The two witnesses may Oates or Bedloe."

The very short time these volumes have been in our hands compels us to close our hasty notice; after calm perusal and close study we will take an early opportunity to return to them again; and indeed the short interval (1689 to 1697) which these 1600

pages cover, showing how minutely detailed is the charming story, is also proof that they cannot be too calmly dealt with. We close them feeling that their author is indeed a great writer, and lay down our pen dismayed at the vast dimensions of the task we have undertaken. But we even now cannot avoid noticing one or two impressions which we are convinced a perusal of these volumes must leave on the minds of most candid readers. In the first place they seem less the history of England than the biography of William; the great Dutchman stands out boldly from amongst his contemporaries, and, in following his career, the work is swollen with a mass of details, certainly of only remote connection with their legitimate subject, William's newly-acquired kingdom. We have the ministers and policy of his great adversary, Louis, very fully treated of; we are present at the taking of Mons and at the fall of Namur; at the bombardment of Brussels and at the battle of Landen. Whole pages are devoted to declaiming against the selfish quarrels of the several combined states, the rapid decay of Spain, the outrageous demands of Austria, and the strife by the Danube. All these are noted in terms worthy of their historian, but as England herself is his proper theme, we may well regret that he thus renders impossible the performance of his early promise. Few moreover will coincide with him in his anxious eulogy, even while they fully appreciate the great artistic power which has enabled him to make out for his hero so good a story. Again, it is impossible not to feel that with all their dissertation these volumes, in every thought and line, are Whig to the core. Every one of the great social questions we have noticed is made to adorn the Whig party; every notable member of that party is minutely sketched with great brilliancy and power, while the policy and chiefs of the opposite side are shelved more and more towards the close, to a degree that we, who care nothing for either side, consider grossly partial. Macaulay, too, has determined to exalt Mary of Orange, at all hazards and he gladly seizes every opportunity to allege the great purity of her motives and remarkable piety of her life. Now, that serene piety and odious duplicity can co-exist in any mind, we deny, and this degrading fault is notoriously proved against Mary. During the many years whilst William was preparing for his great expedition, quarrelling with the States General and laboring to circumvent France, his politico

wife was corresponding with her imbecile sister and credulous father in terms of respect and affection; she cannot but have known that her shrewd lord was plotting to ruin that father; nay, she flirted with Monmouth who paved for William the way. It is idle to say that Mary reluctantly surrendered her judgment to others, and merely followed the fortunes of her husband. She coveted the English crown for herself, and proved that she did so by the childish joy in which, immediately after her arrival, she ran about the apartments at Whitehall, and admired with greedy wonder the appointments of the same chamber, aye, the very hangings of the bed, from which had fled in terror and dismay but a few hours before, the father that had thought of her so often and had loved her so well.

We moreover consider it unnecessary to record now any protest against the nasty epithets and hard names which Macaulay's abundant vocabulary supplies for Catholicism and its children, merely because we can feel no inclination to grumble at not finding what we never had any intention to seek. Nobody looks in Wordsworth for the deep passion of Byron; or in the scoundrelly decisions of Jeffries for the fine intellect of Mansfield; and a search in the pages of a popular Whig historian for justice or generosity towards the Divine Institution—dear to us as the honor of our mothers, and loved by us most in suffering and sorrow—we hold to be simply a preposterous enterprise. But, while on the one hand, from the early stage where Macaulay himself notices the monstrous absurdity of a woman being called to the head of a church in which an Apostle had forbidden her to let her voice be heard, he throughout lays bare to the mind of every thinking reader the miserable sub-divisions of the church he so fondly eulogises, its endless internal dissensions, its total want of any Divine origin, or of any connecting link between the chosen band on which the Holy Ghost descended, and the Ministry too many of whom wring handsome fortunes from the scanty substance of a Catholic people. And while, on the other hand, these volumes at least in rare scholarship and brilliant composition are worthy of their great predecessors, they further prove how wisely their author has discerned his true calling in his retirement from public life. The mission of him who could choose England for his theme and secure mankind for his audience was obviously not in the ranks of selfish

statesmen, who in their intrigues for power forget their country in peace, and in war lower her amongst the nations, and squander her blood and treasure. Nature had in truth appointed a nobler office for her gifted son, and in the sympathy of genius, he has responded to the call: withdrawn from the stormy arena of political strife, rescued from sharing the huge blunders of the party still so dear to him, and perhaps the tremendous fall of its greatest chief; preserved, it may be, from the corroding sorrows of Edmund Burke, or the broken heart of the second Pitt; from his Academic groves he sends forth volumes to charm the taste and cultivate the mind of future ages.

Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMOND ABOUT. 1 Vol. CONSTABLE. 1855.

We have somewhat delayed in calling our readers' attention to this fascinating story. Our admiration was so very warm we almost feared to trust our judgment, but even now we are sure many will feel grateful for the introduction.

Tolla is a daughter of the noble house of Feraldi. Endowed by nature with very choice gifts, her hand is eagerly sought in marriage by many of the young nobles of Italy. A prince of the great house of Coromila-Borghesi, however, the favored one, and the tale of Tolla's strong love, of Manuel's timidity and vacillation, of the anxieties of her parents, and the uncompromising pride of his, of the gaieties of modern Roman life, and the clearly-defined peculiarities of the supernumerary characters, forms the subject of this clever volume. There are many truths deduced, there is much eloquent writing, and there may be derived, from even a single perusal, many wise and useful lessons.

Tolla's youth;—

"The fairest days of Tolla's childhood were spent at L'Ariccia. She was more free there than at Rome, even although she had been placed under the absolute government of the little Menico, the son of her father's tenant. Menico, which means Dominique, was five years older than Tolla; but he never abused the authority he possessed in right of his age and the confidence of the countess. Indeed, he could refuse Tolla nothing. In spite of all the exhortations to prudence and abstinence which had been lavished upon him, he himself placed his little pupil on the backs of all the donkeys in the village, and robbed for her sake the most carefully-enclosed gardens round. More than once this Mentor had been found laughing with delight at seeing Tolla in the act of devouring a heavy bunch of golden grapes, or of smearing her

cheeks with a large purple fig. For twelve years the gardens, the woods, the donkeys, and Menico, were Tolla's only preceptors; save, indeed, that from her mother she learnt the rudiments of religion and music. As she was never forced to the piano, she used to like to come to it; her little fingers delighting to run over the ivory keys. It was found that her ear was true, and, what is less common in children, her sense of time accurate."

Tolla goes to school—

"At the age of thirteen Tolla knew how to read and write, to climb trees, to leap ditches, play on the piano, love her parents, and pray to God. At length her father perceived that, with all her acquirements, her perfect ignorance, and her great qualities, she was not very unlike a hawthorn-bush in flower, they resolved, accordingly, to send her to school."

"Tolla, thrown without any transition into the midst of the regular and almost conventual habits of a great community, had not time to regret her liberty, her family, or the woods of L'Ariccia. She was seized with a sudden passion for study, in which curiosity was a more prominent element than emulation. She cared little to appear clever; but she had an incredible thirst for knowledge. All the serious faculties of her nature, abruptly roused, entered at once into action, and it was evident that her former idleness had but increased her powers a hundred fold. Her mind resembled those virgin soils of the New World, which only wait for a handful of seed to reveal at once their inexhaustible fertility. To her, ignorant as she was, everything appeared new—everything excited her curiosity; she disdained nothing, found nothing trivial or trite."

Tolla goes into the world—

"Tolla bore without the least awkwardness the little triumph that was decreed her. We all know how difficult it is to receive composedly a shower of compliments. This ordeal, a trying one in all countries, is really formidable in Italy, the land of hyperbole. Tolla had to hear herself compared to all of the most perfect that the three kingdoms of nature contain; she was styled at one and the same moment, a star, a prodigy, a divinity. Even the ladies took part in the chorus, fully prepared meanwhile to declare her vain if she accepted their praise, and foolish if she rejected them. But, in the natural mirthfulness of her character, she found a safeguard against either accusation,—she neither received nor refused the flattery with which they hoped to crush her. Sometimes she would playfully bear with it in a manner which seemed to say, 'Politeness bids me listen to what politeness bids you speak;' at other times she would return it, especially if offered by women. She paid them back their praises with usury, giving them diamonds for crystals, suns for stars. These innocent and naïve sallies won the silent but unanimous applause of all the gentlemen—so difficult is it to resist the charms of youth. In this way the prettiest girl in Rome, without trying to be brilliant, without any witticisms, or any evil speaking, gained at once her brevet of clever woman."

Tolla is betrothed, and has held that "everlasting conversation which the human race has repeated for so many ages without ever finding it monotonous." She tries to improve Manuel.

"Tolla was too sincerely pious herself not to think much about the spiritual welfare of her lover. It may have been, too, that a secret instinct warned her that he would not forget his duty towards her so long as he remembered his duty towards God. In pleading the cause of Heaven she was pleading her's as well."

"Manuel had never neglected those obligations to external piety which the laws of Rome constantly remind of, nay, impose upon all the subjects of the Pope, and which the most dissipated young men perform without a moment's opposition. He indeed did much more in appearance than even the most austere religion would have exacted; but Tolla had much difficulty in restoring to him the pious sentiments that he professed indeed, but no longer entertained. She used to lecture him gently, and to implore him to conform his opinions to his conduct. 'Thou art,' she would say, 'a singular species of bad Christian. Others think rightly and act wrongly; thou thinkest wrongly and actest rightly. I will not, therefore, say, as do my fellow preachers—Conform your practice to your faith; but rather—Try to believe in what you practice.'"

But we could fill the number with quotations. We must not, however, detract from the reader's interest; we cannot resist the temptation to extract one passage from poor Tolla's last letter to Manuel—

"When I appear in the presence of the Almighty, I hope that He will forgive me for having loved thee better than Him. As for thee, thou wilt live long; I will pray my guardian angel to add my years to thine. Be happy, in return for all the happiness thou hast given me. When thou saidst to me, *Tolla Mia!* I saw the heavens open, thou hast promised me never to marry if by any chance thou wert to lose me: that was a promise that held good formerly, at the time when we thought ourselves eternal; but now I command thee to forget it. Thou wilt not disobey my last request? Choose a gentle and pious wife, who will not forbid thee to pray for me. If thou hast a daughter, try to obtain permission to call her Tolla; in this way thou wilt remember my name all thy life."

Such pages speak to the hearts of all, and need no eulogium of our's. *Tolla* is a highly finished work of art, and yet lively with the beautiful freshness of a young mind. The irresistible charm of the early scenes is not the less enduring, because the close is steeped in sadness.

Clifton Tales 5.—*Winifride Jones, the very Ignorant Girl.* 6.—*Well Known to the Police.* 7.—*James Chapman, or the Way of Common Sense.* BURNS AND LAMBERT, LONDON.

It was with no little regret that we saw, some seventeen months ago, the announcement by the editors of this pretty little series that it was necessary for a time to suspend their publication, and our regret has been confirmed and increased by a recent re-perusal of the

three little tales whose titles head our paper. These very pleasing stories are written in the true Catholic spirit; entirely free from all attempt at the romantic, the homely but life-like incidents follow each other with such truth to nature, that the attention of the reader never wearies, and while anxious as a novel reader ever should be to get at the *dénouement*, he finds the details too interesting to admit of the usual spring from the first to the middle chapter, and from that to the last. Written with a simplicity that makes them intelligible and agreeable even to children, they contain such evidences of sound thought and of intimate acquaintance with the nature of the good and the evil influences at work around us, as render them not unworthy companions for the leisure hours of matured and intellectual men. Animated by a spirit of true practical charity, they enter into the sufferings and necessities of the poor with a tone of sympathy, of consolation, and of encouragement that must make them prime favorites among readers of that class, while the kindness and force, with which they explain and illustrate the respective duties and responsibilities of each, make them useful monitors to both rich and poor. The little dissertations on religious subjects seem to arise so naturally in the current of events, that they never have the appearance of intrusion, they are so short as never to detract from the interest of the story, and are yet sufficiently long to afford to a thoughtful reader matter for serious reflection.

Simple and unassuming as are these little tales, we hesitate not to say that no one need consider the time as lost which he may expend in reading them, and there are few we think so good but that they may derive from them a gentle hint which well applied would make them better.

SONNET.

ON A PICTURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, BY RAFFAEL.

O blessed Mother, mild and lowly!
 O blessed Virgin: virgin wise and good!
 Woman immaculate: O symbol holy,
 And great example of pure womanhood!
 A twilight heaven of loving melancholy
 Shadows thy beauty; and o'er thee doth brood,
 And Him, the blessing of thy solitude.
 Dream I, or am I waking? Softly, slowly,
 Up from that lovely shape upon thy knees
 Methinks I see the motherly pleasure creep:
 Now on thy parted lips it seems to seize;
 And now it palpitates on either lid.
 Heavy he lies in the divinest sleep
 That ever held the living or the dead.

AUBREY DE VERE.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. JAMES NUGENT.

On the evening of Thursday, January 17, the Company of St. Philip Neri and the Members of the Institute Literary Society, assembled to celebrate the time-honored season of festivity, by a dinner and sociable soirée. Invitations had been largely issued; amongst the rest to the Bishop of the Diocese, the Coadjutor Bishop, and the senior Priest of each church in the town. A number of lay friends were also invited. Their Lordships, the Bishops, and several of the clergy sent letters of apology; still the club-room was densely packed.

J. B. Aspinall, Esq. filled the chair, and W. C. Maclaurin, Esq. acted as croupier. Among the company we observed the Revv. Messrs. Marshall, Sheridan, O.S.B., Grant, S.J., Magrath, and O'Reilly; Messrs. E. Hore, Meany, Harnett, Murphy, Clements, Scratton, Perkins, Nolan, &c.

The dinner arrangements were unexceptionable, and carried out with taste and profusion. A magnificent round of beef, presented by John Perkins, Esq., formed the *pièce de résistance*.

On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman announced that before proceeding with his ordinary duties, as laid down in the programme, there was a short episode to be gone through which he felt sure would meet the approval of all present; indeed he might say that it had already their approval; for almost every one who heard him was aware of the matter to which he alluded except one, who, strange to say, was, notwithstanding, the principal party concerned. As he saw a deputation from the Company of St. Philip Neri, with their worthy president, Mr. Curran, in readiness, he would not further obstruct the gratifying proceedings. (hear, hear).

Mr. John Curran then read the following address:—

TO THE REV. JAMES NUGENT.

"DEAR REV. SIR,—We, the members of the Company of St. Philip Neri, and the young men connected with the Catholic Institute, who for so long a time have been the objects of your solicitude, avail ourselves of this opportunity to mark the appreciation which your labours, in our regard, have merited. While fully sensible of the complete inadequacy of our gifts to compensate for the anxiety which a desire for our welfare has entailed, and conscious that our language must necessarily fall short in describing the feelings which prompt us to the utterance of our gratitude, yet we cannot refrain from adverting to some of those undertakings, which, being sustained by your zeal and directed by your prudence, have been productive of so many advantages to religion, and of so

many benefits to us. We cannot but remember how special your mission has been to young men, and how peculiarly qualified you are for winning their affections and leading them to good. That liberty of spirit, so characteristic of our Holy Father, St. Philip, by which he could gain the hearts and direct the wills of those young men who flocked to that little room of his which overlooked the Tiber, has been the prevailing feature in our intercourse with you. In you, young men have had that cordial sympathy which secures, without solicitation, the most perfect confidence; and your exertions have evinced the greatest desire to free them from the dangers which beset their most trivial amusements in this great town. To you the Catholic young men of Liverpool are mainly indebted for the means of a safe and agreeable recreation, as well as for the opportunities which the Catholic Institute affords of improving relaxation and intellectual pursuits. But it is for much more than these that we, who are assembled here, have to be grateful; for to you we owe whatever of pleasant association has attached us to the Institute. As night after night we have assembled for social pastime, your presence has given the charm to the evening's amusement; and, by your kind word and generous counsel, we have been consoled for the difficulties and trials which beset our daily life.

"In you we have had the kind friend, the prudent counsellor, and the affectionate pastor. As the father of our Company, and the director of our devotions, we owe you more than words can tell; for you have led us to the love of our crucified Lord, and placed us under the protection of Him who is so particularly the pattern for these modern times. In doing this, you have adopted a model who has successfully combined necessary amusements with the spirit of fervent devotion; and one that, even in recreation, can lead to the love of our Immaculate Lady. As, then, it is in the name of St. Philip Neri we assemble for our weekly prayers, and receive each month the bread of life in the Holy Communion, so, in his name, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying chalice. And, though it is but a slight testimony of our regard, it may still serve to indicate the spirit, which will make our offering acceptable.

"Receive, then, this humble tribute of our esteem and affection; and may you, reverend father, as you offer up the Holy Sacrifice, be mindful of us, your children in St. Philip, to whom we will continually pray, that he may guide and protect you during a long and useful ministry, and, having obtained for us all the grace of final perseverance, we may be united for ever in Heaven."

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted by loud and enthusiastic cheering, which was caught up with fresh vehemence when the chalice, a massive and richly-embossed piece of workmanship, and bearing a suitable inscription, was formally presented to the rev. gentleman.

The Rev. Mr. Nugent rose amidst renewed cheers to reply. He said—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—I must say that this is certainly a surprise to me, for it is a most unexpected and unlooked-for mark of your affection. I assure you, when you arranged with me for this little entertainment this evening, I had no idea that you had such a plot in the back ground as has just come forth. If I have entered into this little work of the Company of St. Philip Neri, it has been, you know, that I might in some way carry out a work which I had marked out for myself when I first conceived the idea of establishing the

Catholic Institute (cheers). One must know the difficulties that young men are exposed to in a town like this; and if St. Philip were to come into the world again, in no place could he find such a place for his mission as the town of Liverpool (hear, hear). At the present moment all classes—all branches of the Church Establishment, seem to be centering all their forces in drawing young men together. This seems to be their great object. If you take up the *Times* you will find announced a *prayer-meeting* for young men at one place—a *Sacrament day* set apart at another—and that Mr. So-and-so will preach with a like object next Sunday. Well, we have, I believe, a power of drawing young men together which those without the Church have not—because we have a rule and standard to guide us. But if we look to the spirit of those without the Church, you will find that their model is how they will make a young man's position in the world; but when the Catholic Church comes to deal with young men, it sets before them the model of Christ and the saints (hear, hear). In this society we have taken the model of St. Philip. We keep before us his counsels of humility, obedience, and self-sacrifices; and, if I have done anything for you, it is only because I felt peculiarly drawn to that kind of work. Being a native of this town, I understand the difficulties that young men are exposed to, and I have made some exertions for them (hear, hear). I have made myself your companion—I have made myself, I am happy to see, your friend (cheers). I have been, I hope, also your father and spiritual guide; and it is a consolation to me to think that, taking part in all your amusements, I have never yet felt the dignity of priest sunk or compromised. This mark of your affection proves it. If you had offered me money, I candidly tell you I would not have accepted it; but, as you have offered me a chalice, it shall be St. Philip Neri's chalice; and as long as this Institute exists, it shall remain in it—a memorial of your affectionate kindness (cheers). I must say again I cordially appreciate this mark of your affection (hear, hear). It shows me that your affection for me is as your priest—the greatest satisfaction to me, and the highest compliment you could pay me (cheers). You say you have always found me a friend and companion. I trust you may ever do so (hear, hear). I trust, too, that you may go on and gather round us more young men of the same spirit. Let us try to infuse a new spirit into the Catholic young men of Liverpool (hear, hear). We, as Catholics, have a great mission to fulfil; and if God Almighty has given us opportunity, as members of this Institute, let us try to get others to enjoy the same advantages, so that going into to their various positions in life—in the shop or in the office, or whatever part may be assigned them, they may help to diffuse the Catholic spirit, and that those around them may see that they are different from others, and become impressed that the Catholic Church has a power of moulding them to Jesus Christ (cheers)." The reverend gentleman again acknowledged the kind and unexpected manifestation of the good feeling in his regard of the Company of St. Philip Neri, and concluded amidst general cheering.

The Chairman, Mr. Aspinall, then proceeded with the list of toasts. After the usual formal toasts, he proposed "The Company of Saint Philip Neri,"—responded to by Mr. Murphy in eloquent terms "The Literary Society in connection with the Institute,"—responded to by Mr. Whittaker Edmondson,

in a pointed and humorous speech. Songs were then sung, in excellent style; and, Mr. Aspinall being compelled to leave,

The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, who, in a lengthened speech, announced the intelligence of the success of the interference of the Emperor of Austria in the peace negotiation. "All honor to the brave," said the rev. gentleman in conclusion, "honor to the brave who have suffered—honor to the brave who have fallen—honor to the brave who remain (cheers)—all honor to chivalrous France (cheers)—all honor to patient England (hear, hear)—all honor to heroic Russia (oh, oh). Yes, all honor to those who are at feud and at war no more, and who have now to enter into the rivalry of another pursuit—the interests of peace—the furtherance of European prosperity, and the liberty of the world" (cheers). The rev. gentleman concluded by proposing "The Young Men's Society" (cheers).

The Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of St. Mary's, eloquently responded.

The next toast was, "The Cause of Catholic Literature, with the Institute Magazine."

Some other toasts of a complimentary character were proposed, and several songs excellently sung; and, at an early hour, the company broke up.

INSTITUTE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

On the evenings of January 3rd and 4th, the scholars and members of the Institute entertained their friends with a dramatic soirée at the Clayton Hall. The orchestra was composed of the piano-forte, under the skilful manipulation of Mr. D. C. Browne, and of the brass and string bands of the Institute, conducted on the former evening by Mr. Baetens, and on the latter by Mr. H. Garvey.

The entertainments began with an original prologue of some merit. *Mirth* (Mr. Campbell) declares winter to be eminently the season for enjoyment, and argues away the pretensions of the sister seasons to any real claim to jollity. He introduces the two chief representatives of Christmas fare, *Mr. Twelfth-cake* (Mr. Collins), and *Mr. Plumpudding* (Master Taylor), each dressed in character. A trio is sung by these, celebrating the old English fare of Christmas-tide.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* followed; and it did the greatest credit to all concerned in getting it up. The elocutionary portion, prepared by Mr. Booth, cannot be too highly praised. And we do not pass this encomium as mere holiday critics, determined to be pleased with anything; but, after soberly watching the performance from first to last, we could not but conclude that the play was excellently and artistically acted. Of course there were shortcomings; but it would be invidious to dwell on these. For all the players were only school-boys, and many of them wore the *coturnus* for the first time. We may be permitted to mention the following

as having performed their allotted parts in a most praiseworthy manner:—Master Macauley as *Macduff*, Master Cain as *Macbeth*, and Master M'Ardle as *Lady Macbeth*. It was a neck-and-neck run between the two former, as to which should wear the palm for clever and sustained acting. But undoubtedly the gem of the whole piece (if we select a single point) was the reading of the letter by *Lady Macbeth*. We never remember to have heard *Seaton* applauded before, an honor secured for his impersonation of it by Master Thompson. We must not omit to award well-deserved praise to Mr. Jeffreys of the Theatre Royal, for the manner in which the actors were dressed. We never saw a better dressed *caste*, though we have seen *Macbeth* on many stages, from Winchester, immortalized in Nicholas Nickleby, to the classic boards of Old Drury. The farce was *Paul Pry*. *Billy* was a masterly rendering; *Sir Spangle Rainbow* was well conceived, but inefficiently brought out. He was a living Sir John Chester. *Oldbutton* would have pleased much for his evident earnestness and complete identification of the character; only a certain forcing or straining of the voice rather pained the auditory for the actor's sake. *Paul Pry* failed in not having read his part over and considered it in its entirety, so as to preserve its unity; this made it uneven and patch-worky. But the grotesque comicality of the rendering blinded the audience to this. *Paul* would do well to subject himself to a twelvemonth's training under Mr. Booth. *Captain Hazleton* wanted the services of the drill-serjeant as well as of Mr. Booth. *Crimp* was excellent; *Pomade* required more of the tiptoe and less of the heel. Altogether, the evening was a hit; all did their best to please; and to the thrilling strains of *God Save the Queen* and *Partant pour la Syrie*, the company broke up in the best of tempers and good spirits.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE BROWNE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

This venerable prelate expired at his residence, Catherine-street, at a quarter-past eight, on the morning of Friday, January 25th, in the 70th year of his age. His death may be said to have been sudden; for though he had been for a considerable time in a delicate state of health, and latterly had suffered much from rheumatic gout and an affection of the chest and lungs, yet neither by his medical attendants nor the members of his household was the melancholy

event anticipated. On Thursday evening, he was in excellent spirits, conversed freely with visitors, and wrote several letters, some on important business matters, with a clear style and a firm hand. Soon after eight o'clock on the following morning he was attacked with paralysis, and before medical aid could be had, or the clergy from the Catholic Institute, who were at once sent for, could be in attendance, life was extinct. The saintly prelate's long life was entirely dedicated to the advancement of religion and the saving of souls. To those seeking his guidance or requiring to converse with him, he was affable and easy of access. His ministrations and episcopal rule over the clergy subjected to his jurisdiction were eminently characterized by Christian zeal and brotherly love.

Dr. Browne received his education at St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, where he was a favorite pupil of the celebrated historian, Dr. Lingard. He was remarkable during his college career as a writer of sweet and classical Latin; and for his literary attainments he was promoted to superintend the education of the students, in the important capacity of Prefect of the Studies. He afterwards became vice-president of the college and professor of theology. On leaving the college, he was appointed missionary at Lancaster, where he remained many years, much beloved, and where his memory is still held in benediction. On the partition of the northern district, previously governed by the present Bishop of Beverley, into three bishoprics, Dr. Browne was appointed to the Lancashire diocese, and was consecrated at St. Anthony's Church, in 1840, as Bishop of Bugia *in partibus*. He was afterwards translated to the See of Tloa *in partibus*, and finally, on the reconstruction of the hierarchy in 1850, he was appointed to the important diocese of Liverpool. On visiting Rome, towards the close of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., Dr. Browne was appointed Domestic Prelate to his Holiness, and Bishop Assistant at the Pontifical throne.

The continued bad health of Dr. Browne rendered necessary, some years ago, the appointment of a coadjutor, in the person of Dr. Sharples. The diocese enjoyed the government of this prelate for a very brief space; and on his death an interval of rather better health allowed Dr. Browne to act unassisted; but again a coadjutor became requisite. This was the present Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Goss, who was consecrated Bishop of Gerens *in partibus, cum jure successionis*.

During the fifteen years of Dr. Browne's episcopate, the important diocese committed to his pastoral care flourished in the increased number of religious foundations, schools, churches, and priests. The following comparative statistics of the state of the diocese at the introduction of the hierarchy, and in the year 1855, will enable us to judge of what was done during these five years. In 1851, number of churches, 79; convents, 1; priests, 113. In 1855, churches, 88; convents, 6; priests, 138.

A solemn *Missa de Requiem* was chanted for the deceased Bishop at the Institute, on Monday, January 28th. The same evening, Matins and Lauds for the dead were recited by the clergy at St. Nicholas's, Copperas Hill; and the following morning a solemn dirge was sung in the same church *prasente cadavere*. The body was afterwards borne for interment to the Church of St. Oswald, Old Swan.—R. I. P.

[From our London Correspondent.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The gaiety and rejoicing, obtaining by prescriptive custom, during the present season, have been in most circles in a great measure damped by the anxiety felt respecting the proposed "conditions of peace." Few people, it is said, desire they should be unconditionally accepted by Russia, on account of the great glory that must necessarily accrue to England by the intended operations in the Baltic, now that gun-boats are at length being sent there. Would that in this anticipation, and in so just a feeling of patriotism, there were some hope that England might look to the advancement of her real and lasting interests. So far as individuals are concerned, we may well believe that such has already been the case; that among the fallen, many now rest assured of Heaven, who but for the visible dangers that surrounded them would never have sought the grace to merit it.

The Church is everywhere progressing; such is the cry of her adversaries, and God forbid there should be cause to contradict them! At Devonport, so long a stronghold of Protestantism, a sectarian meeting-house, valued at some thousands of pounds, has lately been bought, and has been, or is about to be, consecrated as a Catholic Church. In London, in spite of the pressure of the times, a new mission was lately opened in one of the crowded courts of Fleet-street, and the promoters of it entertain every hope that it may steadily advance in prosperity. It is placed in the hands of one of those zealous Italian clergy who have been in the metropolis long quietly undermining the openly-boasted evil deeds of their countrymen—some of these latter are now beginning to unmask the horrible propositions enunciated by Gavazzi, within the last few weeks, have been such as to shock even pious Protestants.

it convert from the Establishment has with him many wavering souls, and induced by down their burden of doubt and of pride to submission to the Church of God. Surely next course he has already fulfilled a long shown how, in the providence of God, a mingling in at the eleventh hour may equal one borne the burden and heat of the day. That state of feeling is growing up in America is from the fact that the Association for the Union of the Faith is rapidly spreading there. College at Rome, the future Alma Mater, it some of the pupils of the "Catholic Institute," a new Rector, Father Gaudi, who lately filled having been elevated to the Purple; Padre succeeds him, is of the same religious order of St. Domini. While noticing different as in the Church, some of the proceedings deserve for their very drollery to be that, for instance, of Lord Plunkett's printed useysism in Connaught, a county in which thing was ever heard of, but which, purely dship's convenience, who is located there title of Bishop, is supposed to be infecting of Protestantism in his diocese. To the victim of literary plagiarism was one of the last things that the Right Rev. Sumner ever anticipated; and that any have been found to do it, is perhaps one of singular literary facts upon record. His of Exeter's letter on Dr. Lushington's de-complete contrast to Bishop Plunkett's inasmuch as though very funny, it is a very oment; the ecclesiastical learning dis-it is almost equal to that of Sir Edward ulwer, who in a note to his novel of explains "compline" to mean second I am, dear sir, &c.

M. I. L.

January 17th, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS, &c.

More is about to publish *Memoirs of the last Century, Social, Literary, and*

The publication of this volume has been hastened, we believe, through the recent death of Strahan & Co., by which this pleasing as lost the proceeds of a long and illustrious literary career.

He is about to enter on a grand Macaulay rivalry. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has on the occasion of publication a reply to the historian's attack against Penn, and it is rumored that he is preparing a rejoinder, as also an answer to the strictures of the *Athenæum* and *We*. We have seen it stated that the Longmans have already paid Macaulay a sum of £16,000 on account of vols. iv. and v. An advertisement in a Calcutta paper promises a good supply of these volumes for the month (January). It is rumored the fifth volume is in the printer's hands. A correspondent of the *Times*, at Berlin, was prevented from collecting books for the Prussian Legion by the Russian police.

The Christmas present from the Emperor to her Majesty has been much admired. It is an album illustrative of the visit to Paris. The drawings are in water-color, by the most eminent French masters, and produced at a cost of one thousand guineas.

Mr. John Forster, author of the well known *Life of Goldsmith*, and, we believe, one of the best writers on the *Times*, has been appointed Secretary to the Commission of Lunacy, at a salary of £800 a-year. Barry Cornwall is a member of the Commission, at a salary of £1,500.

The Kaffir Journals of Sir James Cathcart, lately killed in the Crimea, are in the press.

The report that Mr. Layard has a volume on Assyrian Antiquities in the press, we regret turns out to be unfounded.

The executors of the late Samuel Rogers have decided on placing his effects in the hands of Messrs. Christie and Manson for sale. His books, pictures, &c., are said to be worth £40,000. There have been many reports as to *Diaries* and *Memoirs* of the Banker-Poet. His publisher, Moxon, is said to have several volumes of the former in the press, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce is preparing a volume of *Reminiscences* for immediate publication.

Accounts from America state that the second volume of Irving's *Life of Washington* has appeared, and that Mr. Allibone, a gentleman of great attainments, is preparing a *Critical Dictionary on English Literature* on a novel plan.

The Institute of Sweden has elected Prince Lucien Bonaparte a member. The Prince is now, we believe, a member of most of the Academies of Europe.

A daily newspaper, *The Bizarre Gazette*, is to appear at Cork on the 4th instant; the subscription to be one shilling per annum!

The Father of the Irish Bar, Robert Holmes, is actively engaged in writing a *History* of his life and times. Mr. Holmes was called to the bar in 1795!

A new religious journal, *L'Observateur Catholique*, is about being published in Paris.

The literary journals for some weeks past have not spared government on account of the miserable pension to Haydn, author of the well known *Dictionary of Dates*, &c. This interest in his broken fortunes comes too late, however: the hardworking scholar is dead.

Mr. Charles Braham, the English tenor, has appeared at Lisbon in Verdi's operas, with great success.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

The Annual Soirée of the Institute took place last evening, January 31st, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. We have not time to say much of it in our present number, but will return to it on a future occasion. The principal speakers were the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, formerly Vicar of St. Margaret's, Leicester, and the Rev. H. Marshall. A debate was maintained by the day-scholars of the Institute. Several songs and glees lent a charm to the meeting; and a farce, *The Irish Tutor*, wound up the proceedings of a very agreeable evening.

We have much pleasure in informing our friends that arrangements have been made for a Course of Lectures and Amusements during the Spring session. As before announced, the evening has been changed from Monday to Wednesday—the latter being more convenient in many respects. We hope to have the pleasure of meeting again the well-known faces of former friends with the addition of many new ones. The arrangements for the month of February are as follow:—

February 13.—On the Ancient Civilization of Ireland, by — M'Carthy, Esq.

February 20.—Charles, "The Pretender;" illustrated with the Jacobite Songs and Choruses of the period.

February 27.—The Catacombs of Rome, by the Rev. P. Kaye, of Blackburn.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

. It is requested that all Communications be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

John Tynan.—We are in some uncertainty ourselves as to the continuation of the *Legend of St. Germain*. The gentleman from whose talented pen it proceeded has left England, and is at present residing at Lisbon.

James Duff.—The King of Prussia received the *soubriquet* of "Cliquot," from *Punch*. As to the reason of it, that assigned is the following:—His Majesty is represented as being partial to champagne, of which wine that called *cliquot* is said to find especial favor in his eyes.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

X; Mullingar.—The writer of the tale you criticise stands corrected. He was a volunteer, and merely trying "his 'prentice han." Might we suggest that you should try your own hand on a paper for us; your critical acumen would lead us to expect something worth reading. If you consent, write to us, and we can suggest a subject that we are satisfied you could do justice to. Or, are you a mere critic, like Horace's whetstone, that has the property of imparting to the blade a keenness not possessed by itself?

A. C.; London.—You can have your Lines on Canterbury Cathedral returned by complying with the condition mentioned in our last number.

H.—In *Memoriam* will not do. Though written like verses, it contains neither rhyme nor metre. The sentiment is unexceptionable.

. *The Life of St. Hilda* and *The Life of Father Verbiest*, though very carefully and well written, are not suitable to our columns. They would be very acceptable in some quarters.

Scholasticus.—We shall probably make use of your Memoir of Lord Byron in an early number.

R. V. S.—We should have been happy to oblige you, but we would rather not insert verses that have been sent to another periodical.

John Collins.—Brunell was the engineer of the Thames Tunnel. Backed by the Duke of Wellington, he carried his design through in the face of much opposition. The Tunnel was opened on the 25th of March, 1843.

☞ We have much pleasure in announcing that our next number will contain the opening of a new story, by an author of great celebrity in the literary world. The title of the story is "Dyrbington."

Holy Cross Temperance Society.—We have to thank the Secretary of this excellent institution for sending us its yearly Report, from which we are happy to learn the flourishing and efficient condition of the Society. We congratulate the members on the success of their efforts to find employment and furnish instruction to poor girls and boys, and on providing innocent amusements for working people. This latter object has our warmest sympathy; and, indeed, the fact of the Holy Cross Temperance Society holding its social meetings on Monday evenings, was one consideration that weighed with us in transferring our Lectures from Monday to Wednesday.

. *Phrenography; Gossipings with Herodotus, the Arch-Gossip; Dialogues on the First Catechism; A Portrait of John Bull by a French Artist; Autobiography of a Sausage*, and other papers, in early numbers.

Birth.

December 31, 1855, the lady of FRANCIS DOBSON, Esq., of Manchester-street and Everton, of a son, who was christened the same day at St. Alban's Church, by the Rev. Thomas Kelly, under the name of Joseph Francis.

Obituary.

Dec. 31, 1855, NICHOLAS MEGRAW, Esq., aged 98, of Abercromby Villa, Waterloo, R. I. P.

Jan. 20, 1856, ERASMUS MULLEN, aged 25, formerly member of the Institute Literary Society, R. I. P.

Jan. 25, at his residence, Catherine-street, Liverpool, his Lordship, the Right Rev. GEORGE BROWNE, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool, aged 70. R. I. P.

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THE
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No. 6.

MARCH, 1856.

VOL. 1.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.



HIS important question is daily assuming a *more prominent* importance among the thinking men of English society, so we deem it a duty to state our principles on the subject, vindicate them, and prepare our readers for what will be, sooner than many of them suspect, a keen controversy, involving many elements of social life and policy.

First, then, we shall state the theological facts; secondly, the historical; and lastly, shall apply both to the present phase of British society, and to the present and future duties of Catholics as regards the matter before us.

In the first place, the theological facts are as follow. Almighty God, in that moral code of ten precepts which He gave immediately to the Israelites, but indirectly to all mankind, has forbidden servile work upon one day in seven, and has commanded that day to be kept holy. To this precept were added, in the *Levitical* law of Moses, several others of a very strict and ceremonious character; and the number was still increased, in process of time, by the unauthorized glosses of certain Jewish doctors: so that, in our Lord's time, when the nation had become grossly corrupt, it became the mark of a hypocritical professor of sanctity to keep the Sabbath with *almost* the same ridiculous austerity as that which now distinguishes the Scottish Presbyterians.

The New Testament, however, is very far from sanctioning these follies. Not only did our Lord, on several occasions, pointedly reprove

them, but St. Paul, writing to the Colossian Christians, expressly says, "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a festival day, or of the new moon, or of the *Sabbaths*;"—which was as much as saying, Do not allow yourselves, as Christians, to be seduced by those Jewish teachers who pretend that their ritual law is still obligatory; and who, on the strength of this pretence, would fain bring you to such an observance of their Sabbaths, or seventh days of rest, as they themselves have been taught. St. Paul thus virtually gives us the Sabbath as the third, [or, as the Protestants call it, the fourth] commandment has left it; and the only things, therefore, to be determined, are, what is meant by that *holiness* which the commandment enjoins, and what by that *work* which it forbids?

These two questions the Catholic Church has always answered to the following effect.

To keep the day of rest *holy* is to assist, on that day, at the principal act of Christian worship; and to avail ourselves of as many other opportunities as we conveniently can of gaining religious knowledge and of strengthening the religious affections. It includes also a resolute carrying out of the same principle as regards those over whom our authority and influence extend, so that a good Christian will take care that nothing, on his part, shall prevent their having the full benefit of the day; nay, will even encourage them, by all the means in his power, to avail themselves of the rich supplies of spiritual grace showered down, on this weekly festival, upon all the members of the church during their pilgrimage through this busy and hard-working world.

Then as to the prohibitory part of the law, the *work* which we are forbidden to do, is *servile* work; that *labor*, whatever it be, which is a *duty*, on ordinary days, in order to the subsistence of ourselves and families. This is what was originally enjoined by way of penance

for our common sin: this, therefore, is what is mercifully remitted by the indulgence of our gracious God in the commandment before us. Nay, in His exuberant goodness, He has not forgotten the cattle who toil for man; but allows and enjoins that they too should have the benefit of the day of rest. The good Christian, therefore, will take care, if he have servants and cattle, that they shall be released, as much as possible, from their daily toils.

Could it be supposed, after thus having before our eyes this most benevolent law as it came from the Creator, that a set of men would ever arise, appropriating to themselves, in an exclusive manner, the sacred name of Christian, who would turn this blessed commandment into a "beggarly element" of rigor, gloom, weariness, strife, and bondage; and who, when invested with authority, would freely task their servants and cattle, to minister to the master's luxury, but savagely frown upon the poor son of labor if he dared recreate himself, upon the sacred day, with a few mouthfuls of fresh air, a cheerful walk, or any of those games to which men resort for the purpose of unbending after severe application?

Yet so it is, as we shall now see from those *historical* facts which, in prosecution of the second part of our plan, we now come to consider.

For fifteen hundred years, the church's teaching, on this point, continued to be unquestioned. None, even of the wildest of heretics or sourest of schismatics, ever came to imagine that what God had given as a blessing was to be turned into a curse, that *work* meant *play*, or that there was anything *unholy* in cheerful recreation. It was only when the *grand principle* of heresy broke out in the form of Protestantism, that men were found to maintain, among other obliquities, that the Church, in this as in other respects, had been all wrong from the beginning; that it was men's duty to honor the day of their Lord's Resurrection by making themselves, and all around them, as gloomy and miserable as they could; that a country-walk, with curds and cream at the end of it, on a Sunday-afternoon, was an abomination not to be winked-at, that fiddles, when allowed to squeak on the sacred day, were the devil's instruments, and a dance on the village-green a thing to set a saint sighing for the depravity of the times.

Singularly enough, this savage invasion of men's Christian liberty was most successful in this our British isle. Merry England, as she had been so beautifully and truly called in

Catholic times, became clad, under the "reformed" rule, in sulks and drabs: may-poles were abolished; and the "Book of Sports," set forth by a Protestant king and hierarchy, in a good-natured, but vain and too late attempt to restore mirth and jollity on the weekly festival, only added another item of condemnation to that heavy score, heaping-up under Puritan malice against both king and prelate till it brought them both to the bloody scaffold. Britain, indeed, was singularly plagued by this loathsome spawn of Protestantism. The foreign "Reformers" and their disciples were far more free from it. Calvin, it is well known, used to enjoy his game at bowls in public on the Sunday-evenings; so that even Geneva, that seat of intense bigotry and narrow severity in the early days of Protestantism, as it is now, by a natural re-action, of the loosest infidelity, fell short, in hypocrisy and humbug, of our own beloved land in this one respect. It was not long however, that *England* continued in an extreme degree the thrall of Sabbatarian principles. She had retained too much, in her episcopally constituted church, and her Catholically-derived liturgy, to tolerate the load. After the short reign of puritanical republicanism, royalty was restored; and Sunday-sports resumed their vigor, till Methodism in the last century began to pave the way for "Evangelicalism" in this. But in one part of the island Puritanism has had, and still has, unfettered sway. Those who have not been in Scotland can scarcely believe the extent to which things go in this respect. The sound of a piano would be enough to insure the breach of the windows of the house from which it proceeded. Many of the ministers denounce a *walk* on Sunday as positively sinful. As to a newspaper, people would expect, if they opened it, to see fire issue from the leaves. And of course the necessary consequence of all this is the most deadly hypocrisy, and a series of private abominations of all kinds. We knew a minister of the kirk, who died at the advanced age of ninety-one, and whose delight it was, till within a short period of his death, to invite a number of young men from the nearest town to dine with him on Sundays, and ply them with strong whiskey-punch till several of them would be under the table. All this is easily tolerated; but let a Scottish minister preach and practice the true Sunday privileges, and he would be expelled from his charge in the course of a few months.

Even in England, however, where things

it quite so bad, they are bad enough. Let us observe the listless, constrained, uneasy character of our Sunday-behaviour; and he soon be convinced that our respectable people, afraid as they are of not conforming to the required standard, have no love for the law which regulates them, that they are doing themselves of an enforced duty, and that, if they could speak out, have things to say. Then, as to the poor, they make no account of their sentiments; they will *not* be turned into churches, and repaid with "languid iteration." As the places of amusement and recreation are shut up, they adjourn to the parlor-house, and there do openly what they would do in their private houses; viz:—in intoxication, the whole disgusting mass of formalism and hypocrisy.

I now for a few words as to the duty of Catholics in the great battle which is beginning to be fought on this subject, and in which they are to contend with the forces of bigotry and intolerance, led on by the McNeiles, Stowells, and their accustomed enemies.

First of all, then, let us make up our minds to be humbugged. We shall be told, in the phrase, of the happy contrast between quiet English Sabbaths, and the state of things abroad; and men will most unfairly find what has been brought about in England, for instance, by republicanism and its ally, with what was sanctioned by the Church, and practised in the purer days of the monarchy. Let nothing of all this make us zealous in obtaining our rights; yes, *rights*;—for we have a right to demand a government which boasts itself as just, and anxious to improve the condition of the people, every proper assistance in breaking down those barriers which inveterate prejudice and dominant hypocrisy have so long consolidated against that improvement. When, therefore, as we hope will soon be the case, the laws, especially in this country where they are numerous, begin to institute their cricket-grounds, and other places set apart for lawful and proper amusement on the Sunday-after-

noon, let us all show a firm front on the subject, and make manifest that we are not to be brought down by cant and clamor. We have no estimable advantage, that of being *united*. Opponents, on the contrary, are of course divided into a variety of discordant parties.

There are the Sabbath-bigots, who go the extreme on the question: there are those who advocate the continuance of the present state of things rather from fear of losing cha-

acter than from conviction; and there are others, like Archbishop Whately and his sect, who believe that the Sabbath is no part of the moral law at all, but enforced simply by the authority of this and the other "Church." Against this motley phalanx, the true and Universal Church sets herself in array, "terrible as an army," asserting with her one consentient voice of eighteen centuries, that the law of the Sabbath is Divine, but that it was never meant to turn religion into a burden and a yoke "which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear;" that, on the contrary, it is a law which carries its own reward along with it; consoling the tired sons of labor, after their six days toil, instead of absurdly exacting from them that long-continued and strained exercise of religious thought which is, to nine-tenths of mankind, the most difficult labor of all. The Catholic religion, indeed, in this, as in every thing else, is a religion whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths peace, to all those who will honestly try them. The Church exacts nothing which is above the faculties of ordinary man, renewed by grace. She does not put new cloth on old garments. While she has her high, and difficult, and ecstatic paths for those unearthly souls who, by long training of the spirit of grace, are enabled to walk in them; to the common, gross, and ordinary specimen of humanity she shows herself in no transcendental guise, but as the kind, homely, condescending mother; who accommodates herself to her children at every step, feeding them with food convenient for them, and gently leading them through a world where they can find only broken cisterns which can hold no water, to those bright fountains of refreshment, in the Paradise above, of which she only has the reflection, and the draughts of kindred taste.

We have alluded to France in the course of these remarks; and will conclude with something else about it, as a good field for trying the merits of the question before us. In old monarchical France the true law of the Sabbath was promulgated and kept. Men went to Mass, sermons, and the rest, in the former part of the day, and amused themselves in the latter. There was no servile work done, and no mistake made about the requirements of the festival. When, however, by the united efforts of the Jansenists and the infidels, (just as the puritans and free-thinkers united against the monarchy in England,) the church and kingdom were both prostrated, Sunday of course shared the general ruin. Servile work

was done, and there was nothing to distinguish the day. Charles the Tenth's reign was too short, and too unpopular, to correct the evil, and Louis Phillippe was but a mock-royal incarnation of republicanism and political religion united. Then came the second republic, and still Sunday found no friend; but no sooner had Napoleon the Third found himself firmly seated in his *empire* than he set himself to befriend her; and a traveller who now visits France will see a very different state of things from that which met the eye even five or six years ago. Servile work is not permitted, the churches are most devoutly frequented, and amusements go on, in the afterpart of the day, with all that eagerness and *verve* with which Frenchmen know how to enjoy themselves. Would to God that England, by being again Catholic, might be once more the "merry" land she was, instead of the chosen seat of cant, mammon-worship, and all manner of anti-social evils.

GOSSIPINGS ABOUT HERODOTUS, THE ARCH-GOSSIP.



LD Herodotus is one of the most delightful of story tellers. His narrative possesses, in an eminent degree, the charm of vividness, and picturesque effect, and bright attractive coloring. These are not, indeed, the highest qualities of an historian; but they must combine with those others more essential to his character, as patient research, philosophical induction, and calm balancing of men and motives, in order to complete his qualification for his task. An historian who merely transcribes, records, and details, becomes a dull chronicler, a dry repository of facts, like Strype and Spede. On the other hand, one who aims only at presenting his readers with a succession of graphic pictures, will probably end in being a lively romancer, like many a name that might be quoted. The historical art consists in hitting the mean between these several defects, and neither allowing the imagination to triumph over the stubbornness of fact, nor the mere detail to bind down or hamper the philosophical principles to be drawn from details, and for which alone details become valuable. Neither, again, should events be shorn of whatever

picturesque or romantic character may be to them, in the process of securing the blemished accuracy. The three excellences are all consistent, for they co-exist in the nature of the events described; and in his art, as in painting, to copy nature is the pledge of success. To idealize without traint is to leave nature behind; while copying degrades the artist or the writer her slave. But to catch her lights and shadows to keep to her outlines and just proportions, to trace up what is indicated, to group and range what is fully given, to dwell upon the important features, to pass lightly over the trivial, merely to sketch in outline (so may be needful) the loathsome or the grotesque, to keep accessories in the back ground, and give due prominence to essentials; this is the skill both of artist and historian, and constitutes, indeed, the similarity between respective tasks. The artist is the historian of nature; but we do not therefore expect him to give us the separate chronicle of every leaf in the forest, or every feather on the bird's wing. We demand of him neither to be tedious on the one hand, nor unreal and extravagant on the other. So again, the historian is the poet of events, personal characters, and states of society. In his treatment of these subjects we should be little satisfied with him if he mutilated events, distorted characters, or misrepresented society, to give even one additional touch of brilliancy to his narrative. Nor do we like him, if, by an opposite error, he let his subject-matter fall by its own weight upon our minds, without aiding the impressions it was calculated to produce, by the charm of description, and the severity of philosophical reasoning.

We have now arrived at the points of historical genius which ally Herodotus with Thucydides, and distinguish him from Thucydides. This last great writer was a boy when Herodotus had reached the zenith of his fame. It is said to have shed tears of emulation hearing him recite portions of his history of the Olympian Games. Yet no two intelligences employed on a similar subject-matter, well have been more diverse in their character than these two. Herodotus is the fervent, ardent, imaginative writer; credulous, but he loved to admit into his mind all the romantic and uncommon, picturesque and the marvellous to a high degree, careless of impeding his narrative by digression upon digression, if by stepping aside or breaking fences he could get back into the main road of his story with

strange plant or glittering pebble to present to his readers ; deeply religious withal, and recognising at every turn a superintending providence, an avenging power, to repress the wanton haughtiness and scourge the crimes of men. He seems to revel in the subjects of his history ; and far from preserving the staid dignity that usually attaches to the character of an historian, he gives you far more the idea of a very pleasant, well-informed and well-travelled companion, full of communicativeness and *bonhomie*, giving forth, without much arrangement or premeditation, the results of his personal observation, and the miscellaneous tittle-tattle picked up from men of all kinds and characters, in every out-of-the-way corner of the globe. Yet, whenever he comes, as often he does, across anything of pathos or tragedy, anything to evoke the deeper, the kindlier feelings of humanity, there are touches so true to nature, so graphic and so subduing, from the very unconscious simplicity with which he gives them, as might have been envied by any of the character-painters or novelists of modern times. He might have written "The Sentimental Journey," and would not have disgraced himself by its want of principle ; he might have been the author of "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair," only that he is never either vulgar or cynical. We should, however, recognize him most undisguisedly in the "Arabian Nights," if, together with the rich oriental confusion of their bazaars and costumes, the gloomy grandeur of their afreets and other spirits of evil, the wildness of their adventures, the quaintness of their dialogues, the surprising turns of incident, the gorgeousness of scenery, we found any of the Herodotean religious or moral principle in which that glittering fairy-land is so flagrantly deficient.

What a contrast to this attractive, amusing, unmethodical, graphic, discursive, suggestive narrator, is his great rival Thucydides ! Cold, calm, terse, discriminating, going right on, undiverging, undelaying, and aiming only at the interest inherent in the great struggle he records, and the eloquence of expressing himself clearly, the Athenian stands as far above his predecessor in all the attributes of the philosophic temper as he is dwarfed beside him in the extent of his canvas and the vividness of his coloring. He gives himself no illusions, nor leaves his reader in any ; he takes human nature as he finds it, studies it deeply, unmasks its disguises, strips it of its poetry. None of his characters are on stilts ; they live before you, indeed, for the delineations of a

writer of so much genius could not fail to do so : but they live before you less from their vividness than from their solid reality. He gives us the funeral oration of Pericles on those who had fallen in battle at the close of the first scene of the Peloponnesian war. The first blood had been drawn, and Athens was mourning over the flower of her youth, whose loss, as the orator himself expressed it, made that crisis seem like the year when the spring has departed from it. Such a moment, if any, would have been likely to call forth the rhetorical powers of Pericles, whose eloquence made even the scoffing Aristophanes say, that when he spoke "he lightened, and thundered, and shook Greece to her centre." Yet in the narrative of Thucydides, all is measured and cold, thoroughly sensible, and more like a speech in the House of Lords on the corn-law question than an appeal to the popular sympathies on the Pnyx or in the Agora. Herodotus would have lent himself to the subject in a far different style. We should have been touched, we should have been moved ; we should have burned into patriotism against the common enemy, and wept with those who were weeping over the choice blossoms of the State, ruthlessly mown down by the scythe of war. After all, each historian is great in his own department. Perhaps, had they both written of the same period, we should have turned from the one to the other with almost equal zest. Herodotus would have composed the music to which Thucydides could have set the words. Or rather, as is known to have been the case in some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting, Thucydides would have given us the outline of the historical scene, and drawn the heads and stamped the expression of the principal characters ; while Herodotus, busy as a bee at his task, and humming some quaint old ditty as his active hand travelled over the canvas, would have filled in the accessories, improved upon the general coloring, softened away some of the harder outlines, and brought the whole thing up to exhibition pitch.

Herodotus, we repeat, is an essentially religious writer. His paganism is wild and strange, but his belief, such as it is, is earnest and sincere. To doubt the popular mythology would have been all foreign from his thoughts. He delighted too much in the mysterious, he had too yearning a desire

"for a something afar
From the scene of our sorrow,"

not to accept every tradition as it was given to

him. There is something noble in this temper of mind, easily as it degenerates into mere credulity. Here again we observe a marked contrast between the two historians. Herodotus, the historian-poet, is believing, even to the verge of absurdity; and religious, even amid the corrupt mythology of Greece and Egypt. Thucydides, the historian-philosopher, is the disciple of a cold and refined scepticism, which shows itself above the surface whenever he moralizes upon the facts which he is generally content with simply narrating. Let us take one instance. He records that soon after the commencement of the Peloponesian war, a fearful plague broke out in Attica, which desolated the country, and which he describes to us with the horrifying precision of a medical treatise. It is one of the most remarkable passages in his narrative, and has been frequently compared to De Foe's account of the plague in London in 1665. But mark what is his reflection thereupon. An ancient prophecy, he says,* now came into all men's minds, that "a Dorian war should come, and a pestilence with it." The word for *pestilence* in Greek only differs from that for *famine* by one letter; so Thucydides goes on to remark, that there had long been a difference among men which was the true reading of the ancient hexameter verse containing this prophecy, and whether it was the pestilence or the famine that was to come. Every one now decided that the former reading was correct. "My opinion is," coolly adds Thucydides, "that if another Dorian war should hereafter come, and there should happen to be a famine at the same time, they would just sing the old song the other way." Now Herodotus would have reprobated such a notion as impious. He would have delighted to note the exact fulfilment of the prophecy, would have given us all the circumstances under which it had been first delivered, all the more if they had been grotesque or mysterious; and would probably have wound up with the story of some unbelieving wretch, on whom the anger of the immortal gods had fallen, entailing a curse on himself and his descendants, because he had scoffed at the prediction. Yes, we repeat, Herodotus is of the picturesque and devout temper of a Froissart; while for the other we find the most obvious parallel that occurs to us at the moment, in the polished sneer of a Gibbon.

We intend in future papers to return to the more attractive of these two great writers of antiquity; and present our readers with some

of his gossipings in their own proper form. If he is still accompanied by the other, in the way of contrast, and of illustration, his excellencies and defects will stand out all the more clearly. It may be said that each was fitted for the time in which he wrote, and the scenes which he preferred to record. With Herodotus, the age of pagan chivalry departed; and when Thucydides arose, its romance, its splendors, and its pageantry, its ardor, generosity, self-devotion, its wild religiousness and love of the marvellous, had passed into the spirit of a more concentrated selfishness, and the unhymned, unlaurelled struggles of a mere political war.

THE RIGHT.

[Air: "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"]

A long, long war is the true faith ever waging,
For darkness wars with light, for darkness wars with light:

Now here, now there, the battle still is raging,
This world against the Right, this world against the Right.

No dreams, no dreams, O Christian warrior, cherish,
But rouse thee for the fight, but rouse thee for the fight;

Truth claims thee all, and thou must arm or perish,
Oh, forfeit not the Right, oh, forfeit not the Right!

Endure, endure! for a starry crown is waiting,
No diamond half so bright, no diamond half so bright:
Heav'n loves thee well, though evil ones are hating
Each soul that owns the Right, each soul that owns the Right.

Our fathers' land was the land of saint and martyr,
Strong in the Church's might, strong in the Church's might:

Till traitor hands the Faith for gold would barter,
And tore us from the Right, and tore us from the Right.

Now round, around, all is error's dark dominion,
And truth forgotten quite, and truth forgotten quite:—

On yielding sand, oh, build no vain opinion!
One rock is still the Right, one rock is still the Right.

One Faith, one Faith, ever holy, still unbroken,
Outlives the darkest night, outlives the darkest night:
And we, who mark each glad reviving token,
Shall triumph in the Right, shall triumph in the Right.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. I.

DYRBINGTON.

uthern county of England there is a place which we will call Dyrbington. There is a church; just above it, a short way off, is a small house; and close to the house is a small church. The church is the same, exteriorly, as the church of the sixteenth century; and a small nestling beneath the shelter of the theatre of hills just as it lay in those days. The Court House of Dyrbington is a small one. A new house, only as old as the house of King William, stands where the Cathedral stood; the change of desolation has come to the Church, and the coldness of the village—which is the least to be said.

The church must be looked at more closely. It has a nave, a principal chancel, and two aisles giving three places for altars. An old house was standing and Sir Henry Dyrbington and Dame Dorothy, his wife, were living in it, the two altars in the church were called by holy names. The south altar was called after St. Katharine. And the north altar was chosen by this same Sir Henry and Dame Dorothy, and Parson Fitzhugh, the priest, for the use of a chantry, which had been ruined to found. So that was called the chantry chapel of St. George.

Sir Henry endowed the chantry chapel with a priest to maintain a priest to say daily Mass for the souls of the members of the family, living or dead. Land was severed from the Dyrbington estate, and called, as it is still called, the Chantry farm. It was stocked by Sir Henry and the priest with cattle and sheep. The altar was rebuilt, and very richly furnished for the glory of God, and the good of the parish, and a house in the village given to the chantry priest, "*Sir*" John Stukely, was called.

The chantry was for the good of body and soul, and here was no Poor Law in those pious days. From the chantry funds, the poor were supported. When the world would no more care for them, they sheltered beneath the care of the chantry priest, St. George, and found food, clothing, and safety there. The villagers all enrolled themselves members of the chantry of St. George, and scores from the neighboring sea-port of Watermouth

belonged to St. George. They never thought of burial-clubs, nor of sick-clubs either—St. George was enough.

By the eve of St. George's day, the adornments of the aisle were completed; the altar was up, the new vestments ready, and the deeds of endowment: and the Bishop was at old Dyrbington Court House ready for the morrow. The church doors were open. Crowds were flocking in, and passing out quietly. Hundreds of hearts were filled with love and thankfulness to God for this gift from Mother Church. On St. George's day, at eight o'clock, the Bishop entered the church for the consecration of the altar of St. George. Let one thing be remarked particularly. At the offertory, Sir Henry and his wife walked up to the altar. They, on their knees, made their oblation. It was a parchment, signed, sealed, and endowing the chantry. And Almighty God was there begged to accept it at their hands. And this appalling addition followed: "But if any man at the instigation of the Devil shall at any time sacrilegiously spoil the altar of Almighty God and this church of these our humble offerings,—Then, as far as in us lies, do we attach a curse to that sacrilege until restitution be made."

Bountiful refreshments, and merry sports upon the village green followed in the afternoon. And when the people assembled, one man only seemed untouched and coarsely indifferent. His name was long remembered—it was Snigge. An archery butt was set up on the green, and the prize of a fat porker was to be his who best hit the mark—not a very valuable prize, but the villagers might have defended it, had they known how, by the parsley crown, which was worth less. The parish rector, Fitzhugh, the new chantry priest, Stukely, and Sir Henry and his wife were on the green to see the shooting, and they had been welcomed there with shouts of the heartiest satisfaction. Snigge, alone, did not lift his cap, nor give the shout or smile—But Sir Henry spoke pleasantly to him. He was a fine stout fellow of about thirty. And when the other marksmen had tried their skill, he stepped confidently forward and hit the centre spot of victory. Everyone felt that he would better liked some one else to have done it,—for, said many voices:—"He is out of the church,"—and others:—"He is not of our Guild."

We must now go on twenty-five years.

The chantry had done its work well. The sick had been relieved; the poor helped; the

aged pensioned; the dead buried; and the faithful departed remembered. Among the last were Sir Henry and Dame Dorothy. They lie in the chantry chapel, and you may see their monuments there, still asking for prayers. Parson Fitzhugh is dead also. He died before Sir Henry. And Sir Henry had him laid before the high altar, and over him is the still beautiful brass, which the good knight placed there, and which represents Fitzhugh, vested for mass, and holding the chalice between his hands. And so the stones cry out, and bear witness of the past. Sir Henry was succeeded by his brother John—and now the bad times are come. He did all that Henry VIII desired. Then came Edward VI. And an act was passed on the 6th December, 1547, which transferred to him three thousand religious foundations, that is, all that remained untouched. This doomed our chantry.

But John Dyrbington petitioned to divide the spoil with the king. And on condition of his carrying out the king's wishes immediately, the petition was granted. Snigge was a great man with the new Lord of Dyrbington, and glad was he to spread the news in the village. The fatal news fell as a deep sorrow on all hearts. They were panic struck, and miserable; full of fear for the future, and in terror at the present. And the chantry chapel was *their own*. A hundred tongues said—"Impossible—it is *ours*." Hundreds more felt that it was *not* impossible to rob God's poor, and held their peace in bitterness. And the poor were robbed.

There came a day—people knew what was to happen—the chantry aisle was crowded to suffocation, for every parisioner, able to attend, had thronged into that narrow space to assist at the last Mass to be offered in their chantry.

John Dyrbington came, and a parson,—alas! he shewed himself to be a bad priest,—who was now to be the parish priest; and this man began to say Mass at the high altar. The chantry Mass ended a little before the Mass at the high altar. The people still lingered, and Sir John Stukely, having laid aside his vestments, was before the altar of Saint George, kneeling in prayer. Sir John Dyrbington stepped from his place in the choir to Stukely's side. In a voice which was remembered by all who heard it to the last day of their lives—a voice not exceedingly loud, but yet at once so loud, and of such a tone as had never before been heard within those walls, he addressed Father Stukely and the people. He said that *by the king's orders they were dispossessed of their chantry. That the possession through-*

out had been granted to him, and his heirs, according to his highnesses laws ecclesiastical. The priest remained on his knees, while Sir John spoke. Then he got up. The people pressed forward. "Where is your warrant?" said the Priest. "Here," said the knight, showing it, and offering it to him. Stukely read it in silence. Then, looking at Sir John, he spoke aloud, and all the people heard him. "*I have never acknowledged the king to be supreme head of Christ's Church. But I have lived here, and used my functions as a priest, within this Church of England, though separated from the See of the blessed Peter. I have done this thing, hoping for better times. I now confess, my beloved people, that I have done wrong in as far as I have owned in any way the evil that has happened to us, and in token thereof I do this*"—he tore the parchment in two pieces, and dropped them on the pavement. There was perfect silence for a moment. Then Snigge moved forward as if to sieze the priest. Several voices exclaimed—"Run for your life." A little lane was opened amidst the crowd for his passage. Making one act of reverence, he passed through the people, reached the porch, and was gone.

The people all went out, striving with each other, like creatures scared, and left the knight in possession. All the altar furniture, the chalice and paten, copes, chasubles of gold and silver, purple, red, green, and black; stoles, maniples, crosses. Treasures of finest linen, damasks, and laces,—with thuribles and incense boats, a goodly store! These things, the land, the stock, the farm buildings, the money in store, it was all the knight's and the king's. The larger share belonged to the Court House—and the spoliation curse.

Stukely was seen once more by his beloved people. He was seen at his execution. One young girl, called Kate Frampton, who lived to the last year of Elizabeth's sins, saw him die, and went blind upon the spot. Maddened by grief, she beheld the martyrdom. She spoke to Father Stukely, who gave her his blessing, and a crucifix. She saw, gazed without flinching, and then saying, "The flames, the flames—they go into my brain piercingly," she became sightless. People cried out "All ye Popes and Martyrs—Saint Peter pray for him!" He smiled in his agony, which was long, and went to his reward.

So the Protestantized church of Dyrbington has no brass to Father Stukely. But the family of Frampton kept the crucifix. And we shall see it again.

CHAP. II.

WATERMOUTH.

readers are we hope sufficiently in- in Dyrbington past, to come down to ig more near to Dyrbington present. s come down to the beginning of this —to the time of our many naval and victories—to the time which, until experience taught us a different lan- as been called "the time of the war." mouth is not the least like what it en its inhabitants served God, and m instead of money. But it is a very us place. All its old Catholic chari- mations have been swallowed up by e John Dyrbington. As you walk u see old carvings, old archways, worn of canopies at street-corners. These ell of Dominicans, and Franciscans, edictines,—of churches, and hospitals, her holy places which went, when Mass the Watermouth people are proud of ns. They show them as curiosities, some sort of care of them, and can anyone of them, which stable or use was the chapel of St. Nicholas, many churches have been destroyed, t a lovely place for summer pic-nics r's hospital has been proved to be. y are particularly proud of a great rock, which juts out into the sea, and still called St. Julian's—of which you more.

mouth is an old borough. And has ks, and a very prosperous trade. It ht a good thing to be born here a

And there remains, out of a hundred olic charities, one school, where the er freemen may get a very good educa- very trifling expense. Now, if you, r, are in fancy treading the intricate f rich, prosperous, powerful Water- may ask you if, amid the densest the town, yet standing alone, and orth upon the far-spread sea, you ob- all house entered by a low archway?— You will hear the sound of a work- mer. It is John Julian at his work. l hear his history.

good Catholic days, there stood on t rock, a chapel called St. Julian's. oached the rock by a bridge, wonder- ight, and skilfully thrown across the t there fell into the sea and that now docks, by the Benedictine monks. s was said for sailors. Here a light

burned to warn vessels from that dangerous head-land, called the Dead-man's point. Here the sailors thanked God for safe returns, and here they prayed for blessings when they went to sea. It was small and substantial. But it was glorious inside. Thanks-offerings had enriched the chapel, and added a small house or rather room to it, for the monks to occupy when bad weather, or the good offices required at times of shipwreck, kept them at St. Julian's. It was built with great skill. The waves beat against it, and it stood their fury as firmly as the dark rock which sprung from the far clear depths for its support.

The spirit of sacrilegious spoliation neither forgot nor spared the chapel of St. Julian. An old parchment tells that "one of those Dyvil's worshippers and workmen, called Snigge, of the parish of Dyrbington was foremost in the work." And it goes on to tell us that, in consequence of the part he took in destroying this place, and appropriating a good store of its treasures, a curse cleaved to him. And that drawn, as people thought mysteriously, to the spot, he came in after years to the ruins, and set up a cooper's shop there. That he was never married, but took an orphan nephew to live with him. That he lived and died there. But that on people coming to bury him, his body was nowhere to be found—many said his master had fetched it. Others fancied that some, who remembered how he had treated the chapel, had cast his corpse into the sea—however, there was no Snigge. The boy was liked. He, when a man, removed into the town. The people had always talked of "*going to Julian's*"—and they said so still, after the young man's settling in the town—till at last he got the name of Julian, as did his children after him. The Julian, whose hammer might be heard early in the morning and late as the light allowed, was the seventh generation from Snigge, the spoliator.

Julian was a man of sixty-five years of age, at the time of which we are writing. He was of a very singular appearance. His figure was bowed, and his eyes always sought the ground. He was of very large stature, and very clumsy form. But, to make amends, he certainly possessed extraordinary mental powers. People were superstitious about him—thought him a sort of prophet. And people had never done talking about him. Was he rich—was he poor? Generally there was an idea that he hoarded, and was a miser. He was certainly a remarkable man. But so his father had been—and his grandfather—all the Julians

had been remarkable men. Julian was odd. He lived in the past. He was born an antiquary. He knew something of Latin, for he had been at the freeman's school; and he had almost unheard-of powers of walking. As soon as he could leave his work, he started on a walk. He had mapped out every estate for twenty miles round, for that was a thing he loved to do greatly. Speak of a field, he could tell its owner; of a tree, he would find out its age and measurements; of a house, he knew all its history, and the lives of all who had dwelt within its walls. And the Watermouth neighborhood was tempting to an antiquary. There was unclaimed land; old houses; magnificent wood; extra-parochial districts, where a race of people lived like outlaws, and poured down upon the resentful inhabitants of industrious and respectable Watermouth in times of distress, and supplicated, or terrified them out of large measures of unwilling alms. It must be confessed that Julian had no dislike to gossip with these people. And that with one family long resident in the forest country, he had a sincere friendship. These people, who were called Norwood, had a very aged woman among them—a hundred years old they said—and though usually accounted mad, Julian could gather from her much of the past, and during the whole latter part of her life, he had been very tenderly kind to her. Julian's wife was an extraordinary contrast to himself. Small, fair, rosy; very sweet countenance and with a loving smile, and a gentle voice—Julian was very proud of her. "She is of Dyrbington," he would say—"the last of the Framptons there." And this was true. She was of that Kate Frampton's family of whom we have been writing; and she possessed the crucifix given to the former Kate by Stukely. She understood her husband, and was very happy with him. She even liked his ugliness and oddity; she was a little proud of his being so different from other people.

But Kate Julian's greatest joy was in her children. Edward was the most promising boy in the freeman's school. He was eighteen years of age, and was reading to gain a scholarship and be a great man, as his mother hoped, at Oxford. Anna was fifteen, a slight girl, fair, and golden-haired; and so gentle in her pretty ways, that no one would have guessed at the spirit of power that dwelt in her young heart. No language can describe the pride of Mrs. Julian when she had these loved ones about her, of an evening, when the work was done. There was a remarkable room in the house—

a small sitting-room above stairs, and it looked, by an oriel window, out upon the sea. It was a magnificent view, and Julian's seat, which was a carved oak chair, high-backed, and surmounted by the Dyrbington arms, stood in the space formed by the jutting window. There he gazed on the sea, spreading far till it seemed to meet the sky. His eye dwelt on its calm, smooth, silvery glitter; and watched its sparkling expanse, ever varying, as each dimpling wave wore a smile which brightened beneath the sun, and changed, and grew again, and sparkling, went and came, till gradually subsiding into stillness towards the evening, it seemed, to Julian's eyes, to draw its dark blue mantle over its sunny face, and calmly wait for night. And sometimes from mid-day to night would Julian watch and gaze, and think what lay beyond that far-spread ocean. Whether indeed the shores of the far-off lands were spread with pure grains of gold; and precious pearls were found among the sea-weeds. But of these thoughts he never spoke. His tidy little wife, who honored and loved him well, used not to disturb him in these moods. She would lay her tea-service as quietly as possible, and give him his meal on a small table, whose ancient form matched with the Dyrbington chair. Then Julian would throw off his meditative mood, and the old cabinet would be unlocked, and the carved-oak chest opened, and if a friend were by, he would display his treasures—and always first, the crucifix. "It was preserved by one of my family, whose name I bear," Mrs. Julian would say. "She kept it when things were upset in the troublous times." But what things were upset, or even when those "troublous times" were, Kate did not know.

Notwithstanding young Edward Julian's goodness and cleverness, his father certainly loved Anna best. He liked to have the gentle girl always by him. Through whole days in that busy shop, and long evenings in that quiet chamber, that little Anna was by her father's side; sometimes with book or work in her hand, and sometimes, when he was gazing on the sea, looking steadily, softly, almost sadly in his face, as if her eyes were fixed by fascination there, and could not be withdrawn. He liked to have her by him, but he never invited her to follow him, or recalled her when she left him, or took any tender notice of her, when she was by his side. But as he plied his noisy work, and the child pursued her quiet occupation, he would sometimes for an instant stay his hand, and, without looking round, say

"Anna?" And when she answered "Here, Father," the work would speed with its brisk dullness on, till the same incident occurred again and again, and the hour of the evening meal tolled out from the church close by. And then Julian would cease working, and turn towards the house, never noticing the child, who still followed, as if drawn by a strange sympathy to devote herself to him.

CHAP. III.

ANOTHER FREEMAN.

Lord Westrey was the pride of Watermouth, as his father had been before him. He had a house in the town. He did not live there, but he would never sell it. That great high old dingy house was the place of his birth, and there also his children had been born.

Lord Westrey lived at his wife's place. He had married the last heiress of the old Catholic house of Lullingstone—they were cousins of the Dyrbingtons—and at Old Court Lullingstone, he had lived ever since his marriage with Lady Westrey. The place was a noble one, and such as is never seen except in England. The house stood on a spacious terrace cut from the sloping side of a sunny hill. And trees, the growth of a century, crowned the hills and enriched the vallies for full four miles till the lands of Old Court Lullingstone, joined themselves to Dyrbington.

Mary Lullingstone was an orphan. She had been brought up in that ancient home by a sister of her father—Mrs. Margaret Lullingstone. And who would pass Mrs. Margaret by without comment or commendation?—

She is living at this time of which we write, though not at Old Court. Very few people ever see her. To say that she is generally believed in, as a living fact, would best describe the little that is known of her. But Mrs. Margaret had been like a loving mother to Mary. Old Court had never lapsed from the faith. The Lullingstone share of the strong heart and willing arm which Mother Church asks from her children had now devolved upon *one*—and that *one* was a woman. The good aunt watched the child bud and blossom, and she made her take her place in the world, blushing and trembling, but yet right well. And then Mary married a Protestant. Mrs. Margaret went to a house her father had settled upon her, called Saint Cuthbert's, and spent her life in prayer and pious works. Lady Westrey had her picture taken on her marriage. It was hung in the

library, where a portrait and a bookcase divided the long lengths of wall. Perhaps this picture is a little old-fashioned in our eyes, even for those days. But there she stands, in white satin falling in heavy silvery folds upon the ground. One tiny foot on a footstool. A white lily in her right hand, which is crossed on her left arm. There is a dreamy wondering look in the face, which is that of a girl of nineteen. Almost a touch of sorrow, and almost a touch of fear is in the eyes; and yet, about the mouth there is the decision of the mind made up. Mrs. Margaret stayed in the house to receive the bride and bridegroom. She received the first Protestant Lord of that place, and went her way in sorrow. Yet she liked Lord Westrey, and thought him an honorable man, as he was. But still she went her way in sorrow, and in prayer. She could only pray in one way—that one might preserve her faith, and that the other might receive the grace of conversion. And being an extremely old-fashioned person, she did not pray the less earnestly, because the latter was perhaps the most unlikely thing in the world to happen. One thing only did Mrs. Margaret say when she heard that, in the event of an heir, he was to be brought up a Protestant, she said, "Oh! cruel to the memory of the past!" And the words sank severely deep into Mary's heart.

But Mary was young, and she hoped—hoped that if she had children, she should, somehow, keep them her's; and she was in love—and so she married Lord Westrey.

Only eighteen years have passed since that wedding-day. And the beautiful woman of thirty-seven is not now very like her picture. She is very beautiful, gentle, stately,—like a swan in her movements. In her character, like soft music of full chords, *very* soft, yet quite distinctly heard, without a doubt upon a single note.

She has suffered a martyrdom in that eighteen years. A martyrdom unseen, unacknowledged, neither comprehended nor believed—a martyrdom than which no pain could be more acute, and of which it was impossible to complain. It was the disappearance from around her, and about her, of the faith of her ancestors, the being *alone* as she only could be—the punishment of starvation on her soul. She had not a thing to complain of. Lord Westrey was the most loving of husbands. A man of bright spirits, and great activity of mind and body. Very fond, and very proud of her. She knew that she was the joy and

gratification of his life. But the atmosphere of religion was gone. Did she want to see a priest? Oh, of course. Had she any idea where there was one? Did she mean to wait till they went to London? Perhaps, she said, that she had better go to Saint Cuthbert's for a few days—Oh not that! It was really true that Lord Westrey could scarcely bear her out of his sight. What was home without her? Can't you have him here? You can do what you like, but don't go away. And she would not go away. And little difficulties would arise. And she would wait till she went to London. Yet, now and then, somebody—it was not generally known who he was—would be seen passing through that long gallery with that beautiful lady by his side, or Lord Westrey himself, with a brilliant face of courtesy. He went out as he came in, unattended, generally unannounced, for Lady Westrey would loiter on the terrace expecting him. And that was all that was seen of the Catholic faith.

The trial of such a state of things was over now—over, *because she was accustomed to it*. She had a daughter, more beautiful than herself at that daughter's age, and called after her. Mary was sixteen years old; and the mother's prayers had prevailed for her first-born—how glad was she to see a girl—she was a Catholic. The only other child was a boy; one year younger than Mary. Lord Westrey when he took him for baptism to the Protestant church at Watermouth, called him Lullingstone, out of compliment to his mother. Mary Westrey had had, or was having, what more modern mothers would call a very odd education. She had always been at home and had never had any other teacher than her mother. Now, Lady Westrey living "in the world," as it is called, had duties belonging to her position. Lord Westrey had to sit in parliament. He went largely into society, and led a busy life. He had often proposed that Mary should have some accomplished person to be always with her in her mother's absence; but that mother had never consented. She felt that she had hold of that child's soul. She would not even divide the care of that precious treasure. And she had to teach Mary—and who else could dare to teach her? to pray for her father and her brother. She had to teach Mary that it had been ill-done to marry a Protestant. She had to be perpetually bearing witness against herself, with a wife's and a mother's devotion, still, and unceasingly strong in her heart. Who, but herself, could undertake such a work as this? So Mary was

left to her mother, and her mother's maid, descendant of the old Catholic Wyches of Dymington, and the only servant of the true faith in the house. It has been said that Mary was beautiful. It was a fact not to be questioned. It was the beauty of jet black hair, and soft eyes, a fair complexion, perfect features, and tall slender form. She could speak and write French perfectly. She knew a good deal of Latin. She could paint, not because she was taught, but because she could not help it. It was another language to her. She did not read much. Are you saying "How dreadful!" dear reader? Please to recollect how little there was in those days to read. Do you think that the "Delicate Distress" books of only a few years ago, were good books for such a girl as Mary Westrey to read? Please to recollect that if Catholics don't write stories, it may be just as well for Catholics not to read any. Mary did not read as you and I read. But she read devout writings of holy English priests, and lived as she read. Again and again she read, like daily food, and pondered and prayed, and grew strong, in a still, calm, noiseless way. However, if there were not story books for Mary Westrey, it was a day of good talking, and Mary was an excellent listener. She had learned elsewhere—in the sanctuary of her mother's room—what enabled her to distinguish gold from rubbish. She stored up the good things that were said, and forgot the foolish ones, and she learned to think. Music she loved, and she played; but not for exhibition. She could repeat what she had heard; and, as it were tell things new from her own heart, with her hands on the keys of the organ in the hall—that was all. And her mother had stored her with *real* history—the *truths* of the past. In these things, and in the contemplation of her mother, was her whole education.

Mary's love for her father was a different thing from her love for her mother. He was her delightful companion, her perfect knight. She gloried in the applause he won. When he openly admired her, she felt that she was beautiful, and was very glad of it. But when her mother smiled upon her, she never had a worldly thought. It was like the sun chasing away such damps and mists. Soul spoke to soul. And side by side their hearts were open before Him who sees in secret, and judges thought. That mother was heaven on earth to the young girl. She could admit no one to the knowledge of it. It was too great for words.

Lullingstone had been very delicate from his birth. Mary loved him tenderly, and

nursed him. Though only a year younger, he was a child compared to her. The boy had been born in the great house at Watermouth. A sudden illness had reduced Lady Westrey to the point of death. There was no nurse for the young heir, and the child was pronounced too weak to live. Anna Julian was two months old. Mrs. Julian offered to bring her child to Lord Westrey's house, and take care of Lullingstone. The offer was accepted, and Lord Westrey always said, that his only son owed his life to Kate Julian. Lord Westrey became Anne Julian's god-father. He had known the Julians all his life, and had always respected them. Now he would be theirs, and their children's friend as long as he lived. All this pleased Kate Julian, and it strangely gratified her husband. His eyes were always on the future. There were untold hopes in his heart. What would come? What wonderful things would years bring with them. He loved Anna better than Edward, because she was a link between him and the great.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

III.—CONVERSION OF BRITAIN.

Seek ye a Patron to defend
Your cause? then one and all
Without delay, upon the Prince
Of the apostles call.

Blest holder of the heavenly keys
Thy prayers we all implore;
Unlatch to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

Lyra Catholica.

Although the Roman prefects ruled over the southern parts of Britain, yet the native kings retained a limited power over their paternal tribes, and one among them was generally chosen for their chief. At the end of the second century, Lucius, the son of Coel, was elected to hold this sovereignty. He was perhaps, as many of them were, connected with the Romans by descent or by marriage; for his name indicates a Latin origin. He

certainly was with his father among the hostages who remained in Rome after the captivity of Caractacus; and like other hostages he must have brought back a knowledge of Christianity to Britain. He found on his return some Christians among his countrymen, especially at Glastonbury, where the followers of St. Joseph of Arimathea were venerated for their sanctity. It is recorded also that he was greatly moved by the report of the Roman army having been saved from destruction amid the sandy deserts of Germany by the rain which fell at the prayer of the Christian soldiers, who composed what was afterwards called the Thundering Legion. Lucius had been brought up by a virtuous father, and his own virtues were yet more excellent; so that he was well disposed to receive religious instruction; and he had learnt at Rome one most important truth, that the Christians had received from their God, not only miraculous powers and the graces of sanctity, but the possession of a Faith which could be learnt only from those whom God has set over his Church, and that the chief ruler of this Church was then Eleutherius, the twelfth bishop who had filled the See of Rome after St. Peter. To him, therefore, he sent two ambassadors to request instruction, and they were received with a holy joy by that great Pastor of the Church, who gave God thanks "that such a heathen nation were so earnest in their application for Christianity." He baptized the ambassadors and sent them back with two missionaries, Faganus and Damianus, whose names are canonized, and remain in the British calendar. When they had preached on the Incarnation of the Son of God, they baptized Lucius, and his people followed his example.

Lucius and the holy missionaries began their labours at Llandaff, where was the first Christian Church, and the only See was at Caerleon on the Usk. Preachers were then sent to Gloucester, which became a See, and by degrees the Faith was spread through the whole island, and even over the northern provinces which the Romans had never been able to penetrate. When Faganus and Damianus had cleared the country of heathenism, they caused the idol temples to be consecrated to the One Almighty God, and His saints, and they established in the chief cities, Christian bishops, instead of idol-priests. London, York, and Caerleon became the Sees of three archbishops; and twenty-five bishops occupied the rest of the twenty-eight cities then in Britain. When the two prelates had made an entire

reformation here, they returned to Rome and came back with many others whose names and deeds were long read in the martyrologies, so that the British nation was strong in the Faith, which remained uncorrupted till the persecution of Diocletian. The missionaries had obtained from Eleutherius a confirmation of what they had done, and they brought with them letters from the sainted Pope, which are yet preserved in the laws of St. Edward the Confessor.

"In the year 169 from the Passion of our Saviour, our lord, Eleutherius the pope, wrote in answer to the request of the king Lucius and his nobles, to send him a copy of the Roman laws, in order to make them the rule of justice in Britain. 'The imperial laws you may disapprove; but the law of God is above exception. You have lately, through the mercy of God, received the Christian Faith in Britain, so that you have now the privilege of consulting the Old and New Testaments. Out of these holy volumes, you may, by the advice of your subjects, collect a body of laws which may enable you, under God's providence, to govern your people over whom you are God's viceregent, and they are committed to your care. Your duty is to promote unity and peace among them, and to bring them to a submission to the Gospel, and into the bosom of the Church, to restrain them from disorder, to support, protect, and govern them. God Almighty grant that you may so govern the realm of Britain that you may for ever reign with Him whose representative you are in your kingdom.'"

The British historians say that Lucius having established the Faith, died at Gloucester and was buried in the Cathedral Church; others, and some who are considered by Butler as of better authority, say, that the pious king was carried by his zeal to spread the tidings of salvation among nations yet heathen—and that he became himself a missionary in Gaul. He went up the Rhine to Bavaria, and Suabia, preaching even on the banks of the Danube; and the Church of Saint Gal was the fruit of his labors. But the idolatrous people stoned him, and he scarcely recovered so as to cross the Rhoetian Alps. He preached among the Grisons and some say he became bishop of Coire. The Romans persecuted him, for his zealous preaching, and he hid in a cave, but was discovered, and brought before the governor, and martyred at a place which still bears the name of St. Lucius, the apostle of that mountainous region. There is an ancient monastery there, which is called after St. Lucius, and his feast is solemnly kept in the diocese, and his relics are shown in the Church at Coire, where tradition says that the British king died on his way while making a pilgrimage to Rome.

SONNET.

THE POETRY OF ÆSCHYLUS.

A sea-cliff carved into a Bass-relief!

Art: but to nature near;—by brooding nature

Wrought out in spasms to shapes of Titan stature;

Emblems of Fate, and Change, Revenge, and Grief,

And Death, and Life; in giant hieroglyphe

Confronting still, with thunder-blasted frieze,

All stress of years, and winds, and wasting seas—

The stranger nears it in his western skiff,

And hides his eyes for fear! How few, great Bard!

With thee shall hold communion! Fewer yet

Shall pierce thine inmost meanings deep and hard!

But these shall owe to thee an endless debt.

The Eleusinian caverns they shall tread

Which lie beneath man's heart; and wisdom learn
with dread.

AUBREY DE VERE.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—In early life David kept his Father's sheep: his was a life of industry; and although foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to bodily health and mental vigour. Bishop Hall says, "sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man that was sent from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as a deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those, who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.

YOUTH is the season for silence and observation, while it is for old age to be communicative. In youth, the eyes and ears have acute perception; but in after years, when the eyes grow dim, and the ears become deaf, the tongue shall be employed to convey to others the accumulated knowledge of years.

Neither do our wishes, nor the great stir we make, forward in a single degree the arrangements of Providence.

SOULS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

By the Rev. J. Worthy.

[CONCLUDED FROM THE LAST NUMBER.]

In resuming this subject, it may be well to state again the general purport of the argument which has preceded. From the definition of instinct, given at page 145 in last number, we learn that it directs animals, with unerring certainty, prior to, and independently of, all instruction or experience, acting with, in a similar manner, under similar circumstances, without deliberation, and without a knowledge of the end to be accomplished. From this view of the powers and properties of instinct, compared with numberless examples of animal actions, which cannot be attributed to such instinct, we arrive at the conclusion that animals are not mere machines, acting by necessity and without deliberation, but that they have souls, capable of thought, with some reasoning and deliberating powers to assist their instinct, and endowed with much higher qualities and capabilities than the generality of people give them credit for. In the last number, we considered the first of five classes of examples, viz., those anecdotes of animal life which tend to display chiefly their powers of understanding, of reason, of growing wiser by experience and instruction, &c. We now turn our attention to the other four classes, and first to those anecdotes which exhibit the understanding of animals, directing them to act *in opposition to the natural dictates of instinct*; in other words, where instinct is set aside by superior reason.

The elephant has a natural fear of fire; instinct powerfully forbids it to approach fire, and Indians drive elephants into a trap, by surrounding them with fences of fire—burning brushwood—and by gradually contracting the circle. It sometimes happens that, either by accident or desperation, an elephant is driven through the fire, and from that moment you must seek some other mode of catching him. For his reason teaches him, that having passed through fire once without much hurt, he may do it again, and he acts upon that conclusion. His instinct is set aside by a valuable lesson that his reason has taught him. Again it is an undoubted fact that an elephant, a dog, and sometimes a horse, will patiently suffer present pain, from a surgical operation, or the dressing of a wound, in the hopes of future benefit that they expect from it. Chabert, the famous fire-king, had a valuable dog that broke its leg. Its master took it to a surgeon, and when the

dog had made acquaintance and friends with the surgeon, its master, to teach the dog its lesson, acted a little pantomime in his presence. He first limped about the room like a lame dog in great pain, then went to the surgeon and allowed him to manipulate at his pretended lame leg, and to bandage it up, and then walked about the room in the natural manner, without any sign of pain. The dog learnt his lesson, lay down beside the surgeon, and allowed him, in spite of the pain it caused, to reduce the fracture and bandage up the leg without any resistance, and licked the hand of the operator to express his confidence and gratitude.—Horses are said to bleed themselves, and also one another, in hot countries, when their instinct tells them they require it. Instinct tells them what is good for them, but reason tells them to submit to pain, that good may come from it. Instinct tells a pointer dog to run after a bird when he finds one, but his instinct is restrained by training. The same may be said of kitchen dogs, which will not touch forbidden meat, although they are hungry. You may say that in these cases a second instinct overcomes the first; the instinct of fear of being beaten, overcomes the instinct of hunger. But recollect that instinct acts upon the spot, without deliberation, without a knowledge of consequences and futurity; and that is not the case with the dog. If he has a *foresight* of the consequences, it is no longer instinct, but understanding.

The case of an elephant obliging her young to submit to pain in order to be cured, is a still more remarkable triumph of reason over instinct in the animal kingdom. A young elephant had received a severe wound in the head, and was so frantic with pain that the keepers could not manage to dress the wound. In their perplexity, they managed to make its mother understand what was wanted. The sensible creature went up to her offspring, brought it to the operator, and held it firmly down with her trunk while the wound was being dressed, in spite of its groans and struggles. She repeated the process every day till the wound was healed. There is many a human mother would not have mastered her instinct so completely.

We come now to the third class of examples, those which have reference to the faculties of the imagination in animals. Animals are generally looked upon as creatures of the senses. Even their understanding—their reason—always have reference to objects of the senses. But they have *ideas* in their

mind, independent of what their senses suggest to them, when the object is present. A dog dreams when he is asleep; he fancies he sees something which does not please him, and he consequently barks, on a small scale, in his sleep. Why does he do so? His senses present nothing to his view. There are vague ideas floating over his brain, as there are in man when *he* dreams and talks in his sleep. Cats and dogs have great vanity; they like to be looked at when they are playing, and when they think they are performing wonderful feats by tossing bones or caps in the air, or by extraordinary antics with a ball of thread upon the floor. If you cease looking at them, they will very often cease their antics. Why? Because they are doing it, not for the pleasure of the *senses*, but of the *imagination*, in thinking that they are admired. Again, many animals are fond of fun and amusement, without any reference to the pleasures of sense. A monkey on board ship took great delight in riding on a pig. Another amused himself by standing at the top of the cabin stairs, and when he heard any one coming up, let a hatchet roll down against his shin, and then ran off up the rigging and laughed at his victim. In fact monkeys generally are fond of mischievous fun, even when their instinct (if such you would call it) bids them leave their tricks alone, inasmuch as they know they will be punished for it.—A magpie also has been known to amuse himself by throwing pebbles on to a toad in a hole, and chuckling after each skilfully thrown missile.—But the imagination of animals does not confine itself to amusement: it works on all the passions—joy, grief, fear, anger, revenge, gratitude, &c., are alternately perceived at work. A dog grieves at the death or sickness of his master, and dies of grief. He is dejected when in disgrace, and overjoyed when a kind word of forgiveness is spoken to him. He frets when his master goes out without him, and rejoices when he is allowed a walk in his company, although he has full liberty by himself the whole day long. An ourang-outang, from whom his master took some fruit, was so enraged at him, that, when the fruit was returned to him, instead of eating it, he threw it at his master's head, like a spoiled child in a pet, though instinct and his senses bid him eat it.—Sir Stamford Raffles, whilst he was at Java, had a pet monkey, which, on being corrected for some faults, twice tried to destroy itself, and at last succeeded in doing so. The most incredible feature of this story is the *folly* of the monkey. Yet if man, with his superior

reason, can befool himself so far as to commit suicide, why should not a domesticated monkey be thought capable of imitating some of the follies of the human race, as well as their wisdom; and if this narrative is true, then how lamentably near are the ravings of imagination in animals brought to resemble these of the human race, and how totally at variance with the dictates of instinct is the fact of animal suicide!

Let us pass to the fourth class of examples—those which indicate that animals not only have ideas in their mind, but can communicate those ideas to others, and receive ideas from others. In other words, that though man is infinitely superior in speech, animals have some share of language. Language is the sign of our ideas; and we find that animals use such signs, both amongst themselves and with men. They are called dumb animals, but as dumb men can converse on their fingers or in writing, so dumb animals can represent their ideas, by visible or tangible, or audible signs.—That bees and ants can communicate information to one another has been proved beyond power of contradiction by numerous experiments, of which the mention of one or two will suffice. About thirty years ago, Huber made experiments on the communication of intelligence by bees. The queen-bee is continually moving about the hive from one part to another, and so long as the other bees know that she is in the hive, they take little or no notice of her movements. But if they find she is gone, they are all in an uproar of confusion and dismay. Huber stole away the queen quietly, and watched the result upon the bees, in his glass hive. For about half an hour they did not find it out that she was gone; but then the intelligence soon became general. Nothing was seen in the hive but hurried running about of the bees in all directions, crossing their antennæ (or horns, as some call them) with every one they met, and outside the hive the bees were flying and running about in search of their lost queen. The queen was then quietly put in at a remote corner of the hive, and then a similar crossing of the antennæ soon spread the intelligence of her arrival throughout the whole hive, from the few who had found her, and who communicated the intelligence to their neighbors. They did not all come up to see her, but as soon as they were informed of her arrival and safety, they returned to their ordinary employments.—Bees also inform one another where they will find a great treasure of honey. Ants do the same in a most wonderful manner. Put some

meat or sweets in a most curious place, otherwise an ant is never seen ; take one of it, and let it return home—it soon tells its brethren, who flock to the hidden ure.—Some of you may have heard the tale of a man, whose treacle-pot was disordered by ants. He took all the ants out, as he thought, and hung the treacle-pot up to his ceiling by a string. One half-drowned unperished ant revived, climbed up the string, reached the ceiling, went home, and told her companions how they might still get at the treacle ; and, sure enough, they came in crowds ; the ceiling, and down the string into the treacle-pot.

When rabbits are feeding in the evening, if a danger approaches, one of them stamps his foot upon the ground, quite audibly, to give notice to the rest to be on the alert.

The marmot, a kind of rat-squirrel, of gregarious habits, always has sentinels posted here and there on an eminence whilst the party is resting, and these sentinels give a shrill whistle upon the approach of an enemy. The whistle is understood by the whole flock.—Various birds do the same. These are natural signs of ideas. But artificial signs are also understood. Dogs, horses, etc., understand the language of men, in whatever words men have taken the trouble to teach them. It is said that many old cavalry horses understand the word of command almost as well as the men on their backs. It is recorded that a cavalry officer once fancied he recognised at a hunt some horses that had lately belonged to his enemy. Wishing to satisfy his curiosity, he only shouted : "Halt." The well-known whistle was like magic ; the horses threw themselves suddenly back, ploughed up the ground with their feet in the effort to stop themselves, threw their riders either on to their neck, or far over their heads.—Cats and dogs also communicate their ideas and wants to man by various signs which they themselves devise.

We come now to the fifth and last class of examples, illustrative of the social qualities of animals, in many of which instances we find that their conduct has not sprung from any selfishness either of themselves or their young, and frequently were not the dictates of instinct ; but in other examples we find them acting perfectly in concert with one another, and showing such wise division of labor for the common good, that they seem to be in advance of human civilization and political economy of human savages. The office of nurse for children seems to belong exclusively to civilized

nations, and it implies an exchange of labor for money. But from the accounts of a recent observer, it seems that there are nurses amongst elephants in their wild state. For he saw more than once a single female elephant taking care of four or five young ones ; whereas it is well known that an elephant never has more than one young one at a time. As wild herds of elephants undoubtedly act in concert, and make division of their labor, this nurse may have been engaged whilst the other mothers were busy about some work, which was equally important to them and to her. Elephants undoubtedly surround a pit into which a companion may have fallen, and help him out.—It is said that large companies of monkeys sometimes enter into a kind of partnership. Acting on the principle that union is strength, they become collectively very dangerous enemies, whilst individually they are comparatively insignificant. They make regularly organized descents upon orchards, and contrive to do an incredible amount of mischief in a very short time. It is said they sometimes silently strip the trees of their fruit, and convey their ill-gotten spoils into their own domiciles, by passing it from hand to hand along a line of monkeys, which have arranged themselves at regular distances from the forest to the orchard.—Both wolves and foxes have been known to place themselves in ambush, while others of their species have driven their prey towards them, that it might be more readily taken.—It is an undoubted fact that when a pair of sparrows had taken possession of the hole in a sand-bank, where swallows were building, the injured pair of swallows excited the whole neighboring swallow tribe to war and revenge. A patriotic combination was formed, the allied swallows came in a body, expelled the intruders, and built up the hole in which the sparrows had provided a nest.—Weasels not only hunt their prey occasionally in companies or packs, but rush to the rescue of an isolated weasel when attacked by man. A man was teasing or hunting a weasel which he met, and when it found itself in danger, it uttered a scream, at which about fifteen other weasels rushed at him from various points of an old neighboring wall. They would have killed him, had not another man providentially come to his assistance. Such instances are not uncommon, both in weasels and rats.—A still more remarkable instance of the social qualities of animals is found in the anecdote of a dog, who having had a sore leg cured by a surgeon, brought another lame dog

a few days afterwards to the same surgeon to be cured. Such sagacity, and such sympathy for a fellow-being's sufferings, which was related by no ties of instinct or natural affection, is enough to settle the question of social feelings and capabilities of the animal kingdom.

From all the examples which I have adduced, I think we may safely conclude that all living animals have souls. I do not mean immortal souls, but thinking souls, spiritual or immaterial substances, intellectual faculties in a limited degree—feeling, will, memory, understanding, some reason, sympathy, power of resisting their natural instincts; in fact most of the *general* powers of man's mind, but in a very inferior degree. Such is the opinion of many, I may say of most, philosophers. The faculty of reason, properly so called, is what many philosophers are very jealous of allowing to brutes in any degree; but still they cannot deny it to them. Locke, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding* (Bk. 2, ch. 11), says: "If brutes have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines, we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me," says he, "that they do, some of them, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense, But it is only in *particular* ideas."

Smibert, in his notes on Paley, says: "It would, perhaps, have been better had Paley either admitted the existence of a certain degree of reason in animals, as a separate endowment, or avowed that in many respects the faculty which directs their actions bears a mingled character of reason and instinct." Barrier, a Catholic philosopher, and a bishop, thinks that animals have souls, and that those souls are capable, in a limited degree, and with respect to objects of the senses, of thinking, of understanding, of remembering, of instituting comparisons, of deliberating, and of choosing.

Leibnetz and Tillotson, two Protestant philosophers, discuss the nature and duration of the souls of animals. Leibnetz thinks that all the souls of animals were created at the beginning of the world, and that their life, death, etc., is only a transformation. Tillotson thinks they may pass into a state of inactivity when separated from their organism, and be annihilated at the end of the world.

This reminds me of an important remark respecting the immortality of the human soul, the proof of which many people think is endangered by allowing souls to other animals. But it is nothing of the sort. The argument *stands thus*: As the soul is a spiritual sub-

stance, which cannot be dissolved into parts, the dissolution of the material body after death has no effect upon the immaterial soul. It *can* live without the body just as well as with it; and many powerful arguments prove that the human soul *does* outlive the human body; and with regard to the *mortality* of the souls of animals, the mere fact of their being souls does not make them immortal. For God *can* create a mortal soul; he *can annihilate* a soul as easily as he created it. And there is no proof whatever of the souls of animals being immortal, whilst there are many proofs to the contrary.

Having now, as far as space will permit, endeavored to raise the brute creation to a higher rank than you may think befitting them, I must not conclude without taking a momentary glance at the opposite side of the picture, showing the infinite inferiority of animals to man. There are two very remarkable differences, in addition to many others, between the human and animal soul, as regards understanding and ideas. In the first place, the ideas of animals all have references to objects of the senses, to things that they either can see, feel, hear, taste, smell, etc., or have seen, etc.; and they can mount no higher. Their soul is only for this world, for their body, or their temporal happiness. In the second place, their intellectual powers, although in many instances great as far as they go, still do not go far. They are very limited. They can have no purely intellectual ideas; they can have no speculative ideas, no power of abstraction or generalizing, either with regard to conclusions or signs, or anything else. So that if a dog had learned to get out of the drawing-room by pulling the bell, he would have no power to conclude that he would get out of the dining-room by pulling the bell which is there. He could not generalize from one bell to all the others. He must learn to pull each individual bell. Here then, in these few points even, is a world of difference between us—a barrier that the animal creation can never pass. The immense field of intellect which is here open to man and shut to animals, extends almost to infinity, and leaves the animal intellect so far behind, and comparatively so insignificant, that it is no wonder men have sometimes thought there was no intellect at all in any animal but themselves.

Man's wisdom or experience is also accumulative from one generation to another; whilst that of brutes generally perishes with the individual. Man's intellectual powers are cap-

ble of far greater improvement by cultivation. And although, as in the brute creation, there is a widely-different amount of sagacity in the various animals, from the worm to the elephant, so in the human race also there are various gradations of intellect, from the idiot to the sensible man, from the uneducated clown to the philosopher, from the savage or bushman to the civilized Christian, still there is always *that* essential difference between them which the most sagacious animal can never reach, and which makes man *capable* at least of being only a little less than the angels. And it is no small confusion to the taunts of the infidel, that whereas the brute creation have amongst them so much more power and strength, and more acute senses than man, yet as they were created for man's use and benefit, as when God created man he said: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature;" so man *has* had it from that time to this as a standing memorial of the superiority of his race. The limited ideas of beasts give them no knowledge of God; they feel no desires of eternity; their limited wants are soon satisfied, because their souls are mortal. But man, that feels he has an immortal soul within him, and a soul that knows God, and can never rest but in God, is never satisfied in this world. And that ever restless spirit that is within him, and which makes both his understanding and his will to be always going a-head, that insatiable desire of more and more happiness, that impossibility of reaching the horizon of his desires which runs from him as fast as he runs after it, or of fathoming the bottomless pit of knowledge which he sees before him, is of itself a proof of his immortality. His very countenance, his erect posture, natural to himself alone in all creation, was recognised even by the old Pagan poet, Ovid, as a proof of his dignified destiny. *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri jussit.* And the Pagan Horace may also have had an eye to man's yearning for immortality among the gods, when he said: *Nil mortalibus arduum est, cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.*

But though man's soul, and man's reason, and man's destiny are so exalted, let us never forget that man is fallen man. That when his reason and his will rebelled against God, they both became so depraved and so liable to error, that in spite of the superior gift of reason which he had received, nothing but the mercy

and grace of God have preserved him from sinking beneath the very brute creation. Let us remember that those who have set up human reason as their God, or their rule of faith, or rule of life, have made the greatest fools of themselves both in belief and in morality; and that the very beasts of the field, with the instinct and little reason they possess, set us an example of propriety and sagacity to which many of the human race are utter strangers. Reflect for a moment how seldom it is that you ever hear of other animals abusing the laws of nature; how seldom an animal is drunk, and when it is so, it is either by unforeseen accident, or by the perversity of man. And see his sagacity and resolution when man has made him drunk. He takes good care not to be made so a second time. A monkey was made drunk in Preston, but having once discovered the consequences of that drink, nothing would ever induce him to taste it, although on the first occasion it was agreeable to his palate. Again how seldom does an animal become insane, except through man's fault,—and how often do men become so? How seldom do animals commit suicide? or kill or neglect their offspring? or eat to excess? or in fact abuse the laws of nature in anything whatsoever? And what shall we say of man, with his boasted reason? Verily, we may say with Pascal, "that abstracting from the state of grace, he is nothing but the continual subject of indelible and insufferable errors." In spite of man's boasted reason, the greatest fools in nature are found amongst the human race; and in spite of the many superior aids, and instructions, and motives to morality and propriety which have been placed within his reach, the most disgusting examples of unnatural profligacy are still found, not in the history of the brute creation, but in the history of mankind. A thinking man has many reasons to be thankful to his God for the sublime capabilities of intellect which have been placed within his reach, and has good reason to exalt all the powers of the human mind, will, memory, and understanding, in triumphant exultation and dominion of the brute creation; but he has equally many reasons to humble himself, when he remembers the absurd conclusions at which his boasted reason is liable to arrive, and the disgraceful acts by which his ungoverned passions may at any moment cause him to debase himself. What man *has* come to, when revelation and grace have been wanting, or when he has left

unheeded those two additional lights, shows how little cause he has to boast of, or to depend upon, that human reason which he is apt to deify, and how little confidence he should place in its dictates about the important matter of religion, unless revelation and the grace of God are brought to its assistance. Man's reason is great and powerful, and infinitely above all the brute creation put together. But like all other powerful engines, it is powerful for good or for evil; and sad experience has proved that in man's fallen state, that powerful engine must have another guide, or it will carry him to destruction. Man's greatness and littleness, his dignity and his misery, his capabilities and his infirmities, are, in his state of fallen nature, so continually meeting one another, that he never can permanently attain to his greatness, or his dignity, or his high capabilities and destiny, unless he continually keeps his eye on the depths of baseness, and misery, and infirmity, which constantly yawn at his side. If therefore it may seem to any one that I have lowered the dignity of man's soul and reason, by representing the souls and reason of animals as having any degree whatever of similitude with man, I would say to him in the words of Pascal—"It is dangerous to inform man how near he stands to the beasts, without shewing him at the same time how infinitely he shines above them. And again, it is dangerous to let him see his excellence without making him acquainted with his infirmity. And the greatest danger of all is to leave him in utter ignorance of both. But to have a just representation of both, is his greatest interest and happiness."

GREECE AND THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

While the torch of war glared over Europe, and every dispatch from its seat brought mournful tidings of terrible disaster and woful waste of human life, one signal advantage was being derived more and more every day by the western nations. All eyes being directed to the quarter where the fierce passion for aggrandizement, stifled for many years, had at last burst forth, they ran along coasts and into territories previously overlooked. Attracted by the hope of more fully understanding both the nature of the struggle and the peculiarities of its locality, maps were constantly consulted, and volumes of oriental travel were eagerly perused, until at last the whole life of Eastern

peoples has been gradually unfolded before our eyes, and the coasts of both Euxine and Levant have been inprinted upon our minds.

Of this attention, the unfortunate land which forms the subject of the work before us, has enjoyed its full share, and indeed, as it has also attempted to play an infamous part on its own account in the terrible drama, it has attracted much additional observation. Amongst all the *diaries* and *tours*, in which Greece and her woes are shoved into a corner, or noticed only for showing off classical information, and which are themselves very often like Buckthorne grown to manhood, rich in good-for-nothing experience, a pleasant volume by M. About, is exceedingly welcome, as going very deeply into the mournful subject, and abounding in much keen observation, and in many singularly just views. Now and again, indeed, we have a shade too much of the Frenchman in the propensity to judge of everything and everybody by French notions and interests, unmindful of his own somewhat keen remark, that a man of learning is a citizen of the world. Still this perhaps natural blemish is lost sight of in the highly pictorial pages on Greek life and manners, the pleasant little anecdotes of society in Greece, and the clear exposure of the rottenness of her Government and the lying and knavery of her people.

The present condition of Greece is an anomaly in the social progress of Europe, and a disgrace to her political civilization. Encumbered with a mountain of debt, the interest on which she now laughs at the notion of being called on to pay, she is still ever ready to come forward in intrigue and to meddle in mischief. Apparently altogether unmindful of the chief sources to which she absolutely owes her being, she is at once treacherous in siding with their bitter enemy and impudent in constantly putting forward her claims for further assistance: she will find it, however, equally difficult either to justify her late treachery or to prove that because we rescued a drowning orphan, we were bound to watch over his after career.

M. Edmond About vividly lays before us the horrible condition of this once favored land, and shows how the evils which have caused it are preying on her vitals, and might yet be removed. Describing the Constitution and Government, both as they are and as they ought to be, he leads us to charge the whole mass of evil to the account of the latter, a conclusion in which we have long been fully prepared to concur.

Few popular sentiments can be traced in

history more strongly marked or more universal than the enthusiasm which hailed the reappearance of Greece on the map of Europe. It was a feeling including at once the wisdom of scholarship and the kindness of civilization. For whilst the latter taking her out of slavery, pitied her sufferings and misery, and substantially succored her age, the others looked deeply into her wrongs, planned for the regeneration of her fine intellect, and proved that they loved her childhood well. Nothing was apparently left undone which could ensure her gradual rise from poverty to comfort, or warrant her looking forward to tolerable prosperity; and it is mournful to observe that these worthy hopes of her protectors were destroyed by the very machinery on which they depended for their realization. Truly the memorable warning of a late eminent statesman comes home to us now, when he declared none could be permanently independent save through their own efforts.*

The one word CORRUPTION fully expresses the whole legislative system of the ruler with which the protecting powers have cursed the Hellenes; and remembering their early glory and after sufferings, it is painful to write it in connection with their name. Nor is it the consequences of this systematic corruption, as at first sight apparent, that we most deeply mourn—viz., the squandering of public money, stagnation of trade, and total destruction of public credit; but the policy which King Otho has of late years pursued throughout his system is so polluted with jobbing and bribery, and the national mind seems by consequence so completely surrendered to knavery and lying, that the name of Greek, as he is in Greece, is rapidly becoming a byword over the earth; while the energy and perseverance of those who happily for themselves have left her shores, are being felt more and more every day through every fibre of the commercial body.

This fearful state of things in the little kingdom is unfortunately not of yesterday; it commenced at the outset of her career, and has grown with her growth. In the first place, the kingdom was thinly populated, badly watered, and almost totally without roads. In the second place, it was peopled with hostile

racess, swarmed with robbers, and through want of drainage and cultivation the atmosphere in many localities was impregnated with deadly fever. Not one of those evils was overlooked in starting her once more in the race of life. A king was chosen for her, towards whom Greek, Palikar, and Albanian were at least alike indifferent. A very complete code of laws was framed for her by one of the ministers of regency: an ample supply of money, on very favorable terms, was provided her, and yet all our hopes have been dashed to the ground. The land we have studied and loved so well has been lowered in the eye of civilization further than ever. The people we sought to take out of bondage is sinking under fetters more degrading still. The years that have passed since we first assisted her have but heaped vast embarrassments upon her, for all the old evils are there to-day.

The loan which the protecting powers guaranteed was soon, as every body knows, recklessly squandered, and others negotiated, both in France and England, on equally reckless terms. Greece now owes, besides those amounts, compound interest on their total for thirty years! and has lived during that time, as remarked by M. About, in good fellowship with bankruptcy.

Nor has a single lepta of this vast debt gone towards improving the country, developing her resources, or educating the people. With the exception of a road across the Isthmus, laid down by the Austrian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company, and one or two carriage drives about Athens, there is not a single road which could promote active commerce or favor agriculture. The people in the interior are miserably poor, and the people in the towns are abominably idle. The nominal agriculturists are ground down through the oppressive tax in kind, still persisted in, and by quartering on them bodies of rascally Palikars. The paid idlers of the towns lounge about the streets, fill the coffee houses, and brag about their ancestors. Between both ranks the national interests are pushed to the wall. Wine, one of the staple commodities, is rendered useless as an article for export; the vintners are too poor to procure casks, and to ensure its keeping in skins, are obliged so to impregnate it with resin, that to a foreigner it tastes like melted pitch. Oil, with which Greece could supply Europe, is also almost useless, from careless manufacture. Timber is imported annually at very considerable cost, whilst whole forests of the finest trees are out of reach from

* "It is my firm belief that you will not advance the cause of constitutional government by attempting to dictate to other nations. . . . If you succeed, I doubt whether the institutions that take root under your patronage will be lasting; constitutional liberty will be best worked out by those who aspire to freedom, by their own efforts."—Sir Robert Peel—Speech during the Pacifico debate, June, 1850.

want of roads, and are only meddled with when wantonly burned by vagabond shepherds. Coal and lead mines, marble and stone quarries, are either farmed on terms ruinous to the State—which all are eager to plunder—or abandoned altogether on account of the unsettled condition of proprietary rights throughout the kingdom; and there is the same want of irrigation, and prevalence of fever from neglect of drainage, that existed four hundred years ago.

But it is when we look to the root of these evils that the subject becomes truly deplorable. The vast number of civil posts formerly jobbed amongst Bavarian adventurers, are now indeed held by Greeks, but they are, for the most part, mercenaries baser than their predecessors. The grand aim of King Otho is to establish a central government, and to turn himself into a pigmy autocrat as speedily as he possibly can. But however injurious to the best interests of a restless people this course might prove, even when worked out with a tolerable share of clear-sightedness and political wisdom, it becomes positively ruinous when the ambitious ruler is totally devoid of any administrative talent whatever. And consequently can further his despotic views only by rallying round him a swarm of greedy mercenaries, constantly creating new posts for them, and while his own extravagance is boundless, squandering the public money in holding these rapacious idlers obedient to his will. Nor does it in our opinion reflect so very severely on the Greek nation that these bribed officials are, since the revolution of 1843, principally Greeks; the experience of ages has long since proved that where the head of an administration works only by corruption, universal corruption will very soon follow, and that when poor and aspiring men can get nothing by remaining honest, they will not very long refuse to be bought.

For a calm and tolerably condensed recital of the fruits of these evils we cannot do better than refer our readers to the pleasantly-written volume before us. They will find there that, as we have already stated, while the agriculturists are starving, the towns overflow with paid idlers. They will find that while the government is too selfish and perverse to properly apply the scanty resources of the country, foreigners who have means and energy are fairly driven from her shores through the insecurity for life and property. They will find that while no measures are taken to revive the miserable peasantry, bands of savage brigands are suffered to prowl

about unmolested, who often plunder them with a ferocious cruelty that would shame the miscreants of a people but just emerging from barbarism. They will find that while every possible legal post has been created, yet such a thing as justice rarely indemnifies the oppressed. They will find that while the resources of the country are strained to the utmost in providing for all this jobbing, the court of the little kingdom glitters with finery, and the extravagance of its expenditure is as ludicrous as outrageous. They will find that whilst the country is rapidly sinking in the estimation of the commercial world, it yet contains within itself numberless resources undeveloped through the want of roads and the exorbitant price of money—forests undisturbed, mines unworked, fisheries forgotten, coasting trade utterly neglected. They will find that while the country has many first-rate harbors, and occupies one of the very best commercial positions between Gibraltar and the Dardanelles, yet the trade of the locality is swept away by French and Austrian steam companies, even too while the people are loudly boasting of the number and skill of their sailors. And the discerning and thoughtful reader will also discover that amid all this corruption and disorder as much fine patriotism yet survives. That were universal suffrage established and the Greek people really set free, the most pernicious of these abuses—from which indeed all the others spring—the servility of King Otho's followers—would be swept away in an hour, together with the mercenary traitors who have maintained it so long.

And now when "Peace to men on earth of good-will" is, we anxiously hope, about to visit us once more, the powers that took Greece out of slavery, might even now not ungracefully secure to her also this glorious blessing. Most of the evils which afflict her might, we gladly believe, yet be removed by a little patient care on the part of those who may be said to have originally afforded opportunity for them, and if there be yet any promise of a brighter future for this unfortunate people, if their present legislative system can be renovated, and if their wrongs can be removed, let us, in our honest English antipathy to political corruption, not hesitate even here. The vast evils which crush Greece now have sprung up since her so-called emancipation, and a good constitution has been already given her; any liability of a second break-down should be avoided. Or

this point we have the no doubt well-considered opinion of an eminent living writer,* who in treating of the somewhat similar wilfulness of our own Charles, expressly states, that when a constitution, which, for the general welfare, it is desirable should be maintained, is imperilled by the perversity or incapacity of the person responsible for maintaining it, the just course is obvious. The system must be upheld; the person should be discarded.

Reviews.

Recollections of the Table Talk of Saml. Rogers.
1 vol. MOXON.

We opened this book in a very indifferent humor. It seemed to us rather bad taste that almost before the venerable old man was cold in his grave the bookmakers were already endeavoring to make money out of his memory. But after the very pleasant hours its pages have afforded us, we feel unwilling to believe that its appearance should have been delayed for an hour.

The fame of Samuel Rogers may be regarded under two aspects. A classic in the days of our grandfathers, few names have come down to us from among the crowd of splendid talents, which adorned the close of the last, and the commencement of the present centuries, more firmly established. Appearing at a time when public carelessness and royal apathy towards literature had disappeared for ever, and when literary men were themselves acquiring the polish and cultivation too long confined to their patrons, the author of *the Pleasures of Memory* has outshone almost all, if not in genius and cultivation, certainly in perceptions of the beautiful, mental refinement, and generous patronage towards the needy of that calling which he loved so well. As an author we have always admired him for calm, yet beautiful description, heightened by ardent, yet judicious love of art. His outlay on the splendid edition of his largest work, *Italy*; his seventy pictures, which he spent seventy years in collecting; his books and manuscripts worth forty thousand pounds; his numberless acts of valuable kindness and generosity towards literary brethren, have long since become familiar facts in literary history. While on the other hand, it is well known that the intimate of Burke and Fox, Sheridan and Curran, Lawrence and Chantrey, Holland and Landsdowne, Gibbon and Talleyrand; the

friend of Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Byron and De Stael, was not more distinguished for his talent and great mental cultivation, than for the urbanity of his manners, and for his warm hospitality at St. James's Place—in that sombre breakfast-room, so pleasantly described by Sidney Smith as the place of darkness where there was gnashing of teeth.

It is under this latter aspect that we view the banker-poet in this volume of *Recollections*. It is certainly very pleasant reading—and although most of the anecdotes have long since crept into our periodical literature, as might have been expected from the advanced age of the narrator, still we are pleased to have them strung together for perusal once more. The volume is, we fear, a bookmaking attempt, and although displaying much fine taste and pleasing observation, does not afford any great evidence of the poet's originality in conversation. The stories and witticisms are all those of others, and the general tone gives proof rather of the brilliancy of the sphere in which Rogers moved, than of any remarkable talent with which he himself adorned it. The editor seems actuated by a worthy love of his subject, and if we except some rather apparent prolixity in his notes has performed his part well:—he seems tolerably familiar with *ana*, and while observing the promise of his preface, to insert nothing which could hurt the feelings of the living, has also not brought forward anything which can pain our kindly recollections of the dead.

Songs of the Present. By the Rev. ARCHER GURNEY.

Man in Paradise; a Poem, in six books—with Lyrical Poems. By J. E. READ. London: LONGMANS.

Both these gentlemen write with terrible earnestness, rather as though they were dinting granite with the pickaxe, or scoring the metal plate with the fuming acid, than scribbling with glib goose-quill over the facile foolscap. The lyre of the reverend divine is attuned to, or rather is out of tune with, the sentiments of the modern universalist school of Anglicans, who, are beginning to have a twang and a cant every whit as articulately marked as that of the evangelicals. His themes are national glory and gallantry, labor and comfort, love and matrimony; in these consist all the good that his muse has to promise; and, according to the amusing mistranslation of the Oxonian, which ought to have found its way into the "Art

* Macaulay's *England*, vol. I.

of Pluck," he takes his stand on the high ground of religious principle, (the original Greek being simply, "trampling on piety") and says one thing and does another; or rather in this case, he says one thing and means another, (except in a few cases where, to the best of our belief, he has no meaning at all).

The "songs" are intended for the different sections of her Majesty's subjects to sing, and, singing, to lay to heart the lessons they teach: accordingly, they are dedicated to the Queen, who is reminded that she is head both of the domestic and martial life of her people; or, as Mr. Gurney quaintly expresses it, that she must be led to the "goal desired" by two lights—"the glow-worm and the star." Blind leaders of the blind! We are quite content with ordinary gas-light and sunshine.

After the dedication to the Queen comes a sonnet in memory of the late Judge Talfourd, which opens thus—

Swift dissolution he had oft desired:
His will was sealed.

We object to this. In the first place wills are not required to be sealed under the new act: in the second, though a man has signed it, sealed and delivered it, with the most scrupulous prolixity, it is no argument that he desired to be dissolved, much less that he desires "sudden death," which we suppose is meant by "swift dissolution." This sonnet ends with a line recommending the whole people of England to accept this book of poems as a rule of life.

"Wake, British nation! act on that thou hearest!"

Taking into consideration the genius and character of the said poems, this line sounds to us as if the author, stretching forth an awkward arm with a drooping hand at the end of it, sheepishly addressed his congregation—"Sheep of Britain, convert! Baa as you hear me baa."

Leaving the portico behind us, let us now pass into the temple itself. This building consists of three parts, the first of which is entitled "Battle ardours." As is right, these ardours produce "fumum ex fulgore" in abundance; they smell of gunpowder and of deeds of death. In the first of them the Bard casts off all calculation of consequences, and fearlessly invokes

"Right, truth, justice to all,
E'en though the Red Cross should swing by the
Crescent."

Swing: a good epithet, as Benedict would say.

Really the cross has been somewhat gilt by its position; it has gone to Jerich fallen among thieves. There is great meditation in this same "swing." It is an encouragement to progress on the (critical) duty which we had marked for ourselves. "*Avant de dire ce qu'un pèse,*" says the French sage, "*il faut pendu.*" Before you can tell what weighs, you must swing him. A great consolation to us critics, "in heads, like equal scales, is weighed author's heaviness prevails," when we turn executioners, and erect our noses on gallows, in order *naso suspendere adu* hang all offenders. We are very sorry victims; but Mr. Gurney himself teaches to seek at all hazards, and in spite of sinister results, the great end we propose. Let us therefore duly distribute

"Right, truth, justice to all,
E'en though the parson should swing by the
post."

In the same "ardour," which is so strong to carry the author a little off his legs, Mr. Gurney, in a very Dantesque manner, tells his own song, and adjures it to "sound the seas," and finally sings out to it—

"Thou and brave Napier cry—steady, boys, there is a good thought in this assimilation of "brave Napier" to the song. As the "sounds o'er the seas," so the one great of the former in the Baltic was to take us; for steadiness, they make a very match; the song being about as steady feet as the groggy old admiral himself of his most fervent "bottle ardours."

In a sailor's song, which follows very soon there is a line of which Napier himself have been the author; the mariners are to shout out,

"Our ships may sink, but they won't fly

The admiral was painfully aware of this announced in the former part of this line to its conclusion, the sentiment appears to be a mere truism; we never heard any theologian maintain that they would fly. The reverend author allow us to suggest a reading of the line?—

"Our ships won't run, though pigs may fly

Of course we cannot wade wearily through the whole book, nor, with Jack Horner, pull out a plum from every page; so from page 7 turn we to page 12 where we find ourselves in another division.

the Temple, and in a pew with this epigraph : "Voice from the left." Is there not a slight mistake here? Should it not have been *over the left*? Here we have the following curious lines :—

"All this moral talk is good,
But the deed it will not do—
It may find the body food,
But the soul claims honour too."

Words are not deeds, that is certain; but if words have any influence over anything, it is surely over soul that they exert it. "Words well disposed," says Spencer, "have secret power to appease inflamed rage." On the other hand, the pretence of mending a broken leg by an incantation, has long been banished from civilized society. But Mr. Gurney appears to wish to restore the old magic; in spite of the proverb—"fair words butter no parsnips," he fancies that words "may find the body food," though they do nothing for the soul.—Strange doctrine!

A little way on—page 176—there is a song addressed to a railway, where the mail-train is called "dear as a child." There is more in this simile than your honor would think. An express train is dear, there is no denying the fact; so is a child under some circumstances; for instance, if young hopeful is in the Guards, or his fast young brother giving champagne breakfasts at Oxford.

At page 217, we suppose we have penetrated the very sanctuary of our author's philosophy; there we read—

"Therefore hold your truth fast, brother,
Whatsoe'er is truth to you—
Let Pyrrhonic sages bother,
Light rests light, and truth rests true.
Something may be wrong, that's certain;
Nothing can't be right, 'tis plain.
He's a dolt that draws night's curtain
O'er the universe to reign."

The first two lines recommend every man to hold fast that which seems to him to be true—that which is true to him; and therefore suppose that truth is only subjective. The next two lines inform us that in spite of the Pyrrhonists truth is objective; that light is not darkness, and truth is not false, whatever you or any other person may think. The next two lines, the author having perhaps had a glimpse of his inconsistency, tell us that something may be wrong here, but still it is better than nothing, for nothing cannot be right. And the fourth couplet teaches us that no one but a madman will crown himself king of the universe with a cotton night-cap, or cut up the bed-curtains for his imperial robe.—Very true, only we do not quite see the connexion.

But it is hardly fair to cut up a man's detached sentences in this way, so we will try a piece with some continuity in it. It is one of the "battle ardours" (somewhat chilly for an ardour), and is called "Night by the Neva." It begins in a sonorous manner:

"Silence!—o'er the vast lone city sink the shrouds of midnight deep,
And the river, sad and sullen, moans not even in its sleep."

Not so bad—only we are tempted to ask the syntax of the word silence; is it noun, interjection, or verb? Indicative, imperative, or optative? Is it we that are to be silent, or the song, or the night, or the Neva, or the city, or all? Again, when a man thinks it worth remarking that a river moans not *even* in its sleep, it seems as if he expected it to moan more uproariously when asleep than when awake; but still the lines are passable enough; so let us pass on to the next stanza:

"Heavy droop the crimson hangings; through the vaulted cedarn gloom,
Seems to float a viewless presence, bending o'er a living tomb."

The mists advance; we feel the great extinguisher of Bathos overshadowing us—sense fleeth apace. What are these crimson hangings? Are they the bed-curtains of the dolt whom we heard of lately? or are they the "shrouds of midnight deep?" And what is cedarn gloom? Are we in a bed-room with crimson upholstery or in the open air? Is the atmosphere of the city dark, and still, and close as that of a cedar forest? and if this is the meaning, what, we ask again, are the crimson hangings? and what is the viewless presence? and how does a thing we cannot see seem to float? Are we to hear it or to smell it? If we only nose it, how can we tell that it is "bending?" What is the peculiar odor of a presence bending? And what is the living tomb? Who was buried alive in the Neva, or in the city, or in the shrouds, or in the hangings, or in the presence?—What on earth is the man talking about?

In the third stanza the mists rise a little, and the eyes begin to be of some use. We rather suspect that with the boy Jones we have penetrated the imperial bed-chamber.

"See there lies the solitary mortal, at whose single nod,
Millions sweep to desolation blindly, for their brother-god."

If the millions are blind, it would be difficult to guide them by a single nod. Mr. Gurney evidently mistakes the proverb, "a nod is as good

as a wink to a blind horse;" it does not mean that a nod is good, but that both nod and wink are equally useless in such circumstances; moreover, he does not see that they who act for a purpose do not act blindly: "*oculus animi intentio est*," the purpose is the eye of the soul, saith Phustidius. Therefore the millions who sweep for a brother-god have an eye open and do not sweep blindly.

The next stanza proceeds:—

"Hist! what murmur seems to freeze the silence into icier pain?"

This conceit is not original, but it is so mystified that we defy any one to find out the meaning of it; so here we will stop, only expressing our hope that Mr. Gurney will not think that because we rather praised the first stanza, we were bound to praise all the others, on his principle, that

"What cheers one should cheer all others."

What is the meaning of cheer, my little dear? Please, sir, what we sits down upon.—Good boy!—Another question:—

"And what call you, pray, the people?"

Answer:

"All who seek by arm or brain
Britain's welfare to maintain,
In the vale or on the steeple."

To maintain Britain's welfare in the vale, seems to us to be keeping it in a very shady place; while to maintain it upon the steeple seems very like making a cock-shy of it. How one is to maintain it by brain upon the steeple must, we think, surpass the comprehension of every one but a parson, whose more particular business it evidently is.

Certainly Mr. Gurney's nurse plays strange tricks; she dresses in a very outlandish, unbecoming manner; in striving to be intensely national, she makes herself intensely ugly; and in consequence she nourishes some very evil intentions, which her bard reluctantly confesses in her behalf.

"My muse to paint bears grave design"—

A wicked Jezebel!

But we fear that we must take leave of our interesting bard; we are sorry to part, for

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta
Quale sopor fessis—*

O, poetical divine, thy song is to us redolent of sleep and weariness. Let us therefore migrate to that of the layman, which at least will afford us a little variety.

Mr. Gurney is a philanthropic universalist preaching rhythmically, and actually saying things with no harm in them when he descends a little from his more arduous flights, and contents himself with rural scenes and quiet feelings. But Mr. Reade's Pegasus spurns all that is quiet under his hoofs; he runs away with his rider; the poet has some command over language, he marshalls his words on horseback in plumed squadrons, but still his cavalay is not fleet enough to take sense prisoner; he writes passages which our ear fancies very fine, very flowing, and very sonorous, till our mind quietly asks the meaning of them. His subject is the whole cosmogony; the formation of the universe, and the life of man in paradise;—a good one for a poet who has thoughts of fathoming the profound. The poem begins with Hades.

—"the waste of space, where life
Hangs eddying from plastic atoms shaped,
Generic, or from mist, or sun, or star."

and from thence carries us athwart "the starred inane," (which, being interpreted, is the emptiness that is full of stars,) through "infinite conclaves," and "thunder's knell," even to Lucifer's throne. Here our author evidently invades Milton's territory, but even here he takes care to insinuate a cutting rebuke against the bard of "Paradise Lost," when he informs us that *his* poem, "though in a great degree of an imaginative character, does not diverge beyond the limits of Scriptural doctrine."

Mr. Reade's ideas of Scriptural doctrine must be singularly large—so large indeed, that as we are taught in *Hudibras* that "a large conscience is all one, and signifies the same with none," so we are afraid we must argue that Mr. Reade's ideas of Scriptural doctrine are equivalent to none at all. In the opening invocation he, in substance, owns as much;—"eternal spirit," he says—

"Whate'er thou art, of whose immediate presence
My own hath visitation—"

Now who would you think that this eternal spirit, of whom Mr. Reade so naively owns himself to be ignorant, turns out to be? Let Mr. Reade answer for himself; in youth, he says

—"Desolation was the beautiful
I loved, when time was measured by my joy,
When the sense blended with the floating scene,
Recipient mirror imaging but thee!"

Mr. Reade's sense was the recipient mirror, which imaged the floating scene around him; this scene was desolation; and the image of

this desolation was the image of the spirit whom he is addressing; that is, of the "eternal spirit" which visited his soul. The person invoked is therefore Alastor, or Apollyon, the spirit of desolation. We are of the number of those who look for sense as well as for sound in poetry, and who maintain that a logical absurdity like this does more to condemn a book than half a hundred halcy lines or lame rhymes. We hate these fellows, who trust simply to their "os rotundum" their rounded mouth, while their mind, as Pope says, "sinks from thought to thought, a vast profound! Who plunge for sense, but find no bottom there, yet write and flounder on in mere despair."

We do not find much more activity of reason in the "lyrical poems" than in the old Adam of the Paradisaic man; for instance, in the lines on "The Battle of Inkerman" we learn—

"It was midnight, then, when morning's grey eye opens on her."

This is a curious circumlocution for five o'clock in the morning on a fifth of November; in that month the toe of morning can hardly be described as treading so close to the heel of midnight as to gall her kibe." Again, in the next poem, which of course is entitled "Sebastopol," when he is sadly to seek for a simile descriptive of the continuous, unintermitting succession of deaths of the "myriads who fell daily," we can only compare it to "the forest oaks falling by the levin's blasting strokes," as plentiful as leaves whirled by the autumn winds, or as blackberries if you please;—but as frequent as thunder-struck oaks is certainly a simile chosen rather for crash than for meaning.

Mr. Reade, however small we may think him, has been some time before the public, and apparently has his admirers: he announces the publication of his collected works in three volumes. Who reads them? The moral of our lucubration is: "What a thing is your 'minor minstrel,' when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit."

1 *Sacred History, comprising the leading facts of the Old and New Testament.* From the French of the Abbé Drouix. Edited by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool.

We have no hesitation in recommending the above little work to the attention of those who want a short and simple history of the chief events recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Without wishing to depreciate or undervalue in any way the works of this kind which we already have, we think the present will supply a want which has been felt by many. In many of our schools, and especially in those in poor localities or rural districts, the time the children remain is very short, and often very irregular. During that time, however, it is most desirable that they should read, if possible, and become familiar with the Scripture narrative, and the history of those great events so deeply instructive and so interesting in themselves. In many cases they cannot read a history of any great length, and a catechism, or a very short one, would fail to make a distinct impression on their minds. Thus we need a history, which while it selects the most instructive and interesting portions of the Scripture narrative, is neither too long nor too short. It must not be meagre and barren, and still it must not be encumbered with too many names or events. It is impossible, of course, in a work of this kind, to give a full history of each event, or of the many beautiful little episodes which abound in the holy Scripture; these can and will be supplied, with all their interesting details, by a diligent and industrious teacher.

Now, the present little work appears to us one which will be very useful in this way. It is not an original work, but a translation, as the title indicates, from the French of the Abbé Drouix. It was undertaken, we believe, at the request of a religious community, who have had a large and successful experience in education, and who have used the book for many years. Its simple but pleasing dedication tells us, that it is the fruit of the leisure hours of some of the students of St. Edward's College, in this town, who offer it to God as some little atonement for any word or deed whereby, knowingly or unknowingly, they may have scandalized any of God's little ones. Well spent, indeed, have these hours been, so often lost in idle listlessness! and much do we envy the pleasure our good Bishop must have had in watching the pleasing industry and superintending, as he has done with evident care, the labors of his young friends. Still, we must acknowledge, that at first, when we perceived that the translation had been made by several hands, we had some little fear lest there might be an unevenness and irregularity in the style. We are very glad, however, to find it otherwise. The style is simple and easy, and such words, in general, have been chosen as will be understood by the young. It contains also a series of questions for examination, which will be found

very useful to many teachers, while they will help to direct the attention of the scholar.

We have great pleasure, therefore, in recommending this little book to our readers, and adding our humble testimony to the approbation it has already received from those whose judgment we value, and for whose opinions we have a great respect.

The Englishwoman in America. London: LONGMANS.

This Englishwoman in America, who by the way is a Scotchwoman and a presbyterian, looks at everything Catholic with the same jaundiced eye as most of her countrywomen. Yet in spite of the "fooleries and puerilities of their churches," "their being the dupes of a despotic priesthood and of a religion which cannot save," and the rest, the French Canadians are nevertheless declared to be "among the most harmless people under the sun, they are moral, sober, and contented, and zealous in the observance of their *erroneous* creed." The Canadian clergy, too, although "despotic," and "keeping up a system of ignorance and terrorism, without which their power could not continue to exist," yet in the time of cholera "knew no rest either by night or by day. They held the cross before many a darkening eye, and spoke to the bereaved in the plenitude of their anguish of a world where sorrow and separation are alike unknown.

On the other hand, when she speaks of the United States, although she praises their Know-nothingism and other religious systems; although the "Sabbath is well observed," and there are 35,000 Sabbath schools and 250,000 teachers; although the Episcopalians have 1,422 churches, the Methodists 12,467, the Presbyterians 7,752, the Baptists 8,181, although the "clergy of the United States deserve the highest honor for their high standard of morality, the fervor of their ministration, the zeal of their practise," although in one year the Bible Society distributed eleven million copies of the Bible, and the Society for Religious Publications employed 1,300 colporteurs, yet the fruits of all this among the population is miserable in the extreme.

"The stories related by Barnum of the tricks and impositions practised by himself and others are a fair sample, as far as roguery goes, of those which are to be heard of in hotels, steamboats, and cars. I have heard men boast before a miscellaneous company of acts of dishonesty which in England would have procured transportation for them. Mammon is

the idol which the people worship;—the one desire is the acquisition of money; the most nefarious trickery and bold dishonesty are invested with a spurious dignity, if they act as aids in the attainment of this object. Children from their earliest years imbibe the notion that sin is sin only if found out."

And again.—

"A species of moral obliquity pervades a large class of the community, by which the individuals composing it are prevented from discerning between truth and falsehood, except as either tends to their own personal aggrandisement. Thus truth is at a fearful discount, and men exult in successful roguery as though a new revelation had authorised them to rank it among the cardinal virtues."

This Englishwoman, too, holds the idea long prevalent in this country, that dirt, poverty, and crime are synonymous terms, as is evident from the way she speaks of the poor Irish emigrants, and the quarter of St. Roch at Quebec. In other respects the book is pleasantly enough written, take the following for instance, describing rather a curious custom in Quebec.

"There are some notions which must be unlearned in Canada or temporarily laid aside. At the beginning of winter, which is the gay season in this Paris of the new world, every unmarried gentleman, who chooses to do so, selects a young lady to be his companion in the numerous amusements of the time. It does not seem that anything more is wanted than the consent of the maiden who, when she acquiesces in the arrangement, is called a "muffin," for the mammas were muffins themselves in their day, and cannot refuse their daughters the same privilege. The gentleman is privileged to take the young lady about in his sleigh, to ride with her, to walk with her, to dance with her a whole evening without any remark, to escort her to parties, and to be her attendant upon all occasions. When the spring arrives the arrangement is at an end, and I did not hear that an engagement is frequently the result, or that the same couple enter into this engagement for two successive winters. Probably the reason may be that they see too much of each other."

The Third Yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society.

The interest which is attached to the peculiar position of our young men in large towns is daily increasing. There seems no wish on the part of those in authority to withdraw from the consideration of the difficulties which their hitherto unprovided state has produced. Indeed, when we look to the efforts that are at present being made, to secure them from the dangers to which they are exposed, and to provide for their rational amusement, we are forced to confess that the clergy regard them as the paramount objects of their care.

But while acknowledging this much, we

cannot conceal the fact, that we are very far from deriving that satisfaction which so much exertion merits ; for, while there is scarcely a church in any of our large towns that has not its guild, or confraternity, formed by the younger members of the congregation, there are few that come up to the requirements of the times. Our own town, though possessing many societies of great merit, with which young men are necessarily connected, has not that general and practical association, which the report at the head of this paper shows the city of Cork to possess.

So far, our efforts have been directed to isolate the young men of the various congregations to their own churches ; and in consequence of limited resources, and the want of those inducements which a general combination would present, they have to a great extent been fruitless.

Now it can only be by the means of a general organization that we can hope to bring our young men together. And it appears that literary societies constitute one of the chief inducements.

In the city of Cork they have availed themselves of this means with the greatest advantage. They have established a society for mutual improvement, composed of young men from all parts of the city, who belong to the various employments and occupations which the place affords. This society numbers some six hundred members, four hundred of whom, as the report states, habitually approach the Sacraments monthly. If we want to know the secret of so much success, we find it attributed by the report to the interest which the objects of the society tended to excite. For literary societies may be regarded as a necessity of the times ; and this only shows the advantages they are calculated to produce when under Catholic direction. One of the great objects which this society contemplated, besides cultivating a healthy spirit of piety in its members, has been to afford a place of general resort to their young men, where they might hold their meetings, have their lectures, form their library and reading-room, and where they might assemble nightly for innocent recreation. Such a place they now possess in their society's hall.

Such a result must be a great satisfaction to all who are interested in the success of any undertaking for the welfare of young men. Nor can we help adverting to the same project having been attended with the like success in the town of Tralee.

We have scarcely space to say anything

about the report itself, since we have occupied it in considering our position relative to theirs. But we are not the less gratified with the result it shows and the spirit that pervades it, nor can we but regard their society as a work of great promise ; and we would like to ask how long the Catholic metropolis of the North of England, with its many superior advantages, is to remain without its organized society of young men, and without that which their organization would necessarily bring about, a Catholic Hall.

I.—RELIGION.

Within the circle of her Father's home
Religion sits apart, her forehead pale,
Her raven hair confined by snowy veil ;
Beyond the gate she never seeks to roam ;
Dear visions of the future daily come
Whence truth and heavenly beauty never fail ;
At some, a feebler heart than hers might quail ;
At some, she weeps ; she calmly smiles at some :
Hers is a staid and undivided heart,
Her sum of wisdom long since closed and sealed.
Not hers the wish, nor hers the shallow art
To dream each year, of something new revealed :
Her dark eye fixed on heaven, until the time
When Faith expires in sight, she counts the fleeting
chime. J. A. S.

II.—SCIENCE.

Her fair, young sister, Science, comes this way,
Keen scrutiny within her eye of blue,
Her dimpled cheek, her locks of golden hue,
Her smile reflect the joy of opening day ;
Around her step, the early breezes play.
Her daily search is still for treasures new,
Wonders of earth and heaven she fain would view.
In Nature's secret force, in solar ray,
In sky and sea, in bowels of the land,
In all, she gleams ; in all, her daily fate
To meet new things she fails to understand ;
Laying the treasures of her little store
At her pale sister's feet, content to wait
Till shines the coming morn ; she asks no more.
J. A. S.

III.—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Around the globe behold each wondrous string
By science stretched across her giant Lyre,
Swept by no human hand ; each trembling wire
Thrilled by Electric Force, on magic wing,
Whose impulses the poles together bring.
With lightning swiftness speeds the subtle fire
Brief messages of joy, or fond desire ;
With deeds scarce finished, distant cities ring.
Beneath the broad Atlantic on it sweeps,
High o'er the burning plains of India rolled,
From crag to crag mid Alpine snows it leaps ;
Image to me, in ways to sense untold,
How, reaching far across those heavenly deeps,
Soul may with soul, unseen, communion hold.
J. A. S.

[From our London Correspondent..]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

Sir,—The whole religious world of London seems to have but one thought at the present moment—that of the Lenten Perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. What a supernatural halo seems to shine round about this heathen city, whilst within its precincts, for forty days, is the unveiled presence of the most Holy! We go about our ordinary avocations, lie down to rest, and wake again almost as it were by the light of sanctuary, and for the time temporal cares are in a measure at rest, and anxieties hushed, as by no human power they ever could be.

The Cardinal Metropolitan is about to deliver a series of lectures at the Pro-Cathedral of Moorfields, which in interest bids fair almost to rival his celebrated course in '36. The subject of them is to be "The Evidence of Holy Scripture, positive and incidental, to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church;" and should they bring into the ark of God a tithe of the souls which owe their conversion to the former series, the author will gain the reward most dear to him in a marvellous increase of his Master's glory. Many will be glad to hear of the struggles of the new Peckham mission, the chapel connected with which was opened about a fortnight since, with a Pontifical Mass by Dr. Grant, the Bishop of the diocese; a number of the London clergy were there, but I have not heard of many lay people going; we must, however, hope that as many as were able went; like to many other places, there are a number of very poor Catholics in the immediate neighborhood; but very few, perhaps none, above the working class. Perhaps the struggling hopefulness of Peckham, and of the other new mission in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, has induced a similar attempt to be made for the saving of souls at some distance from the metropolis—viz., at Kidderminster. It is so impossible for everybody to assist in every good work, which they hope to see succeed, that one grows almost ashamed of advocating the claims of any one in particular, yet if there *should* be religious people in England, possessing a large amount of charity, with no pet object on which to expend it, Kidderminster may present itself before them as a manufacturing town, the centre of an agricultural district, yet as being destitute of the means of salvation.

Whoever has at any time taken any practical interest in the London poor, must be sensible what a very necessary thing is the projected hospital for incurables, and will be proportionably rejoiced to hear that there exists a well grounded hope of its success. The Emperor Napoleon most benevolently contributed a large sum towards it; our own Metropolitan has since given £1,000, and other eminent individuals have promised larger or smaller sums, as their means will admit. When this great work is completed, we shall, by the mercy of God, no longer have Catholics dying without the Sacraments—not for want of priests to administer them, but because of the difficulties now often in the way of any priest knowing the need of these poor stray children of the Church. The Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic are to be entrusted with the nursing department of the hospital. Although not so personal an affair as this, it is pleasant to hear of an assurance from the Emperor of Russia (whatever that may be worth) that the Polish Catholics shall in future find protection at his hands. If it be ungenerous to doubt

the word of an ordinary enemy making overtures of peace, it may perhaps be more so to doubt that of an Emperor, yet in this case there seems fearful cause.

The aspect of the Church in France is most encouraging. The *Civiltà Cattolica* has an article announcing the almost total extinction of Gallicanism in that country, together with a wonderful increase of practical religion, especially in the army. A sermon lately preached by the Bishop of Orleans, at the Madeleine, is also worth notice, not only in itself, but for the prevailing feeling and spirit of which it must be an emanation. M. Dupernouf was wishing to advocate the return of the Capuchin Friars to Paris, and took for his argument the immense advantage of apostolic poverty in every species of intercourse with the poor. He said that episcopal dignity would stand no chance with it; that any man leading the most mortified interior life, would, if he showed no signs of it outwards, be altogether unable to cope with these holy fathers in missions among the laboring classes.

All that we have from Spain lately of religious interest or rather sorrow, is the mention of a bill of Senor Battles before the Cortes, for abolishing those beautiful safeguards of public morality—the appointed holidays of the Church. The same individual has been endeavoring, by similar means, to reduce marriage to a civil contract, but in this latter project he has happily failed. There is much to be said of America, if an account in the *Weekly Register* be true, viz., that "Forty-eight years ago the United States contained but eighty Catholic churches, two bishops, and sixty-eight priests. The Church in America is now governed by seven archbishops, thirty-three bishops, and two vicars-apostolic. There are 1,761 priests, and more than 1,900 churches," also establishments of nearly all the religious orders, among whom, says the same authority, the Benedictines seem (as formerly in Europe) to be taking the lead. As evidence of a better feeling than has sometimes existed, it is a fact worth recording, that his Eminence the Cardinal has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature in London. A lecture which the same illustrious individual delivered lately at the Hanover-square Rooms, on "Rome, ancient and modern," drew, besides those who would naturally take an interest both in the lecturer and his subject, a large and select Protestant audience. That persons of standing and influence chose to go or not to an entertainment of the kind, would be a matter of very little moment to any body but themselves, were it not useful and hopeful at any time to know that individuals external to the Church have been brought in contact with Catholic feelings and principles, and that the more importance they have in the eyes of their fellows, the more good is any knowledge they have gained likely to do in consequence. I could say much of the lecture itself, but the space you could afford would be altogether inadequate even for a sketch.

In general affairs bearing on Catholic interest, we find honest, if mistaken bigotry, triumphing over anti-Catholic prejudice in the Parliamentary election of Mr. Adam Black for Edinburgh. His speech was very different from the silly old-fashioned rhodomontade which has secured Mr. Warren a place for Midhurst. What a pity that the centenary of Mozart, made so much of on the Continent, has not been noticed in London but at a shilling show, called the Panopticon.—I am, sir, &c.,

N. I. L.

London, February 18, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS.

sometimes amusing to observe how men stand by one another, even with regard for truth. A writer on "Table in the last *Quarterly*, naming Boswell's *Johnson*, appends a note—"It may be that Mr. Croker's edition of this work, and question, the best edited book in the language." Recollecting the fact of Croker being on the staff of the *Quarterly*, pretty well in the way of modesty—but to mind a celebrated review of the question the assertion seems mon-

sure on our space last month prevented mentioning the recent death of the eminent sculptor, M. Pierre David [Angers], who have rambled with the intelligent about Pere la Chaise, will no doubt be with his name.

report of Mr. Macaulay's fifth volume on the press is without foundation.

Athenaeum of the 9th ult., says a war in this country and the United States close the Gospel for half the Christian

honor of knighthood has been conferred on great Oriental explorer, Colonel Henry St. John.

James Ferguson, author of "*The Hand-book of Architecture*," has been appointed manager of the Crystal Palace.

University College, Dublin, has conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on Mr. H. H. Hall, the now celebrated *Times* correspondent in the Crimea.

John D'Alton, author we believe of works on Irish history, has been placed on the civil list for £50 per annum; and Mr. J. W. D. Lover, of *Handy Andy* celebrity, for £20 per annum.

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sale in a pamphlet form of the Rev. Mr. Bird's sermon, preached before the University on "Religion in Common Life," and which has since been reviewed in the *Times*, has been printed in the large number of 60,000 copies, and has realised for the author over £700.

Mr. M. de Lamartine, now working in the press. This celebrated work, like W. S. Landor, destined, in many warnings to the contrary, to remain with us still.

At a late sale of autographs at Paris, a letter from Michel Angelo went for 281 francs; one of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, 262 francs; and one from Talma to Dacis, 50 francs.

We are glad to perceive that we are about to have a new and cheaper reprint of an excellent work, already in a green old age, which was daily becoming rarer and rarer on the book-stalls—*The Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers* (Eyre).

THE number of letters that passed through the General Post-office on Valentine's-day was 900,000 within seventy.

THE first number of a new serial, by Mr. H. Mayhew, and which promises to be of considerable popular interest, is announced for this day (March 1). *London and the Londoners* is to tell us all about, rich, proud, luxurious, *Babylonian* London.

A new standing heading has appeared latterly in several of the English journals: *Murders during the past week*. Very flattering, certainly, to immaculate, Protestant England! Under this heading, we reckoned eight revolting murders recounted in one paper. What are the Home Missions about?

It is considered a singular incident in the history of what Disraeli would term "literary statesmanship," that on the same day—the 19th of January—Mr. Macaulay announced he had taken leave of political life, and Mr. Samuel Warren, claiming the suffrages of the electors of Midhurst, stated his intention to commence his political existence.

POPULATION OF ROME.—The *Moniteur* (Jan. 6th) announces that the General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants; among whom there are 36 bishops, 1,226 secular priests, 2,213 monks and other religious, 1,919 nuns, and 687 seminarists. At Rome, therefore, there are, in all, *five thousand and eighty-one* priests, monks, nuns, or seminarists—that is to say, *one* to every thirty-five inhabitants.—*Archives du Christianisme*, 12th Janvier, 1856, page 16.

THE veteran singer, Braham, expired on Sunday, Feb. 17th, in the 79th year of his age, after having delighted the three kingdoms for three score and ten years; he having made his *debut* at the age of nine at *The Royalty Theatre*. He was "the enchanting little Jew," that so enraptured poor Charles Lamb. For more than thirty years he was considered by the musical world as *the* English singer of the age.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

March 5.—The Catacombs of Rome, by the Rev. P. Kaye.

March 12.—A Debate, by Members of the day-school. Subject: "Whether it is desirable that Ladies be admitted to the Gallery of the House of Commons during the progress of business." With other Declamations and Music.

March 19.—Holy-week. No lecture.

March 26.—Easter week. No lecture.

The Band of the Institute will attend on each occasion.

NOTICE.—The *Quarant' Ore* will be celebrated in the Institute Oratory from nine a.m., on Saturday the 8th of March, till nine a.m. on the Monday following.

PASSING EVENTS.

A *Retreat* was made by the day-scholars, under the direction of Father Suffield, of St. Ninian's, beginning on Monday, February 18th, and terminating on Thursday, February 21st, with general communion and renewal of baptismal vows.

THE Young Men connected with the Institute likewise made a *Retreat* under the same Rev. Father, during the following week, from the 21st to the 28th of the month. [In consequence of these *Spiritual Exercises*, the Rev. P. Kaye's lecture on *The Catacombs* was necessarily deferred till March 5, as announced above.]

ON FEB. 17th, the Very Rev. Dr. Newman kindly paid a visit to the Institute, on his way from Rome to Dublin. He remained a few hours, and attended the devotion of the Confraternity of the Most Precious Blood. The Very Rev. Doctor was the bearer of a special benediction to the Institute and its Members from his Holiness, the Pope. Some little disappointment was felt that he did not preach on the occasion; but of course the fatigue resulting from a long and rather hurried journey put it quite out of the question.

ON FEB. 13th, Mr. McCarthy delivered his excellent lecture *On the Ancient Civilisation of Ireland*. Much research and study had evidently been employed in the preparation of this eloquent discourse; which was also illustrated by plans, diagrams, sketches of the Round Towers, and the rest.

ON FEB. 20th, an entertainment was given in the Hall of the Institute, entitled *Charles 'the Pretender,' and the Revolution of 1745-6*. The spirited and glorious Jacobite songs of the period were sung, and seemed to give much satisfaction. We would venture to suggest a fuller chorus on any similar occasion hereafter.

ON FEB. 4th, a most eloquent lecture was delivered in the Concert Hall, by M. A. McDonnell, Barrister-at-Law, Esq., in behalf of the Church of St. Vincent of Paul, Norfolk-street. The subject was—"The Influence of Education upon Society when directed by the Catholic Church." The proceeds amounted to about £50. The working-classes manifested their zeal in behalf of the noble work of charity in ques-

tion, by their attending in such large numbers, although the price of tickets was rather high. The lecture was sound, and displayed much preparation and careful reading. To our thinking, however, it was scarcely popular enough for the audience. If lectures are to succeed with the masses, a two-fold object must be aimed at. Instruction alone fails in attractiveness; amusement by itself is idle. A judicious mixture of the two satisfies every end sought for. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*.

OUR friends at the other side of the Atlantic have been enjoying rich treats in the way of lectures:—

ON JAN. 2nd, Dr. O. A. Brownson delivered a lecture before the gentlemen of the Library Associations of Albany.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes lectured in Baltimore, on January 17th, before the Young Men's Society of that city. The subject selected on the occasion was—*The Present Position and Prospects of Catholicity in the United States*.

DR. S. IVES delivered a lecture before the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul, in New York, on January 24th. Subject: *The Poor in their Relation to Society*.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

The present number of the MAGAZINE exhausts the second quarterly subscriptions, and we beg again to inform our quarterly subscribers, who may still wish to support us, that we shall be glad to receive their renewed subscriptions at any early date. All orders for the MAGAZINE, or money orders, to be addressed to "Mr. Moses Doon, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool;" advertisements to the same, or to "Mr. Travis, 57, Scotland-road, Liverpool;" and literary communications to the "Editor of the CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool."

. It is requested that all communications be accompanied with the name and address of the senders.

Norval.—We are deeply obliged for your kind and good opinion, and much pleased that we have earned, especially if we have deserved it.

Stranger.—No recommendation or qualification is required in those wishing to join the Institute, beyond good conduct and the usual fees of admission. You are wrong in supposing that your being a *stranger* will be an obstacle. One evening's presence in the Library will wear that off, and raise you to a closer and more friendly position.

Obituary.

ON Jan. 26, Mr. Christopher Kiernan, late of H.M. customs in this port, in his 27th year.—R. I. P.

ON Feb. 16, Mrs. Mabel MacCreanor, Glenavy, Co. Antrim, Ireland, aged 77 years.—R. I. P.

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THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

MAGAZINE.

No. 7.

APRIL, 1856.

VOL. 1.

OUR PROSPECTS.



THE Catholic Institute Magazine," says the *Weekly Register* of the 15th of last month, "may now be considered to be fairly established, having reached its sixth monthly number." We joyfully accept this judgment of our respectable and respected contemporary, and pit it against those sinister prognostications of our *ends* with which our ears were treated about beginning of September last, when the tunes of the future bantling were discussed and a table in one of the rooms of the Institute. Wise were the faces, curt and sardonic the apothegms, on that occasion. "We are not the talent for such a thing," said one, speaking in his own name and in those of his brethren then and there assembled, as well as present. "There is no want of such a production," said another, judging of the æsthetic requirements of others by his own. "It will not pay," said L. S. D.—and so on. We remember a case in domestic history, of a delicate lady, who had been married several years without any apparent likelihood becoming a mother, at length produced a very weakly, sickly little object, very like herself; and thus, as may be supposed, afforded an opportunity to the gossips, of acquiring a cheap reputation for foresight. Confident were the predictions respecting the short-lived destiny of the babe. But the father, a sturdy, roughing sort of fellow, who had no idea of being kicked out of his little daughter, who, with all her tenuity, was fixing on him a pair of pretty

expressive dark orbs, rather astonished Mrs. This, and Miss That, by telling them, by way of what they considered rather a rude answer to their predictions, (which ought, they imagined, to have been received with a submissive and somewhat grateful sigh, turned-up eyes, and other amiabilities), that the child would live as long as it should please the Almighty. "As if we had not known that, indeed! Poor man! he will repent, when his treasure lies a little corpse before him, of his very improper way of receiving our well-meant and kind, though of course rather sad, intimations."

Now somewhat similar to this reply is that which we have been tempted to make when assured, by our *literary* gossips, of the premature fate which awaited our Magazine. While we do not for a moment wish it to live longer than it pleases God, we feel confident that if He has anything for it to do it will fulfil that mission.

"But are you not," some objector will say, "talking in too high a strain of your little one, and allowing the interested parent to dictate to that 'impartial spectator,' who, in the philosophy of Adam Smith, is the person in whose place every man should put himself who wishes to entertain right judgment and feelings on matters where he is personally concerned?" "No," we reply; and this for two reasons. In the first place, as to the *interest*, the Magazine has not yet brought a halfpenny of profit either to the Editor or to contributors. We were determined to try it on its own merits, and to see what might be done at the outset by "labors of love." Then, secondly, we deny that we talk in too high a strain; for our strain is justified by the literary facts and character of the age in which we live; which is too busy and bustling for hard reading, and therefore, if taught at all, must be taught through the medium of what is called *light literature*. Hence, we find men whom our

ancestors would have thought degraded by anything less ponderous than a folio of Divinity or Ethics, content to filter their wisdom through a fictitious tale; find Dr. Newnan courting public favor by his *Loss and Gain*, and the Cardinal Archbishop charming all men by the sweetness of his *Fabiola*.

If, then, men are to read magazines, the question comes to be, *What* magazines are they to read? Are we Catholics to leave them to the exclusive perusal of such works as the *London Journal*, the *Family Herald*, and the like; in which positive and dogmatic religion is ignored, to say the least? If St. Paul tells us that whatever is done by Christians must be done to the glory of God, why should not a magazine be written and sustained for that great end? Why should not the faithful have beside them, on their tables, a rival to the popular productions of the day; and such a rival as will rather fail in excitement than pander to what is evil? But we need not go on with our questions. The public have kindly anticipated us; and, by the success which has hitherto attended us, have encouraged us to go on. For, while one critic will say of the work, "It is no great things, but what can you expect for fourpence;" and another, "It is deficient in any distinguishing principle or line, and you cannot expect people to care for it:" the fact is, that it has been well received, extensively read, kindly criticized by contemporaries, and, crowning fact of all, is now bringing out its seventh number.

Among the prognosticators of evil to whom we have referred at the beginning of this article was one whom we designated L. S. D., and whose pithy observation was—"It will not pay." Now we are quite willing to allow that this remark had, as old Dr. Johnson would have said, "a bottom of good sense" on which to rest. For, true as is our assertion, already made, that the bulk of our countrymen, if instructed at all through the press, will be instructed by *light* literature, yet it is equally true that they will not long value even this *if it do not value itself*; that is, if it be gratuitous on the part of the writers. We are such a mammon-worshipping people that we cannot for the lives of us imagine that anything can be good without being well paid for. The same national turn of mind, so unintelligible to Continentals, which makes an injured husband seek pecuniary compensation, and think himself highly fortunate if his wounded honor has ten thousand pounds poured into it, by way of balm and oil, from the pocket of the man who has in-

jured him, stamps itself on every other department of our life and history. And therefore, if a Magazine or Review is known to bring in nothing to the purses of those who contribute to its pages, the gentle public soon begin to whisper, "Depend on it, the articles are worth nothing, or else they would *fetch* something. The authors would *demand* something; and the Editor, finding them clamorous, would affix a decent price to his publication, in order to be able to pay them. If he did not, *other* editors would find out their talent, and *offer* them something; and we need not say what would be the result." Very ingenious, good public, and in the main very true; but you forget *one* thing—and that is, that with respect to Catholic publications, the "other editors" are wanting. With the exception of the Dublin Review, we are unacquainted with any Catholic periodical which takes its standing alongside of the Protestant Quarterlies in point of pay and circulation; and the same thing holds, in its proportion, with regard to the monthly Magazines. To be a Catholic, and especially a convert, is, generally speaking, enough to damn any pretensions to be a contributor to the Protestant Magazines and Reviews; and therefore, with very few exceptions, those Catholics who wish to do good in this way to their generation, must be content with a far lower remuneration than falls to the lot of the children of this world, the votaries of schism, heresy, pantheism, or infidelity. None of these vitiate a production in the eyes of the world: "Papistry" alone must be discouraged, and supposed to have about it so subtle and lurking a venom that, were one of the abhorred class to write an article on the growth of timber, a sound Protestant would be sure to find in it something Jesuitical, and adverse to "our excellent Constitution in Church and State, the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations."

Still, as "half a loaf" is said to be "better than no bread," and as we verily believe our contributors will not be half so much respected now that we have "let the cat out" about their working for nothing, we decidedly intend to make an alteration in this respect; and therefore our readers must not be astonished if, before many more numbers are out, we charge sixpence for the Magazine instead of fourpence. Let them consider that they will get their additional twopence-worth in the additional *respectability* of the concern! that they can no longer be pointed at by their Protestant fellow-citizens as taking a Magazine written by low fellows, whose articles are *worth* nothing.

Henceforth, on the contrary, they will take their stand among genuine out-and-out Englishmen, who know what is what, give their generous support to poor needy men of letters, comfort them with more frequent visions of a clean shirt, and, above all, get an article of some *value* for their money!

Our good friend the *Weekly Register*, in a short critique which we quoted at setting out, "cannot help thinking one or two articles rather too scholarly for the class of readers for whom we understood the Magazine was chiefly intended—we mean the members of young men's societies and similar Catholic institutions." Now this is, no doubt, a very fair inference from the title of our periodical; but still it may be strained too far. Supposing that the Magazine has mainly for its object the setting before this class of readers what will most easily and readily commend itself to their sympathies and habits of thought, yet, not to mention that others also ought to find in it what they can relish and enjoy, it is a fact, well known to those who have mixed largely in the different classes of society, that there often is, even in the ranks of those who have not been able to obtain a highly liberal education, a burning desire to pick up, every now and then, some of the waifs and strays of literature, so to speak, and a capacity eagerly to enjoy them. What, then, though the Gossipings about Herodotus, for instance, in our last number, introduced a subject little known, and perhaps entirely new, to many of our readers, is that a reason for the exclusion of such topics? Quite the contrary. Every glimpse which a man has into departments of knowledge which do not form the staple of his stores, tends to liberalize him, to humble him, to lower his tendency to dogmatize, and to teach him respect for those whose pursuits are other than his own. And who would grudge, to one whose days are spent in toil for some material end, the little ray of enjoyment which visits him when, at the end of his laboring-day, he finds, by dipping into such a work as the Magazine, that there are fountains and pastures in which he is allowed to feed and recreate himself, without that strain and stress of mind which would be the result of his meddling, in any other and more regular way, with matters out of his usual path and sphere? If

"— *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse feros*,"

- * To have faithfully learn'd the ingenuous arts
Softens men's manners and tames their hearts.

then every little rill of knowledge must do its part in the softening work, must rub off some little offensive corner of idiosyncrasy, and tend, in its own small way, to humanize and to refine. It is because each class thinks too much of its own pursuits, and abounds so much in its own sense, that we are so far off from that beautiful perfection of humanity which will consist, whenever it comes, in the realizing of that wonderful dream-thought of the Roman slave,

"Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum puto:

A man am I, and nothing human do I think foreign from me.

And surely any work which presumes to call itself *Catholic* must have for its special office, the heralding of that good and blessed time. For the Church, in her great function, is not only the uncompromising foe of *religious* discord and division, but of *every* thing that separates and secludes man from his fellows; and those who have most deeply studied her wondrous system are best aware how its tendency is to break down every barrier that human ignorance, prejudice, and wickedness, has set up between man and man, country and country, class and class, profession and profession, and unite all in a generous emulation who shall most benefit the rest, and thus carry into effect the benevolent designs of that incarnate God and Saviour who invites all of us to His bosom; whose cross was carried by the despised African, while the Roman Centurion bore witness to His divinity, and the favored Israelite laid His sacred Body "in his own new tomb."

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE A REFINING INFLUENCE.

No. I.

Nothing is much more common than for people to confound together in their thoughts a quality with its excess, a principle with its exaggeration; one maxim or proposition with some other bearing a relation to it, a certain similarity with it, but not the same, nor one of its premises, nor a deduction from it. At the same time, though few things are so common, few are more injurious to accurate thinking, clear statement, or perception of the meaning of others. Hence arise half the misunderstandings between man and man,

whether in the social or political order. One man will not be at the pains, or have the patience, to grasp the principles and real meaning of another; to ascertain their limits, or view them in their bearings, or distinguish them from other principles, or other deductions, or more unlimited statements, to which they may bear a first-sight resemblance. And hence, as Hamlet says of Oscar, they run away with what they bear, half-hatched, with the shell upon their heads.

It is so when we speak of refinement. There are persons who seem to be actually jealous of such a quality, or of any approach to it. Not only do their actions, gestures, modes of conduct towards those around them, habitual expressions, and the very tones of their voice, bear witness to their anxiety to keep at a safe distance from its infection. They really have, moreover, in the under-current of their thoughts, a half-formed persuasion, or more, that in order to be refined you must part with other valuable qualities inconsistent with what you are acquiring. To be refined, they think, is to be unmanly, indolent, and useless, out of joint with the age, unpractical, disabled from coping with life, with its difficulties and roughnesses, sickly, over-sensitive, shrinking from contact with one's fellow-men, and so forth. Refinement, in their theory, is a luxury reserved to the nobility and the landed gentry,* the men of leisure and fortune, who can cultivate literature and taste,

"Nursing in some delicious solitude

Their slothful lives and dainty sympathies"—

and who move only in an easy-going circle among other favored beings like themselves. But for us common men, who occupy the lower section of the middle class of this vast society, who are fellow-lodgers with toil and straitness, familiar with the vulgarities and necessities of existence, forced to grasp and

* Among the most salient instances of vulgarity which have lately come under our notice, we may mention the spirit that dictated those lists of Catholic peers, eldest sons, landed gentry, ladies of rank, ladies of baronets, ladies ("by courtesy") of knights, &c., &c., which appear in one of the Catholic Almanacks for this year. The spirit of toadyism, which is vulgarity in its essence, could not well go further, and we trust to be spared any renewal of an exhibition of it so degrading. If this is to be the tone we are desirous of assuming towards society, we deserve to be indeed the no-caste Pariahs, the servile Helots, which the popular tradition of England at present accounts us.

battle with daily difficulties—for us, on whose shoes is the dust we have gathered from tramping as travel-soiled foot-sore pedestrians along the high-road of life, refinement is a thing simply out of the question. Ask us to be refined, and to cultivate refinement? You might as reasonably ask us to set up a carriage; nay, more: to decorate its panels with a coronet and armorial bearings. You might as well ask us to build a new saloon for our library, and send our few broken-backed volumes to be bound in odorous russias, with our escutcheon and motto emblazoned thickly upon them in gold. Nay, it is more than unreasonable; there is a certain cruelty in the allusion. You are taunting us, not merely with our defects, but with the far-off sight of attainments which are for ever out of our reach. You are as heartless and inconsiderate as the Queen of France under the old *regime*, who, when the starving multitudes of Paris besieged the Palais Royal and clamored for bread, turned to one of her ladies in waiting, and wondered, if bread were really so scarce, why the people could not support themselves on *brioche*—a kind of expensive pound-cake, frequently seen at her majesty's select suppers. No; refinement, and all the class of ideas appertaining to it, may be very delicate sustenance to guests at the rich man's table: but for us it is *brioche*; we cannot even pick up the crumbs of so dainty a banquet. If we can get our wholesome crust unadulterated with any poisonous ingredients, let us not mind its coarseness: let us feed, and live, and be content.

Now all this, which is so commonly expressed or implied, rests simply upon a misapprehension of first terms and first principles. True refinement, apart from the mere adventitious externals which are so often mistaken for it, is not the privilege of a few, but an attainment within reach of all. In a future paper we hope to show how the influence of Catholic doctrines, principles, and usages, tends to produce it. At present, we will close these remarks by considering briefly what it is in itself.

Refinement, then, may be fairly enough stated to be a sense of what is fitting and proper—a sense of harmony. As this is an intellectual perception, it is refinement of mind. As it is carried out into our external relations with others, it is refinement of conduct, manner, and expression. To be refined, is to have a temper of mind and modes of action purified from all that is mean, sordid, and, above all,

sh : for selfishness is the master-enemy of refinement. It is to be in the habit of considering others, and what is due to them, how we may avoid painning them. It is to show our fellow-men with the respect and consideration due to them as such, to adapt our conduct in every intercourse with them to the exigencies of the occasion, and to their claims of our regard or reverence. In a word, true refinement, as we said, is a sense of *harmony*, which teaches us to harmonize our own impulses, whether of the irascible kind or the self-indulgent; and to do our best towards harassing others also, bringing them into, or fitting them within, that sense of fitness by which we are endeavoring to rule ourselves; thus making things run smoothly, so far as we can, during their and our passage through the world. Scott, in one of his novels, well described two sources of refinement in conduct and manner. He represents Sir Kenneth, the Scottish crusader, after a combat with Saladin, who is disguised as a knight of the Saracens, sitting with his late antagonist under a few palm-trees in the desert, and by the side of a fountain, to share with him a cooling evening meal. Both these brave men, the novelist, were conspicuous for their simplicity of demeanor, though it was in either of a different kind, and arose from a different source. The manner of the Scottish knight was frank, soldierly, and unrestrained, his politeness seemed the natural expression of a wish to communicate the feeling of fellowship which possessed him towards his companion. That of the Saracen was of a more reserved cast, and appeared to result from the respect he entertained towards himself, which would not permit him to be deficient in any of the usages of courtesy. There is a distinction well drawn. Scott has intentionally assigned to his Christian knight what none can doubt to be the more refined type of refinement, inasmuch as it responds in a way which is quite lacking in the other, to that source of refinement which is indicated by the Apostle: "Render to all their dues: tribute, to whom tribute is custom, to whom custom: fear, to whom honor, to whom honor. Owe no man anything but to love one another." We would, however, that no Christian—we would that no heathen—fell short of the standard of refinement set before him by the Saracen, and the dignified polish and high-bred courtesy of the East were never a rebuke to the manners of the West, the words, and even the writings, of Western Christianity.

WHAT IS POETRY?



POET of no mean rank has answered this question by calling poetry "The best words in their best order," in contradistinction to prose, which he defines as simply "Words in their best order." Another poet has made a description of his beautiful art the subject of a few exquisite lines:—

"He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was; a light; a love;
A spirit which like wind doth blow,
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rained down from God above.

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace;
Heaven's light on earth; truth's brightest beam,
And when he ceased, there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face."

It may, perhaps, puzzle some of my readers to understand how so very prosaic and so very poetical a description can possibly belong to the same thing. Nothing is clearer than that Coleridge, in the first, is describing the expression of poetical ideas in language, as we speak of a book of poetry, meaning a volume of thoughts, more or less poetical. Shelly, again, in the second, describes the power of genius to conceive, and then express such thoughts; and unless we make a clear distinction between these things, we shall very soon get into confusion in our inquiry. Besides those meanings, however, there is another, which I would propose to call the capability of any thing to suggest ideas to the imagination. Whatever appeals to the imagination is poetry. The poetry of life, of religion, of science, &c., is all that life, religion, or science has to stimulate the imagination. There is poetry in music; in the song of birds; in many sounds. There is poetry, too, in much that we see; perhaps I ought to say, in nearly all that we see. Landseer's *Challenge*, or his *Sanctuary*, is a beautiful poem. Words have only one way of reaching the imagination; and not always the shortest, or the straightest.

Now it appears that if there is any truth in this definition of poetry, beauty and poetry are very nearly allied; if, indeed, they are not

synonymous. It may be said that there is a kind of beauty which addresses itself to the understanding only ; as when a mathematician speaks of a beautiful problem, or a beautiful proof ; and yet a subtle turn of mind might discover something in the sense of fitness and adaptation which must enter into a beautiful problem, and something unfolded in a beautiful proof, which may affect the imagination, as well as the understanding ; and, if so, even this intellectual beauty may partake of the nature of poetry.

We may take it for granted, then, that we are agreed on this point, at least, that poetry is beauty in relation to the imagination. Whatever, therefore, has in it any element of beauty which the imagination can appreciate, has to the extent of that element, a capability of becoming a subject for poetry. There are few things which are totally destitute of this element, either in their own nature or in the associations which gather round them. A four-legged table, whether of oak, or mahogany, does not, indeed, promise much in the way of poetry. But go back to the distant time when the dry spars and planks were living members of the green and waving wood, the home of beautiful birds, the shelter of the hare and the roe, sometimes of the wearied traveller, recall the summer calm, the winter uproar, the tempest and sunshine, that chased each other over the old oak for three centuries and more, and you will find some elements of beauty, I think, knocking at the door of your imagination. Or take it, dry and withered wood as it is, dead and polished. It has stood in this old house for a hundred and fifty years. Think of the bright faces that have gathered round it ; of the life and gracefulness that adorned it ; of the laughing children, the serene old age, the blooming manhood and maidenhood, it has revived ; of the days of domestic sadness it has witnessed, when news came from afar that a vacant place here would never again be filled up ; and so on. Why need I enlarge on so commonplace a theme ? Here, again, is beauty of another sort ; a melancholy beauty, if you please, but very beautiful, and therefore very poetical. Cowper managed to extract poetry from a sofa ; he must be a poor workman, indeed, who could not make as much out of a common table if he tried. Could the scenes which it has witnessed be reflected back from the shabbiest piece of furniture in Wardour-street, like faded sun pictures reviving on a plate of silver, there would be ample materials for both comedy and tragedy.

But though there are few things that cannot be looked at from a beautiful or poetical point of view, the claim to beauty or poetry has usually been restricted to those things and those subjects which more immediately and directly, and in their own nature, suggest the one and the other. Now I am going to venture on a division of this branch of the subject, to distinguish between *natural* beauty, and *supernatural* ; and in natural beauty to separate what is *material* from what is *spiritual* or *immaterial*.

1st. *Material* beauty is that which reigns in external nature—in the setting sun ; in the rising moon ; in the winter midnight sky ; in the most striking features of the four seasons ; in vegetation ; in animal life ; in scenery ; in the ocean ; in man ; in woman ; in children ; in musical sounds ; in the fragrance of flowers ; in short, in everything material which addresses the imagination through the senses. All of these are obviously subjects for poetry, and have been constantly employed for that purpose, wherever a true poet has been found to use them.

2nd. But *natural* beauty has also a *spiritual* or *immaterial* division, which embraces every appeal to the imagination from mental or spiritual sources, from beauty of character, from natural affection, from love in all its kinds, from memory, from regret, &c. ; and inasmuch as spirit must be thought superior to matter, this order of beauty is of a higher kind than that which is simply material. It is always entering into the province of material beauty, raising, refining that which is of the earth, earthy ; enhancing whatever it touches. The beauty of external nature acquires more significance, when it is regarded as the reflection of the power and wisdom of a great Creator, such as even natural religion points to. Scenery is something more to any one who has enjoyed it in company with others who are loved ; home affections can impart a beauty of their own even to what is naturally homely and unattractive. It is this reflection of spiritual beauty upon what is at best indifferent, that in the instance of the old table just referred to, elevates a few dry planks into a subject for a romance.

Beyond all these, Christians believe that the great Creator has revealed certain things touching Himself, and themselves, which nature could never have brought to their knowledge ; and this *supernatural* revelation instantly opens up a wide field of beauty and of poetry, of the very highest order. The nature and attributes

of God, the scheme of redemption in all its parts and bearings, the means of communicating with what is unseen and eternal placed within our reach, the future joy and glory awaiting innocence or penitence—all of these suggest and represent whole worlds of beauty, whole worlds of subjects for poetry.

Such are the principal classes from which our ideas of beauty and poetry are derived, from which poets must choose their subjects, and their mode of treatment. Of course the third, or supernatural class, is sealed to every one who does not accept the Christian revelation; it is mutilated and curtailed of its fair proportions and boundless extent, to any who mutilate or abridge ever so little, the entire system of religion revealed, and ever since peculiar, to the Catholic and Roman Church. Dante and Calderon stand almost alone as the representatives of this grandest class of all.

The two natural sources of poetic beauty have been to all appearance nearly exhausted by a long succession of poets, who, some in one way, some in another, have illustrated, with more or less genius and success, the characteristic beauties of matter and of mind. You rarely find them dissevered. Some poets work more elaborately than others in transforming the charming features of material nature into their numbers; but they must draw, sooner or later, from the informing mind and soul of man, images and conceptions to animate their pictures. The fairest landscape, without some association with man, wanting some link with human affections, possesses only a cold and statue-like beauty. Pygmalion could not rest till his marble handiwork became animated; the poet of material nature must make it the home of man, with the spiritual beauty belonging to his nobler part, if the conceptions of genius are to have their full scope.

In like manner, poets who deal more particularly with the human unctions and affections, cannot shake themselves entirely free from some debt to material nature. Those affections must have a home in external beauty; they must be called forth by it; must be fixed and made real, by their permanent association with it. Beautiful scenery, beautiful features, are the vehicles by which the poet of spiritual nature conveys his ideas, and interests us in them.

But as material beauty is always rising up into that which is spiritual and immaterial, borrowing from it a soul to inform its own

perishable nature to perpetuate the memory of its own loveliness, long after it has been involved in the doom of everything material, so all natural beauty of either kind is always feeling for something of that which is above nature. "The glory of the sum of things" natural; all beautiful affections, hopes, regrets, &c., are only imperfectly represented and comprehended without association with the higher and enduring order, which reaches within the veil drawn in impervious folds across the vision of unassisted nature. Green and sunny landscapes, sparkling seas, majestic clouds, exuberant vegetation, splendors of the firmament; what is their material beauty compared with that nobler interest which invests them, the moment you look at them as the workmanship of one great and beneficent Being, who has spoken to the heart of man; the moment you regard them as the reflection, faint indeed, but true, of His beauty and His riches, who lies concealed, but close to us, in yonder little building, dedicated to his worship. All beautiful thoughts, affections, emotions perish hopelessly, if the dead rise not; but beyond the veil of the tomb, they live, awaiting a better resurrection, together with those around whom they once clustered and entwined themselves here below. The knowledge, too, derived from Revelation, that decay and death await the fairest, sublimest creations of material nature, adds, I think, an element of exquisite pathos to the external beauty of the universe. All that is visible, delightful to the eye, grateful to every sense, is devoted to destruction; is, even as we admire, wearing itself out, by the operation of the very causes on which its fascination depends. But in what we cannot yet see, exists the only stability; in what we have lost lies our inalienable treasure; above and beyond all natural beauty, whether of matter or of mind, there exists the unchangeable beauty of God, of which the loveliness of all that we know is only the broken reflection, which will one day come to satisfy us with its exceeding beauty.

Is it matter of surprise that this supernatural beauty, besides enhancing and ennobling every other, should have become poetry of its own, of which the writings of some holy persons, like St. Teresa, are remarkable examples? Can we wonder that it should fill the heart, and overflow the lips, as no other beauty or poetry ever did? I confess I have long been struck with a remarkable similarity between the poetical aspirations of holy souls after this sublimest beauty, and the purest and deepest

expressions of other poets, in relation to objects of natural love. I perceive two points, especially, where they are quite peculiarly similar; one of these is the total exclusion of every other inferior object from the heart where, for the time, this paramount emotion has the mastery; and another is the longing and exhausting desire of undivided union and nearness to the object of attachment. To give examples of what I mean, would lead me into greater prolixity than I can venture on in a short paper like this. I can only refer the possessor of Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*" to the hundred and fifteenth poem in that exquisite work; when I read that cry for union with his friend, I seem to hear St. Teresa saying, How I rejoice to hear a clock strike, for then I am an hour faster on my way to God. Persons familiar with Burns's poems will remember one, entitled "*Mary Morrison*," which, also, illustrates my meaning, and one stanza of which I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting:

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon, the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said, among them a',
Ye are na Mary Morrison."

I may also refer to a song, entitled, "*Forlorn, my love, no comfort near*," which we owe to the same poetic genius, and which remarkably illustrates the second point of similarity I have ventured to indicate.

"Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here,
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love."

CHORUS.

"O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me
And mingle sighs with mine, love."

There is only one point more, connected with this supernatural beauty, which I can refer to at present; that is the element of

mysteriousness, which enhances all poetry, and all beauty; the partially developed secret of attraction; the imperfectly comprehended return of what attaches us to itself, when only half perceived. I must find room for three or four charming lines, not published, which I owe to a valued friend, and which, with as much gracefulness as truth, set forth this element in poetic beauty:

"There is a beauty in mysteriousness;
The dewy mists of morning make a scene
Of common earth look like to fairy-land.
Why is the rose-bud lovelier than the rose?
Only because a veil enwraps her beauty.
Why is the future brighter than the present?
Because the one is known, the other hidden."

Here, as in all else, supernatural beauty surpasses every other; it is beautiful in its mystery; but that beauty will increase, not diminish, the charm it grows. It looks all-golden in prospect; but its present far exceeds its future; it has no past. When we reach its fulness, it will remain at full tide for ever. A glimpse of it far off inspired a great mind to exclaim: "O, Eternal Beauty, ever ancient, and ever new; too late have I known thee; too late have I loved thee."

And yet there are persons who maintain that Catholics of necessity can neither appreciate nor write poetry; Catholics, who alone possess the key which unlocks this world of sumblime beauty; a glimpse into which is not only in itself poetry, but reflects a light and a beauty on all other poetry. I am persuaded that the fortuitous circumstance of a limited number of persons, at a particular time, not possessing a particular taste or faculty, is no argument against a larger number of minds, at another time, including some successful cultivators of the same taste or faculty. It will be, doubtless, a great gift, when the Catholic body in England is given a poet, who shall sing of the beauty of nature and of grace in our own tongue. That poet has not yet written a line; he is probably not yet born: but when he comes, he will redeem the character of the Catholic body; he will wipe out a slur on its fair name; he will demonstrate what we already know must be possible; that where the treasures of all beauty are found, may also be found an eye to perceive it, a tongue to sing of it, an audience to enjoy it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. IV.

HOPES.

p down in John Julian's heart dwelt too powerful for words. The love of riches, and station which had tempted restors to sacrilege, was firmly rooted in his soul. It was the origin of all his odd. It was that which led him to ponder on st, and to see, in the passing away of the possibility of the elevation of him. He always expected that some great would come. It was an hereditary. His father and grandfather had and died, loving, longing after, and ng the power and distinction which ever come. It was like a disease, of he preferred not to be cured, which was apation to him. He loved gold with a hich lay too close to his soul to be of. Only to his little daughter he utter mysterious hints; and when he ord Westrey at his door, and received id greetings, and saw Anna stand by gstone's side—then he thought, and t in time became belief, that if his child alth, the hope of his heart might come Summer evenings, the Westreys would Julian's on their ponies. There ong line of hard beach, to which a nar-ne led them from Julian's house, and Lullingstone used to ride his pony up own. And Mary liked the sea-shore, sands; but sometimes she would stay high ground, and look out on the sea, er father chatted with good Mrs. Julian, ward stood by her pony's rein. Mary alk to Edward about the school. "So going to College?" she said, one day, iled as a woman might smile on a child, she was nearly two years younger than l.—"You are going to College?" I gain the scholarship—and I *shall* gain l Edward, enthusiastically. oy, Edward, you will be quite a gentle-said Mary, a little thoughtlessly, as she ioment afterwards. ard's downy face became rosy red. He down, but spoke bravely:—"I shall be l Julian, as I now am. I shall not be s a well educated man than I am now ll educated boy."

knew more about it than Edward. She ked upon the world, of which he had

only heard the murmur from afar. She walked of right, with gentle steps, in paths towards which he would toil with his young life's best strength. It passed through her thoughtful mind, and she said—"I beg your pardon, Edward."

She could not help respecting the triumph she had imagined.—The youth looked at her, respectfully, yet wondering. But she was gazing on the broad waters, and did not observe him.

Edward Julian was a wonderful boy. He was more than clever; more than strong in mind, of quiet thought, and bright imagination; he was more than industrious, more than ambitious, more than courageous, more than persevering. He was pure-minded and honorable, and full of good desires and love of virtue. His whole religion lay in his mother and Lady Westrey—not because he had any defined ideas about articles of faith. He saw no difficulty in the fact of his heroines being of different religions—they were the romance of his life. He felt that his mother was always right. There was a sincerity, an openness, a frankness about her. She was patient, kind-hearted, and of an extraordinary cheerfulness of disposition; and her son was like her. But he went beyond her. He had aspirations of his own. And once, when Lady Westrey was pleased with something that he had said, and called him to her, and, holding him by the hand, looked into his face and said, "Dear boy!"—then he felt more than he could ever have told, and more than Mrs. Julian could ever have comprehended. It was as if, at that moment, he had vowed a vow to raise himself, to be sought after, to be the learned, the accomplished Edward Julian. He would not forget his early life: it should be known and told, but only to add to his merits. And he became ambitious for his sister. He wanted her to feel as he felt. He wanted her to be within Lady Westrey's influence. So Edward toiled, and no one doubted about his success. He toiled generously, not ashamed of being a working-man's son, and not discouraged by it—not flying from himself, not wishing to get rid of Edward Julian, but expanding the character of Edward Julian into all that Edward Julian might be.

Lullingstone Westrey had a tutor—Mr. Parker. He was very fond of Edward, and encouraged him, and assisted him in his studies. And Edward was often allowed to spend whole days with Mr. Parker and Lullingstone.

And Lady Westrey used, by numberless attentions, to distinguish Mrs. Julian, and she was very kind to Anna. She would make Mrs. Julian bring her to Old Court on her birth-day, and on her foster-brother's birth-day, and they all drank tea together in Lady Westrey's room.

Sometimes, on such occasions, John Julian walked to Lullingstone to bring his wife and child home; and then, occasionally, he did what perhaps he enjoyed more than anything in the world. He paced up and down the terrace with Lord Westrey while he waited for his wife. It is true that Lord Westrey enjoyed this also. He liked considering character:—human nature is very interesting to some people. It was to Lord Westrey. He encouraged Julian to talk by praising Anna, and speaking of the time when he was a boy in his father's house in Watermouth. And Julian did talk: and Lord Westrey used to get into wonderful puzzles. He could not understand Julian; and got thinking to himself:—"How could such a being as this persuade that pleasant, excellent, pretty, simple-minded, sensible little Mrs. Julian to marry him? How strange to see such an odd creature with that promising son and that gentle golden-haired daughter?" These questions Lord Westrey could not answer for himself.—The fact was that Julian, as he walked there, talked like a man in a dream. He spoke from within—from that heart of wonder, and hope, and mysterious belief in *something*—he could not tell what. He spoke from that deep, fixed, interior intention which passed over intervening obstacles, and rested on the future. He intended to be great. How? He could not tell. It was like a superstition. He was old; but it would come. He should see it before he died. In the mean time, he contemplated the only great man he knew, or could speak to, with wonder, interest, and even curiosity. No wonder that the great man could not understand him, and was sometimes guilty of thinking that, but for Mrs. Julian's love and reverence for him, he should guess him to be crazed.

In the same spirit Julian took his long rambles about the neighborhood. He had sat in the hut of the forest-settlers, and listened to stories of sudden success as a child drinks in a fairy-tale—with that strange belief in his own destiny strong within him, and thus thinking and feeling he would visit Dyrbington. It was a strange place now—bolted and barred, with windows shut and shutters never opened. Julian was always in his very strangest mood

after his visits to Dyrbington. He would work no more for a day or two afterwards, sometimes; but sit gazing from that oriel window, as if he could read his history upon the sea. It happened one evening after such a ramble, that Julian's eye caught, far in the offing, an approaching sail; he watched it at first out of idleness, and then with the interest that grew out of the fact of a large trading vessel nearing the port. Groups of men and boys on the cliff and sea-beach, watching her with telescopes, caught Julian's attention. The evening advanced. The vessel gracefully bore her steady way towards the land. The sun was down, but the moon's rays were on the waters.—And what an unearthly thing is the broad moonlight on the spreading sea. A whiter light and a deeper shade fell on the gathering groups. Julian joined the watchers, and heard that she could not come in that tide, and that people had gone out to her. Silently, slowly, he paced up and down, yet in his way joining in the general interest. At last, almost all were gone home, and Julian, as he, too, returned, heard some one say, "Good night, Julian—good night."—The tone of the speaker was that of surprise.

"Good night," answered Julian, coldly, strangely; his whole self absorbed in thought. Then came a playful "You are very late; you have no interest in her."

Julian stopped suddenly. He was silent for one moment. In that moment he took quick note of what he saw:—a merchant of Watermouth, called Seaforth, with his tablets in his hand and a thick roll of paper. There was thought upon his face, but benevolence and joy also. Julian looked at it, and read in its lines success. To the question asked in friendly merriment—"You have an interest in her?"—he answered, "No; but I wish I had."

In those words the secret of his life—the secret of his fathers' lives—had escaped. His earnestness made the merchant start: he had spoken from the depths of his heart. Mr. Seaforth paused. He remembered the gossip of Julian being rich. He felt that it was true. Taken by surprise, he spoke hurriedly, "I am going to fit out a privateer, will you?" "Yes, yes!" exclaimed Julian. "You should be prudent," murmured Mr. Seaforth, still strangely considering.—"Your children?"—"But it is all for them," gasped Julian. "But how much?" he went on—"Oh, sir,—Mr. Seaforth—don't keep me waiting—how much?" He grasped the merchant's arm in his hurry.

and looked imploringly in his face. Heaven's light never showed a countenance of more anxiety, or more earnest entreaty. There was something terrible in it. Half repenting, not knowing what to think, but strangely influenced by the sight before him, Mr. Seaforth said something of which Julian only caught a word or two—"Two or three hundred—equal to that."—"More, sir, more," whispered Julian, his voice almost gone, under the awe which overcame him, when now for the first time he spoke of his wealth.—"More, sir, more; say thousands—yes, thousands—two or three; or, or,"—Julian gasped, and said again, "two or three, or more;" and the last word issued like a half-suppressed cry: the secret of his inmost soul was escaping with it. Mr. Seaforth jumped back, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was involuntary. But, immediately taking Julian's hand, he said kindly, "You shall see me again about this." He passed on, leaving Julian in the still moonlight, alone on the sea-shore, wrapped in an unutterable surprise.

There, in the silence of thought, Julian remained some time; and when at last he gained, by slow steps, his own door, it was with the sense of being an altered man. The present, the past, the future, all seemed changed. *He had told it.* Every hope, every sensation, every recollection, ended in that—*he had told it.* That which had never before found words, had been spoken, and was known. Again and again his heart seemed to say, *it is told.* Again and again he recalled the short interview with the merchant, and as often as he did so, this fact came back upon his mind with appalling certainty. It was not that he repented what he had said; it was not that he regretted never having bound Mr. Seaforth to secrecy; it was not that he wished to conceal anything from one who had, in the first instance, behaved so generously to him; but the one habit of his life, which had never been departed from, had that night been broken. He felt as though a link between him and the wonderful past was severed; that that which had made the present as a mystery to many was cleared off; and that the doubts and wonderings which had obscured the future were removed. He was now as other men. He had now no secret: *he had told it.* How those few words had changed him. He could dream no more. He was old to change his life. Could he ply his work and talk to Anna as wildly as the mood suggested now? Might he take those wanderings, and work and

bargain for his toil now? Might he now indulge in those endless speculations, which had beguiled so many hours sitting in the loved old chair, in the peaceful pretty chamber? Julian was suddenly sad; it was sadness mingled with a sense of resignation. He never doubted of success. He never repented of his confession. He never departed from his resolution. He was sad under a sense of change. "Yet," would he say to himself, "it must be; I always knew the time must come; and how often I have wondered as to how it would arrive. And now it has come. It is past. It is known.—*I have told it.*"

That very night, after he had seen Mr. Seaforth, Julian locked himself into the room, of which we have so often spoken, and opened an iron chest which none but himself could open. It had been in his family, he knew not how long. He knew not what it had been used for originally. It had certainly come from the original "Julians," on the chapel's site, at the further end of the Old Monk's Bridge. Julian opened the chest, and looked on its contents. There it lay—the gold and the silver—old guineas, moidores, and half moidores, and nobles, and marks;—and the gold was parted off from the silver—heaped up by hundreds it lay; and then the hundreds were parted off in tens. Julian had never added to this treasure. He had taken from it, but sparingly, and when necessity demanded. But he loved the sight of it with that sort of fond, unreasoning love, with which we may imagine one's self to gaze on any wonderful thing connected mysteriously with the past, and over which we alone have power. He gazed and spoke to what he saw, as though it had possessed life and knowledge. "How you first came I know not: yet you are mine. I never thought to leave you to others, as you were left to me. I knew I could not. My family have ceased to be like those of whom you remind me; and it is well, for the times in which we live are changed; but I part from you with sorrow, because you have helped to make me what I am; and I feel that when you are gone, I shall cease in some sort to be what I was—to be myself. You will bring greatness—I know you will; and when greatness is come—when it is mine—when I possess and use it, and it belongs to me, and me to it, then I shall not feel the uncertain sort of creature that I now feel to be,—no more myself, since I told of you, and as yet nothing else—but I shall think of you with gratitude, and possess you again, but in another way.—Farewell: go, do your work, for the time is come.

CHAP. V.

DYRBINGTON AGAIN.

Let us look again at Dyrbington. Green lichen and dark moss grow upon the walls. The windows are closed, and insects build their nests, and make their safe retreat between the shutters and the glass. The last of the Dyrbingtons dwells within. The family after the John Dyrbington who appropriated the goods of the Chantry Chapel and Guild of St. George, rejoiced in a great prosperity. That is, it *looked* like prosperity. There was money and lands, and good connexions; and sons and daughters were born to them. But there was one remarkable thing. How few of the many—the unusually many—who had lived in the house, had been laid when dead in the church. Wherever there was danger or bloodshed, treachery or pestilence, there was sure to be a Dyrbington among the sufferers; and when public calamities seemed insufficient for their punishment, they had fallen on each other. There were strange stories told by the old people then living in the village, and there seemed to be no reason for disbelieving them. The present squire's grandfather was said to have died of a broken heart. He had two sons, the father of the existing "old Dyrbington," as he was generally called, and an elder brother. They unhappily both fell in love with a noble Spanish lady whom they had met in London. They spoke to their father before speaking to her, and he refused his consent peremptorily; threatening them with disinheritance if either disobeyed him. She was a Catholic, and that was the objection urged against her. The youngest—Mr. Dyrbington's father—never saw her again. The eldest saw her, and married her. Believing that he could manage matters with his father, he brought her to Old Court, Lullingstone, where she was received, and affectionately treated. But the father drove his son from his door, and in the bitterness of the moment, the brothers met and quarrelled. They fought, and the elder got a mortal hurt, of which he died within the year. The younger brother was a proud man, and never spoke of the thing to any one but his father, it was said. However, the Spanish lady was a widow, with an infant in her arms—a girl. Her husband lies in the family vault; for the father sent for the body when the life was out of it. But he would never help the wife. He went mourning for the rest of his life, but never repented: it was even said that, when

in some disguise his son's widow came to the house, he met her in the grounds, and drove her from the place with a whip, if he did not actually make her feel the scourge. She had fled with a loud cry, and an appeal to Heaven for herself and her child. Then the old man died, and Mr. Dyrbington's father inherited the estate. He had married an amiable woman, by whom he had one son, the present squire. His wife died of a lingering illness, which no one understood, and he was himself killed by a fall from his horse. The son suffered greatly when the parents died; it was a deeper sorrow than the world could understand; but after a time he rallied, and again became the popular man that he had been before his affliction. He was soon engaged to be married to a young girl of extraordinary beauty and good family, and seemed to be exceedingly happy. He certainly loved her devotedly; but she had only accepted him at the command of her parents. He fitted up Dyrbington magnificently for her reception; and the morning fixed for the wedding, she released herself from Mr. Dyrbington by running away with some one she liked better. He never recovered this. He ceased to mix in society; he discharged his servants; and gave himself up to the vagaries of an embittered mind. An old woman, the widow of a former gardener, lived in the house; and her son, Reuben, occupied a room over the stable. These were all his attendants. Twice a year, Mr. Benson, a lawyer from Watermouth, visited Dyrbington, and transacted business, as it was supposed, with Mr. Dyrbington. He never saw any of his neighbors, with the single exception of the family at Lullingstone: they were never denied seeing him; sometimes, too, he saw one of that family of forest-settlers whom Julian had made friends with: Norwood had interviews with him, much to Reuben's wonder and a little to old Martha's disgust. But Elias-Lyas, as he was generally called—was a very odd, independent sort of character, and a wonderful catcher of salmon; and but for the pride, proper to an old Dyrbington servant, Martha would have liked him very much.

Martha's work was not very hard. The whole house, except two rooms on the ground-floor, which served her master for bed-room and sitting-room, and the kitchen, was shut up. And it was a strange room in which the strange man sat: books were piled about in heaps; and they were such large, old, heavy books. One table, a great arm-chair which he sat in himself, an old ottoman full of papers—

that was all ; chairs had to be brought in when Lord Westrey came ; and there sat Mr. Dyrbington, always reading or writing, scarcely ever stirring, except to go to bed.

Mr. Dyrbington had just reached his seventieth year. He looked eighty. His face was wrinkled, his eye-lids heavy, and his jaw depressed. He had been of a tall and stately figure ; but now he was bowed down, and his legs trembled painfully till his knees knocked together. He was almost a skeleton. His long neck was bent, and his head almost rested on his breast, and strange clothes hung upon him, telling how much the withering frame had shrunk since they were new ; and Mr. Dyrbington was always cold ; his touch was like ice, and his voice shook, and snow-white hair strayed neglected on his shoulders. He was a picture of human nature, tired, worn-out, dejected, uncared-for, and alone.

Lord Westrey, with Mary and Lullingstone, are now riding across the wild and beautiful country which skirts the forest ; they are going to Dyrbington. They arrive. They are close to the church-yard. Lord Westrey pulls up ; his eye is attracted by a newly-erected tombstone. A low, merry, chuckling laugh is heard close by, and all three look round. A man in the prime of life, with a deer-skin waistcoat, and short boots reaching to his unclothed ankles, with sun-burnt face within an outline of short, glossy, jet black, curling hair, looked at them good-humoredly enough. It was Lyas Norwood. " Whose gravestone ? " asked Lord Westrey, returning Lyas's smile, for, like everybody else, he knew the man very well. " Mine—that is, my father's ; I begged it of old Dyrbington," nodding his head towards the house in a way which, though familiar enough, did not seem destitute of love and respect ; " and it is the only thing I ever begged of man. But," he added with a grave voice, and a face raised to Lord Westrey's, " but the old woman—she who lies in the same grave—she who was his mother-in-law—she told me to ask it of old Dyrbington. She was a hundred years old when she said it ; I could not but obey her."

Lord Westrey and Lullingstone drew up their horses close to the church-yard wall, and looked more closely at the village-cut gravestone, with death's head and cross-bones, and the record, that Elias Norwood, who had been born, and who died in a hut in the forest, had reached the age of seventy-five. But Mary's head was raised, and her eyes were on the deep blue of the open sky ; and the horse she

rode stood still, and Lyas looked at her beautiful face, and wondered why her lips moved. And as the man looked at her he bared his head. For reverence was in his untaught soul, and he felt that Mary prayed for the dead.

Then, Lord Westrey and Lullingstone ride on, and Mary by her father's side, down a wide road, with high thick elms on each side, and Lyas, with a ringing laugh, bounds over the fence and is out of sight. They are almost immediately at the huge doors which open into the back-yard of Dyrbington court-house. A small door is by the side of the great doors. And this little door is opened by Lyas who has got on before them. The riders dismount—Mary runs in, and Lord Westrey and his son hold the horses as, one by one, the groom leads them through the narrow opening, and then all are within the walls, and the little door is closed again. They are among well-proportioned buildings, where all things speak of years past, and persons departed with them. But there is no trace of the living—none. They have entered like strangers, for whom no one lives to speak a welcome. But Mary's horse has got loose, and stands at the stable door, and paws with its hoof, as though it knew its way, and had recollections of entertainment served within. And the fair girl laughs, and praises her favorite ; and the servant finding the door fastened, runs to the further end of the court, and knocks loudly at the door, by which an inner court which adjoins the house is entered. Having knocked in vain, he calls to some one he hears within, and the walls ring, and in their emptiness echo the name repeated many times before an answer comes. But at last a thin, sharp, aged voice replies, " What do you want—what do you want, I say ? Can't you tell me who you are, before you expect me to draw the bolts ? If you want Reuben, he's not far off, and I suppose it's not me you're wanting."

The servant makes no answer to the querulous voice ; Lord Westrey smiles gently, and Mary's laugh, so full of mirth and happiness, makes music there. But Lullingstone cracks his whip, and cries " Yes, we do want you. " Come, Martha, open the door. We have had a glorious gallop, and the ponies want to get into the stable, and we want to come into the house. So, please unbolt and unbar as soon as you can. And here is papa and—" but the doors are opened, and an aged face, whose smiles speak a much pleasanter welcome than the voice promised, is seen, and salutations are exchanged of no cold character.

The groom, being possessed of the stable keys, walks off to fulfil his trust with entire satisfaction; and Lord Westrey and his children are soon standing in a spacious and very lofty kitchen, a corner of which suffices good Martha for her avocations. Yes, really a corner. And in this corner there is a small stove, a table, two chairs, a low stool, and such kitchen utensils as may be spoken of as in constant use. And this corner is divided off from the other part of the apartment by a high screen of Dutch stamped leather, every grotesque flower of which is well known to Mary, for she has studied them frequently and very attentively from her earliest years. And now, while Martha is telling her master of his guests' arrival, Mary surveys that room once more. The enormous stone-arched fire-place, long disused, is now filled up with branches of very dusty and dingy-looking holly. It is renewed only every quarter, and Michaelmas is very near. And there, really in the chimney corners, are two stone seats, chairs rather, for they have backs and elbows. And by the side of the fire-place, projecting into the room, is a fine stone slab, well smoothed, and supported on stone pillars. But there is something in the appearance of that slab, unlike all the other stone in the house. Mary has often examined it by sight and touch. Her fingers wander along the edges, and on the under side, she finds small crosses cut near the corners underneath. Her lips move; but no one hears what she says. Martha says: "It was put there for a pastry slab. There's some curiosity about it," she goes on, "but nobody knows what it is now. It came out of the old house, I suppose, Miss Mary." Out of the old church more likely; for those crosses which Mary's fingers had discovered, show that it is an altar-stone. But now the party are proceeding to Mr. Dyrbington's room, and we must go there with them.

Mr. Dyrbington, on his guests' approach, rose from the seat on which, with bent form, he had been sitting, with his limbs drawn up beneath it, and his arms rested on each side of the large volume which was open on the table before him. He raised himself, like something unfolding from many layers and coils, and after a moment's vibration became steady, and attained to his full height, and welcomed his visitors with vivacity. But the bright glance, the erect posture, the quick smile lasted for an instant only. Mr. Dyrbington, sunk into his chair, in an attitude of so great exhaustion, that it seemed as though every joint had instantaneously lost the strength and

power requisite to the erect position so suddenly departed from.

The young people were well acquainted with Mr. Dyrbington, and there was not anything in his present appearance to claim any unusual sympathy. Yet, while Lord Westrey brought a chair forward to his friend's side, Lullingstone could not help drawing towards him, with an involuntary desire of rendering support and assistance; and Mary, getting still closer, put her fair fingers within his long large skeleton hand, and looking full into his face, smiled with so much genuine sympathy and love, that the thin lips and hollow eyes of the old man gave back the expression, and he impressed a kiss on the hand that had so gently sought his grasp, with more ardor than was common to him.

"These are the things," said Mr. Dyrbington, still holding Mary's hand, and glancing from her to her brother, while an expression of kindness and animation again crossed his face; "these are the things which keep men young. Westrey, you will never grow old while you have such to look upon."

"I wish they could persuade you that they were worth coming to Old Court to see," replied his friend, with more of solicitude in his voice than was expressed in his words.

"It is enough for me that they come here," answered Mr. Dyrbington, languidly; and then added, after a pause, "here, where manhood grows melancholy, and old age strange, and where only childhood, so wisely ignorant of evil, can look upon me with a smile."

"No man ever had more smiles to his own share than yourself, Dyrbington, in the days when you cared about them," said Lord Westrey; "and not false smiles from hollow friends. You have many now—yes, now; many as firm as myself, though not as bold, because you won't allow them to be so;" and Lord Westrey's voice faltered, for his thoughts had suddenly turned unbidden on other days, to which the present formed a melancholy contrast.

"These are the friends I want," said Mr. Dyrbington, stretching out his arm, and placing his disengaged hand on Lullingstone's shoulder, and again pressing Mary's fingers to his lips, "These are my friends, and perhaps to them I may yet do some good. Lullingstone," he then said suddenly, "tell me honestly—do you like coming to see me?"

Lullingstone blushed deeply at the unexpected question, and Mary's cheek grew as rosy as his own. The boy looked at his father, but Lord Westrey's eyes were fixed upon the floor. He then met Mr. Dyrbington's eager glance.

h the mingled modesty and firm-
ious truth. "Not much, sir."
ogator smiled.

y not?" he asked.

," replied the boy, "I do not un-
a; and you make me sorry for
yet I don't know what."

u, Mary," said Mr. Dyrbington,
loser to him; *you* tell me, do you
to see me."

iswer was given with more than
nergy. "Yes," she answered;
nuch."

ssion of pain passed across her
and her father appeared to grow
erested in the conversation.

y?" asked Mr. Dyrbington.

lied, "Because I should like to
glad; and I think I do—a little;

look at you, and everything about
like to wonder what there is in the
s this room and the kitchen, and
when you were our age, and who
en you were young."

ngton listened to her thoughtfully,
l: "They are a woman's thoughts

; and so," he continued, looking
ou think of me, and everything
id wonder why it is—shall I tell
Mary had become alarmed at her
; and as she had sought the pro-
father's glance in vain, tears were
her blue eyes, and she stammered
I think not, sir; if you please, I
not."

involuntary dread of innocence,"
rbington, speaking softly to him-
each of them feel it, only in differ-
las! poor Dyrbington, and your
er!" Then, rousing himself, he

erfulness, "And so you never saw
tell, then, you shall see it to-day.

run to old Martha, and tell her to
ors and windows leading to the
y, and we will remain there while

e other rooms—only what used to
state rooms, tell her; and if she
nce, here is one will render it to

r. Dyrbington made a motion to
to accompany his sister.

friends were alone, Lord Westrey
to speak. "I am afraid that for
us' sake you have set yourself a

learn of me," said Mr. Dyrbing-
eir hearts may remain for ever

cent as now." "Did your Honor
stairs gallery?" asked Martha,

entering with astonishment written in every
line of her face, and speaking in every accent
that fell from her lips. "Yes, the picture-
gallery, at the head of the grand stair-case."

Hidden among the folds of her capacious
skirt, old Martha held concealed a huge bunch
of enormous keys. She now produced them,
confessing her ignorance of the locks to which
they belonged. "I've wiped them, your Honor,
they always lie in the oil; but, bless you,
never a living creature, unless 'twas the cat,
or what she might be after, have been up those
stairs since my poor dear old man departed,
now six years nearly past. I don't suppose
that it's my strength can turn the locks, and
it's coming on to evening. It's altogether a job
fitter for noon-day than twilight. And, indeed,
your honor, if you'll be advised"—"We will all
go together," said Mr. Dyrbington, inter-
rupting her, and casting a smile of melancholy
intelligence at his friend, "It is not as late
as you suppose, Martha. But you must get a
broom and some cloths to wipe the dust, we
know not what we may find, to soil this lady's
hands after such long neglect." Taking the
keys, Mr. Dyrbington himself led the way up
stairs, and Martha went away to fetch the things
required, glad to be afforded an excuse to be
in the rear rather than the advance of such
an adventurous party. Locks creaked back
with a rusty sound, and doors swung heavily
on their hinges; shutters were thrown aside,
and windows opened, and the soft light of the
summer evening poured in its clear full flood.
They all stood in the picture-gallery. Mr.
Dyrbington gazed like a stranger on the things
around him. Surprise was in his face—sur-
prise that he should again behold them, and
joy too, when Mary clasped her hands in
ecstasy, and thanked him for the sight. But
Mr. Dyrbington was little able to bear either
fatigue of body or excitement of mind. He
sunk upon a couch, and watched his friend and
the children in silence. At last, Martha re-
turned from what were called the state-rooms,
and said they were prepared for investigation,
and then the party proceeded through them.
They were exactly as Lord Westrey remem-
bered them, in all the magnificence of gold
and tapestry, with rare cabinets of fine inlaid
work, and many pictures on the walls. Old
chairs, and curiously-shaped seats were there;
and some of them were covered with satin,
or damask worked in silver or gold. On
the beds were coverings of the same magni-
ficent materials. The children remarked
them in voices suppressed with emotion,
so great was their surprise and delight at

the costly splendor that surrounded them. "There is more to see," said Mr. Dyrbington, as they passed from these state apartments. "There is more to see, but Martha must first get us a light." When the light was brought, Mr. Dyrbington led the way to a small chamber, which was fitted up with iron "safes," as they are called. He opened them, and showed vessels of silver and of gold, at which Lord Westrey could not restrain his astonishment, prepared as he was, by his recollection of Dyrbington's days of greatness, for an unusual display. Plates, dishes, cups, flagons, and vessels of unknown use, and forgotten shape, were there. Mr. Dyrbington showed them all silently, without remark. After this he led the way back to the gallery, and taking the children by the hand, he showed them the pictures of his ancestors, naming each, and explaining their relationships to each other, and to himself. Then, sitting down and placing them beside him, he said: "It is now, my children, nearly time for you to return home. You must think of me often, and of all that I have shown you. But these things you will never see again. I have shown them now to you, that their recollection may impress what I am going to say upon your minds. Many of those things which you have just admired, once belonged to Almighty God. That is, they formed a part of the possessions of the Church. Many of these pictures, many of the most valuable of my books, the costly coverings of some of the beds and couches, the greater part of those gold and silver vessels were, by the unhappy zeal of one of my ancestors, taken from the Church, together with certain sums of money, and possessions in land and other property, and transferred to his own use, and so have descended through many hands to mine; and on that account a sore grief has, from that day unto this, cleaved to this place and to all its owners. Even when their exterior was fairest to the eye of the world, there was a blighting canker working its deadly influence unseen. And for that reason this house is shut up, and these fine rooms are deserted, and I am old, and alone, and, as it were, lost among men."

"But if these things ought never to have been here, why don't you give them back?" boldly demanded Lullingstone.

"The answering of that question, dear boy, has been the business of my solitary life," replied Mr. Dyrbington, "and I am not answered yet." Mr. Dyrbington rose in great excitement. But when Lord Westrey advanced, and gently laid his hand upon his arm—it

wanted only that slight remonstrance to bring him to himself. He walked towards the door, and leaning on his friend for support descended to his accustomed room. "I thank God I am the last, Westrey; the last of our unhappy line," he said. "If I can see no better disposal of the treasure which I, at least, have not dared to squander on myself, I shall, when I die, leave it to those who are HIS representatives. And the poor will not be robbed by the small alms required to support this trembling frame for its appointed time. Farewell!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DO THE WORK THAT LIES BEFORE THEE.

True mind has in it precious metal,
Tempered high, of ringing soundness;
Its special tone let others settle,
As richness, fulness, or profoundness,
But whate'er *thy* talent's kind is
Make it active *I* implore thee;
Be up, as every man of mind is,
And do the work that lies before thee.

Leave others to discharge their duty—
Trench not on their field of labor,
Thy work is the work to suit thee—
But as mankind is *thy* neighbor,
Be prompt to aid without regret
The young and weak, the old and hoary;
But in *thy* kindness ne'er forget
To do the work that lies before thee.

Perhaps *thy* lot is lowly—trying;
Be pure of heart, and that can't soil thee;
Thy soul is as a king's, undying—
Of it nothing can despoil thee.
Covet not a glorious name,
Let others try to shine in story,
Do thou for God, and not for fame,
The precious work that lies before thee.

In *thy* onward path, if ever
Thou dost fail or fall, despair not,
Lose *thy* true reliance never,
Nor look to those who heed not, care not.
Thou hast a friend, whose sleepless care
In trial's day will not ignore thee;
Him seeking with a heartfelt pray'r,
Renew the work that lies before thee.

How many minds of glorious stamp,
But yearn for deeds beyond their power;
They dream of battle-field and camp;
They fail in *duty* every hour.
How few they are who reach renown,
Though millions toil for human glory—
Seek thou a more enduring crown,
Work! and send *thy* work before thee.

See how march the waves of ocean
On with sound of strength and gladness!
Despite the hurricane's fierce motion,
Dashing back their crests in madness;
Thus heed not thou the storm's rattle;
To gain the victory which angels store thee,
Nerve *thy* own battle,
And do the work that lies before thee.

TEMPTATION IN PRIVATE LIFE.

To any one of tolerably thoughtful habits, or average observation, there are few subjects more worthy of attentive, though painful study, than the loss we so often suffer of pleasant acquaintances and companions, through their rendering themselves to dissipation and idleness. Coming amongst us, very frequently in distant and perhaps well loved homes, though too often, as we have regretfully noticed, regarding but as a grand emancipation their separation from those who alone know them well and love them wisely, they often attract notice which might be productive of much good to both sides by their goodness of heart and freshness of mind. A few years pass by, however, and the manly lad, often so distinguished in fine thinking and classical knowledge, has severed himself from us. The acquaintance that promised us so much pleasure has seemed so likely to warm into friendship, has been silently broken. Acquiring one by one many acquaintances who can appreciate our finer feelings, while their debased philosophy at once fosters and excuses his passions, his increasing friendship for vice quickly moves his fancy for us. We shake him off as "too fast," and feeling that our paths in life are no longer the same, lose sight of him among the vast crowd, in a worldly sense struggling to rise and morally sinking together.

We have no intention to approach this subject in a lecturing mood, far less to argue it solely on the grounds furnished by virtue and religion. We regard it as a social question which much anxious thought and patient study might well be devoted, and one whose attainment, unfortunately, will not secure the assent of those we speak to, if it be not addressed to their religious sense of right, than to their feeling of worldly reason.

In this view, then, we ask those who seek retirement for their unemployed hours in useless pleasure, to bear with us for a while, as we write in warm kindness towards them, and mourn for their voluntary degradation.

In the first place, it can scarcely be denied that now-a-days success in life may be very easily promoted by the possession of a good name amongst our friends, and that while it is so great a value, it can be more easily come by, and more easily sur-
rendered.

in England, requires, in a respectable sphere, tolerable perseverance, thought for the feelings of others, but above all, the *prestige* that it is deserved. This latter, however, will establish character, if maintained, but not popularity, and moreover, possesses the advantage, that nobody takes the trouble to doubt its justice without reasonable cause. Many, indeed, daily around us, "get on" very well when totally devoid of this recommendation; but if we look into the *sources of popularity* which these fast fellows enjoy and manage to preserve, we generally find that while it heightens their want of *character*, it is itself grounded on worldly respectability, a accommodating politeness, and very often personal tact and cleverness, but worthless to free them from accusation or to defend them from slander. To acquire a name, good in permanence and sound value, we must carry with us into social life the known fact that our tastes shrink from dissipation, and that our managements are above low resort, and be able to force even from the reptile slander itself an acknowledgment of our moral worth.

And the loss of this name, as to the value of which, even for mere worldly purposes, daily life swarms with examples, is rarely unaccompanied by misery to the individual. Sober and kindly advice, and justifying himself by the "still small voice" by the slender means of boundless excesses of the *animal nature*, never seems to consider that *every* man to passion is a closer fellowship, *the animal nature*, and that the argument, "it is but the excuse of a *stagnant* mind when at leisure, and a *weary* feeling, nearly akin to the *fortune of being alone*, the *pleasure* at last swept away by the *time* and when the *time of gratification* is bravely conquered, *acquired*, languid *pleasure of feeling* *acquired*.

Nor is the *gratification* *view of life and the* *come world* *maxim, that* *quires a* *the will* *with the* *Hence, it is* *especially*

the courtesies and pleasures of social life are viewed with an unhealthy eye: the first increase in power to afflict; the others gradually relinquish their power to soothe. And when occasionally coming in contact with better natures, and now and again reviving his finer feelings in the sunshine of virtue and purity, we sometimes see the thoughtless *roué* aroused for a moment to the obvious worthlessness of his private life, we yet unfortunately can as often see this gleam of good sense pass away, and are, in addition, perhaps, not seldom annoyed with some of his unhealthy regrets, corrupt reasonings, or the excuses of his dirty philosophy. Indeed, on this point, we need only remark how frequently we are offered as wit what can only secure angry silence, or are startled by hearing at our elbow some outrageous criticism on the lady with whom, very likely, we had been pleasantly conversing but five minutes before.

But while keenly alive to the frequency and baneful consequences of the dissipation around us, we must not overlook the unfortunate social position of many, or attempt to lessen their excuse, that they are constantly tried by very strong temptation. Totally without worthy friends, as many are, some, in addition, have not the means within themselves of providing agreeable occupation for their leisure hours, and are thus, through mere force of circumstances, exposed to fiercer trial; and while, too, evil communication, and the fascinating excuse of evil example—"comforting the evil which is in oneself"—are for them as for all. We can but remind fellow strugglers, such as these, of the extra misery of follies, experience of which is contamination of manner and of mind, can but ground our hopes for them on their memory of early teaching, and trust that their Bright Angel may never slumber.

We have said that low haunts and animal vices vitiate mind and manner, but must, of course, be understood to speak with exceptions, and even although those exceptions are, perhaps, not unfrequent, yet full perception of them has not modified our views with regard to the rule; we, however, acknowledge that many of those cases are strange and puzzling, and that were they not outweighed by numberless examples of our previous remarks, we should, when observing them, be led to conclude far otherwise with regard to the effects of dissipation on character in social life. So far, indeed, from the creature of passion being disowned by even those who sincerely detest his lawless pursuits, we have observed

cases in which those very pursuits would appear to recommend him. How often are those met with, in even the most stainless circles, the chosen friends of cultivated men, and the prime favorites of the finest women, who are without any remarkable acquirement or mental gift, while their private lives are steeped in guilt. We have seen many such, and noticing sometimes their singular want of anything admirable or attractive, save perhaps a plausible manner or some command of small talk, have felt altogether unable to comprehend the social anomaly. Many, indeed, are patronized as old friends, and are presented even to relatives with some hope for their improvement—very much in the spirit truly of mistaken generosity, which sends one man to prison to keep another out of it. But most provoking of all, when any censure is passed on their mode of life, there is the invariable excuse: "Oh, yes, he is a wild dog, but then *he is such a good-natured fellow!*"

Now we firmly believe, it is these good-natured fellows who do nine-tenths of the mischief, and further, that until in society this cheap good-nature be no more received as an excuse for vice than it would be accepted as any justification of theft or bigamy, "fast" young men of respectable tastes and manners will be free from one of the most powerful restraints which society can impose. It not unfrequently happens that circumstances, or perhaps the prayer of a distant mother, may have steadied some young libertine, and withdrawn him from the follies that have too long degraded him, and from the good-natured society that lead him astray. After a while, however, Rob asks Harry what has become of Fred, and both, merely through some fancy for fellowship in crime—good-natured, no doubt—agree to "look him up." Manly resolution and the heroism of power over passion are quickly forgotten; Fred is whirled away once more by the same exciting follies, and the good-nature thinks nothing of finally breaking down an intellect and polluting a mind.

We have no courage to pursue the painful subject further; and it is one, for many reasons—memory of worthy friends lost, and of fine intellects degraded—peculiarly painful to ourselves. We lay down our pen in the pleasing hope that our little paper may awaken the good sense of perhaps some former acquaintance, even while he would scorn the lecture at our hands. We would remind him that mental cultivation is simply impossible so long as he submits to the degrading tyranny of

We would remind him that while of his laborious life is the acquisition, it is now that he must lay the seeds worthy enjoyment. We would remind at even should fortune smile, yet ge is power, and nothing can so ly distinguish him from the herd in the f life, or so materially assist him to steep. We would remind him, that accident or misfortune may happen to, yet private character can raise him th; and, in fine, that he can provide ter memory for his age than that of a s youth, and leave no rarer heritage ildren than a stainless name.

ISTORICAL SKETCHES.

INGLAND IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

s difficult to imagine what England e it was yet inhabited by savage tribes, 1 what it was under the civilized but empire of Rome; it is even more to imagine the state of any particular the third century. For instance, the passes rapidly from London towards , and when the train stops for a mo- a station, he sees at a distance a e old church, and several modern ; a court-house, a market-place, a rkhhouse, and numbers of hotels, shops, d all the bustle of modern days; and d the town is St. Albans. Perhaps not know why it was so called, and he forgets in the hurry that on that ound stood the Roman city of Verulam, temples doubtless, and its baths and ; and that in its forum, justice was ered by a Roman prætor, surrounded erciless lictors, who held their fasces ; amongst the bundles of birchen rods, eared alike to scourge or slay at his l. Such was the place before it was t. Albans.

now nearly one hundred years since stian religion had been established by us among his people. The British was flourishing, and was regularly by Archbishops and Bishops, and was mmunion with the See of Rome; but istrates were, generally speaking, fficers who carried out the same laws oms, and also the same idolatrous hich was the established religion of re. To insult or to neglect the wor-

ship of the Roman gods had always been treason against the majesty of Rome; and now it was become direct treason against the Roman Emperor, who claimed for himself supreme and even divine honors. The Imperial Throne was at this time filled by Diocletian, and the tenth general persecution of the Church bears his detested name. It was at the beginning of his reign that the following circumstances occurred at Verulam, just before the bloody edict was issued which caused the churches throughout the whole world to be thrown down, and the holy Scriptures burnt, and the pastors of Christ's flock to be butchered with their sheep, so that not a vestige might remain of His religion; and it seemed, said the British historian Gildas, as though the whole body of the Church was crowding towards their Heavenly home. One of those who led the front of this noble army of martyrs was Alban, now revered as a saint, and the proto-martyr of England. He was probably, from his name, of Roman descent, and he is recorded to have been noble, and to have been sent for his education to Rome; and on his return, he became one of the first citizens at his native place, Verulam, then a strong and populous city. He was yet a pagan when the Christians were sought after as victims to the jealousy of those in authority; and his virtues, especially his mercy and his hospitality, procured for him the grace of conversion. Through the fervor of his charity, he sheltered in his house a priest named Amphibalus, who sought to escape the persecution by flight. This priest, like the other Christians of that age, spent his days and nights in prayer. And Alban was not only moved to admiration by a sanctity so new to him, but he was so enlightened by grace, that he asked to be instructed in the mysteries of the faith. He was accordingly instructed, and then baptized, and for some days the holy priest remained to impart more knowledge to the convert. It was not long before the retreat of the priest was discovered, and the Governor of Verulam sent a party of soldiers to take him. When Alban heard of their approach, he covered the priest with his own cloak, and assisted him to escape, in order that he might carry elsewhere the news of salvation. Then Alban, full of the desire of martyrdom, presented himself to the soldiers, and was carried in chains to the judge, who happened to be at that time sacrificing to the devils. When he saw Alban, he was enraged at the deception by which he had saved his guest, and ordered that he should be dragged before the image of

his God; and pronounced that, as he had concealed one who was sacrilegious and a blasphemer, he should suffer in his stead, unless he sacrificed. Alban refused, and refused to give the name of his family, only saying that he was a Christian, and he boldly declared, that those who sacrificed to devils would suffer the pains of hell. The judge was furious, but the holy martyr calmly endured the scourging and all the tortures which his rage inflicted, and the judge at length condemned him to be beheaded.

So great a multitude followed to behold the execution, that the judge was left almost alone in the city. In the road was the River Coln, and the crowd so thronged the bridge, that it seemed likely that the day would pass before the martyr could attain his crown. Full of a holy impatience, he lifted up his eyes to heaven as he stood upon the bank, and the waters parted at his prayers, so that the martyr and a thousand persons crossed in safety. When the soldier who was to slay him beheld the miracle and the saintly behavior of Alban, he threw away his sword, and falling at the martyr's feet, he begged to die in his place. This conversion delayed the execution, and Alban was led to the top of a flowery hill, which is described by the old historian as sloping into a beautiful plain. There he knelt, and his thirst was quenched by a fountain which sprang up at his prayer. He was beheaded, but the eyes of the executioner fell to the earth, together with the head of the saint. With him was beheaded the converted soldier, who was then baptized in his own blood, and is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology. The judge himself was astonished by the novelty of these miracles, and honored the death of the saints by commanding that the persecution should cease. Many of the spectators were converted, and followed St. Amphibalus into Cambria, where they were baptized, and afterwards martyred by the heathen. The holy priest was brought back and martyred near Verulam. The day of St. Alban's death was June 22nd, and has always been celebrated as a festival. "In an old Agonal, or history of his passion, we are told," says Camden, "that the heathen citizens of Verulam caused an account of his suffering to be expressed on a marble, which they placed on their walls as a terror to Christians. But when the blood of martyrs had overcome their persecutors, a church of most admirable workmanship, and then a most magnificent monastery, was built to the memory of our Blessed Lord, and St. Alban, the martyr," whose abbot

had precedence of all other mitred abbots in parliament, in honor of the proto-martyr. The shrine of St. Alban was one of the three great pilgrimages, and he was long revered as the patron and intercessor of the island. Why is his aid no longer sought by so many who profess the faith for which he died? Is his holy prayer for the conversion of England less powerful now he is in glory? or has a fatal unbelief silenced the supplications which used to ascend from his native place? The change is not in him, but in his countrymen: and though some few faithful voices would still invoke him at the poor Catholic chapel of St. Albans, it cannot be, for it is marked in the register of this year as vacant.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ST. ALBAN.

(From the Salisbury Breviary.)

England's protomartyr, Alban!
Soldier of the angels' King!
Thou art flower of the martyrs,
Rose and lily of the spring:
Pour to God thy supplication
For the faithful of thy nation.

FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

'Tis Spring once more. The sun is shining fair
In starlight showers upon the dimpled flood,
Stirring in leafless woods the early bud;
From Western shore of balm a blander air
Thaws in the wintry heart its frost of care;
To healthier pulses calms the fevered blood,
In languid Sorrow wake new hopes of good
For coming hours, and bids her wait and dare;
From each bright bay of blue, where cloudlets float
High up in heaven, a friendly whisper steals,
A smile from home the exiled spirit feels,
Beckoning her way to shores not far remote,
Where the long winter of the heart is past,
Its icy chain dissolved in vernal wreaths at last.

J. A. S.

We all have in the heart seeds of virtues and of vices; the main point consists in keeping down the one, and unfolding the other.

Endeavor to find out what you really are; and when you have attained it, you will be less ready to speak, to act, and still less to applaud yourself.

THE MUDDLETONIANS.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. VI.

Three singular looking men burst into the room just in time to behold King Quaqua's rehearsal, and the hilarity with which they welcomed his efforts, somewhat discomposed the dignity of that sable potentate. They were not strangers, however, and, like Pourforth himself, belonged to the industrious fraternity of street comedians. Most London people may have seen them at the street corners of genteel neighborhoods in the characters of Abyssinian minstrels, making a horrid din with an asthmatic guitar, a pair of castanets, and some other outlandish instrument, while they evinced the native ferocity of their cannibal natures by violent contortions and antediluvian singing. This was their daylight occupation in fair weather, and at night their popular strains were wont to enliven some one or other of the penny gaffs with which London abounds, and where juveniles, apprentices, and servant-maids receive fruitful lessons of morality and temperance. The "Jolly Fighters" was one of the houses of call where these worthies, and their birds of the same feather, would take refuge when driven from the streets by stress of weather or the wholesome fear of the police.

"Ha, Tippy boy," cried one of them, ere our city missionary had had time to cast off his arbaric integuments, "what's this new trade you are learning now? Something in our line, eh? Then, fair play is a jewel. We mustn't meet in the same beats, you know. But who's this gentleman?" turning to the bill-sticker; "pray do us the honor of an introduction."

How very polite are these gentry among themselves! Truly there is honor among thieves.

"Mr. Hiram Holy, gentlemen," said Pourforth, with a solemn wave of the hand. Mister Holy, of Muddleton, a very respectable gentleman, now in town on business of such importance." An ironical emphasis was laid on the word "respectable."

"Here, landlord," called one of the Abyssinians; "we've had rather dry work this morning; let's have something warm—the mixture, as usual, as Dr. Jalop, says; and presto, my man!"

The landlord made his exit, and soon reappeared with pipes duly tipped with red wax,

tobacco, glasses, and a smoking hot brownie, viz., a stone jug which might hold a good gallon of liquor.

The stock in trade of our company was laid aside—to wit, masks, guitar, frippery, and all, and the friends drew round the fire, determined to have a jollification together now, if they should never meet again.

"Anything to be done in the provinces in our way, Mr. Holy?" inquired one of the artificial niggers.

"Why, yes," responded the bill-sticker, self-communing for a moment; "you might do a job or two in Muddleton, any how, and no great risk of loss. What do you say to half-a-crown a morning? Just half an hour of a morning for a week. Six mornings—it wouldn't do on the Lord's day; six week-day mornings, at half-a-crown each—fifteen shillings, eh? Lots of pickings in the town besides during the day."

"What do you mean?" asked the chief of the sable band.

"Just this," answered Holy. "S'pose you get a big brass trumpet for the occasion. That and your other traps'll make a considerable noise, I guess. Well, you can come to Muddleton—say to-morrow night. Cheap fare—third class, sixpence. Next morning, precisely at eight—mind, not a minute later—you go and play your antics, and roar away with your trumpet, right under the windows of the Popish chapel there. That'll bring up all the boys, and kick up a pretty row. The old priest says Mass just then inside, and mutters his idolatry to a parcel of old women. You will keep up a nice chorus to his mummeries; oh, won't it be nice fun?" and Mr. Hiram chuckled and rubbed his skinny hands in the exultation at this beautiful plot.

"For half an hour, do you say? and we're to get half-a-crown each morning? Done!" said the Abyssinian chief, slapping the table; "and keep on for a month, if you like."

"No, that wouldn't do," said Hiram, "the old fellow might swear it's done on purpose."

The thing was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and especially of Mr. Holy, who promised to himself an unusual treat on the said mornings. But the bill-sticker reckoned without his host.

Meanwhile the pipes of our friends filled the apartment with the redolence of their convivial fumes, and the stone-ware brownie once and again emptied and replenished, imparted no small amount of jocundity to their proceeding. Jokes flew about from one to the other, as the balls of a tennis-court, and ribald songs, alter-

nated with the concoction of sundry plans of obtaining money, or, as they elegantly termed it, of raising the wind, plans more or less ingenious, and within or without the law, as the case might be with fellows who had no other patrimony than their wit. There was bad money to be passed, or the collecting of a crowd in certain populous localities as ancillary to the labors of the light-fingered brotherhood, or again palavering some scandalous story of high life at street corners, that fashionable tradesmen might purchase freedom from the annoyance by paying the scamps to move off. But wickedness needs not always the cool calculation of unexcited brains; and the worst schemes of future crimes are not unfrequently hatched amidst the intoxication of public-house orgies. It was late in the night when, in obedience to the law, the landlord of the "Jolly Fighters" was compelled to put an end to the uproarious jollity of his guests, by having each one of them turned out of doors or carried to bed in a state of the most helpless intoxication.

But what of Mrs. Lillypegs all this time? The little loquacious lady had considerably recovered, so much so, that on the following morning she expressed her intention to return home. I had terminated my London business, and we arranged to return to Muddleton in company. On our way to the station, she had need of calling at a bookseller's shop, in Paternoster-row, in order to obtain a fresh supply of books for her little shop.

Now, Mrs. Lillypegs was not very familiar with London localities and London ways, nor, indeed, was I better than herself in that respect, having been abroad nearly all my life. We reached Paternoster-row, however, and looking carefully at every bookseller's name over his door, as we went along; we at last entered a shop which she said was the right one—there were two of the same name in the street—though I soon discovered her mistake.

It was a shop of considerable size and much display, full to overflowing of books of all sizes, from the fat octavo downwards, in every variety of cloth binding and Russia leather. Against the street windows were suspended, for the edification of a religious public, sundry engraved portraits of reverend notorieties, in the usual black garments and white neck-cloths, looking very thunder-clouds of sourness, or smilingly self-complacent, as the case might be. There was one in particular, throning it above the rest, in all the glory of an imperial folio sheet, with a four-inch margin. I suppose he was the evangelical lion of the day. He was

represented standing erect in his pulpit, in the majesty of snow-white bands and beautifully-flowing robe, a profusion of black locks, artistically curled and parted on a lofty forehead. One hand, as soft and white as a court-lady's, rested on an open quarto Bible, richly gilt, and the other, dramatically raised aloft, seemingly asked the lookers-on: "Don't you think, now, I am very handsome?" The public were informed that this perfumed preacher of the Man of Sorrows was no other than the Reverend Arthur Milkyways, M.A., Incumbent of St. Stephen the Martyr, the "dear Mr. Milkyways," as old Miss Spraggs always called him in her admiration.

Before the principal counter stood a stout gentleman, to whom the shopkeeper appeared more than usually obsequious. While Mrs. Lillypegs was looking about, and busily reading the titles of the various books exposed for sale, I heard the gentleman in black tell the master of the place that he was on his way to Muddleton, to give an anti-papery lecture. It was no other than the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio. At the mention of his name, a sudden thought came into my mind; I passed unnoticed into the street again, and stood near the door, but outside the shop, gazing as a mere idler at the window, pictures and books. It was not long ere I heard Mrs. Lillypegs' voice:

"Have you any small 'Followings of Christ?'"

"Yes, ma'am, plenty—but this is considered much better. 'The Coming Events,' by the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, a capital book, ma'am; we've sold twenty thousand;—or, perhaps, you would prefer, for country circulation, 'A Morning with Beelzebub;' or 'Peranzabuloe;' both exceedingly spiritual works, and full of scriptural marrow; they are very much in demand, ma'am, ten and sixpence each; the Romish Anti-Christ has not had such a blow for a long time past."

While the shopman thus went on rapidly detailing the good qualities of his books, the little creature's face alternately assumed all the hues of the rainbow, with horror at the trap she had unwittingly been caught in, and she made some strong efforts not to choke with the out-bursting of her indignation.

"Hugh!" she wrathfully shrieked, when she found her voice at last, "you, you wretched whining methodists! you spawn of perdition! to want me to buy your trash! oh, indeed, keep them all safe, and heap them and accumulate them, and make 'em all very large, your precious books, to light a big roaring fire somewhere! Don't you know, more shame

to you, if you don't know, I am Mrs. Lillypegs, tobacconist, and Catholic bookseller, in Muddleton? Yes, Mrs. Lillypegs, staunch and ever true to the right faith, and none of your mushroom creeds for me!"

With that, the incensed lady rushed out of the shop, as she would have done from a house on fire, and a little further up the street found, with my help, the place she wanted, and where could not be found the precious productions of the Rev. Prophecy Comyns and Co.

CHAP. VII.

It was about two hours after noon, on November the 7th, and a beautiful day it was for the after season—a true Martinmas summer day. A few birds still kept up their song in Darnley woods, to bid farewell to the fast searing and departing foliage; and nature, full of that calm repose peculiar to autumnal days, scarcely yet gave any indications, besides the falling leaf, that winter was nigh with its blustering storms. Darnley woods lay about four miles from Muddleton, and the road thither from the town ran in a circuitous hollow along the margin of a little purling brooklet, half open and half hidden among ledges and hazel thickets. The London and Muddleton Railway ran on the northern high ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the rivulet, and the Darnley station stood within a few hundred yards of the corner of the wood.

About midway between the town and the wood, and going countryways, a man, reading a book, he held in both hands, pursued the path, walking rather slowly. This was Father Ambrose, who was, as usual, on an errand of mercy. For in autumn time there always lay, scattered over the country, a considerable number of poor Catholic families, whom he certain labour of hop-picking and potatoe-digging enticed away from precarious London existence, and the filth of obscure Clerkenwell courts and alleys. How can we, indeed, conceive life possible for those wretched multitudes who fester for months every year amidst the pestilential slums of the great Babylon, if it were not for the pure country breezes they now and then inhale when on the tramp, as they call it, as beggars or honest laborers among the metropolitan counties? Yet, even there, the miserable food they take for the most part, that they may save a little for their winter subsistence, and their absolute disregard of cleanliness as necessary to comfort and health, often make them the victims of disease, and cause them, like living plagues,

to be banished from the various villages by those who make use of them for field work. These poor outcasts may be seen in fifties and sixties, lying promiscuously at night in the huge barns which stud the large farms of our home counties; and it is seldom that fever or small-pox is absent from amidst the rags and rotten litter of these human hives. Father Ambrose was a frequent visiter of these places, and was on his way to one of them on this same autumnal afternoon.

To baptise the new-born babes of the poor pariahs of British society—to give religious instruction to young and old, to fathers and children—to attend them in their ailings, and minister both to soul and body, often performing for them nameless services which no paid nurse would have done—such were his ordinary avocations, and such again they proved on this occasion, until the afternoon was far advanced. The sun had disappeared beneath the top of the neighboring hills, and its slanting rays cast long shadows over the mellow pastures of the valley, when the Father turned his steps homewards, that darkness might not overtake him on the way. He was lighter in purse, though not in heart, the former was the usual result of his daily labors among the poor. As he crossed the downs on which he had emerged from Darnley chase on his way to the path by the brook, he suddenly became conscious of a feeling of sickness he had not noticed before. His forehead throbbed with unusual heat, and he experienced a strange kind of lassitude in all his limbs. It might be the effect of fetid air of the barns he had visited, or else of too great exertion of body, and anxiety of mind. He thought he would sit down for a few moments on a mossy bank by the edge of the wood, until he should feel revived.

He had scarcely done so, when a railway-train panted away past him on the hill top, on its rapid flight towards Muddleton. It had just left the Darnley station, and at some distance on his left Father Ambrose noticed some of the passengers who had recently alighted, diverge away from the hill to their various homes. Two of them, whose forms were clearly outlined against the glowing western sky, descended the hill-slope in company, and made straight for the wood. "Strange too," thought the Priest; for there was no path that way. The Father followed with his gaze the fast receding line of carriages, and his ear mechanically listened to the hurried breathing of the mighty engine, as it gradually faded away. "Poor Muddleton!" thought he, as his

eye caught sight of its distant steeples, "what would I not give that each one of thy people might know Him and love Him to whom my existence is bound! Alas! they know Thee not, O my God, and even now are plotting to persecute him whom thou hast commissioned to labor unto death for their souls! O God of my heart, accept the sacrifice, and give me courage, that like unto Him who died for me, I may gladly take up this coming cross!"

He was rising up, somewhat refreshed, to pursue his way, when he was startled by the loud report of a pistol a few paces behind him, followed by a death-shriek. He quickly ran into the wood, guided by the victim's groans, and soon reached the spot where a man lay weltering in his blood. A first glance showed him the murderer fast fleeing through the distant brushwood—a second revealed to him in the bleeding form before him the well-known features of Holy, the bill-sticker. Father Ambrose at once bound his handkerchief round the victim's head whence the blood issued forth copiously, in order to stop its effusion, and kneeling by the side of Hiram, he applied to his pale lips a small pocket flask of wine he always took with him in his visits among the sick. The bill-sticker imbibed a few drops, and revived a little, so as to open his eyes with a look of consciousness. What he felt on beholding before him the Priest he hated above all men, and what passed in his bitter mind at that moment, the sequel may indicate; but He alone knew who even then was weighing for future retribution every motion of the evil one in the cankerous heart of this bad man.

The Father stood bewildered for a while, wondering what to do in so dreadful a case. He remembered that there stood a cottage at no great distance in the wood. He would carry the dying man thither, and either send some one, or go himself, for surgical aid. He was in the act of gently lifting the moaning Hiram from the ground, uttering the while some fervent prayer for his conversion, when several people suddenly burst upon him, among whom was one armed with a truncheon, and wearing the uniform of the County Police.

"This is a pretty business!" exclaimed that functionary, as he rudely laid his hand on Father Ambrose's shoulder. "Perhaps, sir, you can tell us who has done this?"

"I do not know," quietly answered the Priest. "I saw a man make off in that direction, but thought it more pressing, instead of pursuing him, to try to save this poor man's life by attending to him. I pray you, lose no

time; but let us convey him to a neighboring house, where we may obtain help."

"Yes of course, these men will see to that," and he gave directions to the people about him, "but as for you sir, you must be so good as to accompany me." And he took a firmer grasp of the Father's shoulder as he spoke.

"Is it as a witness or a prisoner I am to go with you?" asked Father Ambrose. "Surely you do not suspect me of this crime, and you know who I am?"

"Well, I may, or I may not," gruffly answered the fellow, "I'll believe anything of a Priest; come on; I am only doing my duty!" And he hurried on towards the village of Darnley.

News of that kind flies fast. The whole village was in the street by the time Father Ambrose and the policeman reached it. Only imagine the ignominy of the scene. "Just think now," said one to his neighbor, "that old Muddleton priest has been cutting the throats of two men in Darnley wood!" "What is it?" eagerly asked another, as he rushed into the main street from a bye lane. "Oh, haven't you heard that three women and a child have just been murdered in Darnley chase; and that's the man has done it?" Fortunately for Father Ambrose the station-house was not distant, as the popular ferment increased every moment, and reached such a pitch of fury at last, that only the strong bolts and bars of the station-house cell could save him from being torn to pieces by the rabble. Meanwhile, the policeman's deposition was duly put in writing, and the Father was left for the night in the dismal solitude of a cold and dirty cell. The next morning he would be taken before a magistrate to undergo an examination. Father Ambrose sat meekly on the wooden bench of his prison, and prayed in silence during the long, very long night hours.

Within forty-eight hours the *Times* newspaper, copying the *County Free Press*, had in its columns the following paragraph, which a little later had been eagerly read by hundreds of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land:—

"AWFUL MURDER BY A POPISH PRIEST.—A most mysterious and awful murder was committed last Tuesday in Darnley woods, in ———shire, by a Roman Catholic priest—the Rev Father Ambrose. The victim, a well-known character in the town of Muddleton, was shot through the head, and, by the last accounts, was not expected to live an hour. It is said that the cause of the crime is a deadly enmity the priest had conceived against his victim, because of the zeal of the latter to defeat his Popish plans."

The huge lie had gone forth and done its work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNETS

SLATED FROM PETRARCH.

I.

"IL LUOGO."

lley, filled forever with my plaint;
 ith tears of mine so oft increased;
 odland creatures, wandering bird or beast;
 s, 'twixt your green banks darting quaint;
 ny sighs made warm and hushed and faint;
 eetest once, and now the mournfullest;
 ppy haunt, to which (now haunt unblest),
 ds me still, and custom's dear constraint!
 ull well I trace your features old;
 yself; who of that life bereaven,
 e a mansion of perpetual woe.
 eheld my love: here still behold
 from which she passed, disrobed, to heaven;
 ing still that beauteous robe below!

A. DE V.

II.

"IL ROSIGNOLO."

htingale which wails with such sweet woe
 ; young ones, haply its dear mate,
 the heavens and makes the fields o'erflow
 wild, broken chaunt disconsolate.
 . beside me still, where'er I go,
 reminds me of my own sad fate;
 es my blindness which refused to know
 th divine things too can subjugate.
 'tis to cheat the self-deluded!—
 had ever dreamed those sunlike eyes
 ould leave the world in darkness shrouded.
 grief's high mission recognize.
 hat I should live; and weep; and so
 at Delight abides not here below.

A. DE V.

t failing in men is, that they never put
 in the place of those whom they are
 who tel's you the faults of others, intends.
 rs of your faults. Have a care how you

Reviews.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert. By the Hon.
 CHARLES LANGDALE. 1 Vol. London:
 BENTLEY.

We looked forward to the publication of this volume with much expectation. We hoped to have a work giving us a detailed account of the most celebrated woman of modern times, and an interesting picture of a notable period, remembering she moved amongst those whose movements have become history. We have been disappointed however, and, indeed, have seldom seen a more flimsy book, considering the promise of its title, worse value, remembering its price, or one affording less information, and yet called *memoirs*.

The first pages remind us that their subject was born in 1756, and married in 1775 to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, and subsequently, in 1778, to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton Park, in the county of Stafford, who left her a widow for the second time before she had attained the age of twenty-five years.

It is not our purpose to follow her story further as detailed in the narrative left by the late Lord Stourton, written by him, and not by Mr. Langdale, and which occupies almost a third of this slight volume. The residue is made up of extracts from speeches, &c., and principally of letters from various personages one way or another connected with the fortunes of Mrs. Fitzherbert. These letters are, (if we except the one from Fox to the Prince, and which may be found elsewhere), of no great interest, and much repetition; we could have very well spared them altogether for a few concise pages giving us their matter with some connection as to details. As they stand now, however, they are wearisome to wade through, and while compiled with no very apparent plan, are of small value in themselves.

Lord Stourton was a personal friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was chosen by her to clear her fame when she had herself passed away. In order to be the better able to fulfil this delicate task, he made himself intimate, during her lifetime, with every particular as to her first acquaintance and subsequent marriage with the Prince of Wales, and learned the trials she was constantly subjected to in his infamous attempt to degrade her before the

world, as also the particulars of her separation from him, and of her after-life. The narrative is pleasingly written, and evidently with feelings of deep respect for its heroine, as a woman, and of almost affection for her, as a friend. It points out her sincere determination to avoid the royal libertine at first, his equally determined prosecution of his suit, the somewhat romantic circumstances of the latter, and the final triumph—though at immense cost—of the systematic *roué*. It points out more clearly than ever the fearful position of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, the unmanliness of him by whom her life was blighted, and the equally unworthy causes for his consenting to discard his wife and afterwards to destroy his queen. It points out Mrs. Fitzherbert's sound judgment and determined virtue, and even did these pages not clearly prove that, in the eyes of the whole royal family, of a proud and fastidious aristocracy, and of the Catholic Church, she was the wife of George the Fourth, they yet afford so many instances of the truth and candor of her conduct throughout as would at once establish her sincerity and good faith, and go far in themselves to brighten her memory and clear her fame.

But while recording our conviction of the honor and virtue of this celebrated woman, we cannot avoid expressing our regret that no clue is afforded in these pages to her reasons for finally agreeing to a left-handed marriage. If we admire her flight from the Prince, in the first instance, and praise the propriety and judgment of her refusals, it becomes difficult for us not to regard her final acceptance of him somewhat in the light of a fall. The determination of her conduct at the commencement, and the wisdom and dignity of her after-course, leave but little room for the excuse of vanity or ambition; and, inasmuch as she had herself to blame, they also lessen our sympathy with her after-display of much unnecessary heroism under much useless suffering.

The narrative was left by Lord Stourton to Mr. Langdale, with a view to its publication when rendered necessary by any censure on Mrs. Fitzherbert. This necessity Mr. Langdale fancies has arisen on account of some idle statement in Lord Holland's "*Memoirs of the Whig Party*," and by reason of some equally thoughtless remark in a late work* by Doctor Doran. We, of course, are glad to receive,

at any time, a work compiled in so worthy a spirit towards a virtuous lady, but yet believe Mr. Langdale's excuse for publication as an excuse wholly insufficient, while, too, he so often urges it. Nobody cared anything for the statements about which he alone "makes so much ado;" every one, in calling to mind the numberless memorable occurrences of those days, regrets Mrs. Fitzherbert's vicissitudes and thinks of her kindly: long ago an undoubted authority,* yet living, named her as "a woman of the most amiable qualities and the most exemplary virtue," and in this light we all regard her now.

One purpose these so-called *memoirs* will indeed serve, and one consequence will assuredly follow, from again opening up this subject. In his enthusiasm for his fair friend, Lord Stourton has reminded us very forcibly of the heartlessness and systematic libertinism of the wrongdoer. These pages cannot fail to place the "first gentleman in Europe" in no very graceful light, and to recall to mind how he discarded his wife in order to pay his debts, and fondled his mistress while he persecuted his queen. They cannot fail to illumine a portion of his stained youth, which can ill bear the light, and in making clearer his meanness, to heap further disgrace on his name.

Minnesota and the Far West. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. Edinburgh and London: WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. 1855.

This is certainly the best book about America that has come before us lately. Professing to be merely the diary of a journey in the rough uncivilized far west of America, it nevertheless contains chapters giving more information on the politics, statistics, Indian affairs, &c., of Canada and the United States than are to be found in books of more pretentious titles, and for this the author was certainly well qualified from his late position as civil secretary and superintendent-general of Indian affairs in Canada. The journey consisted of a voyage up Lake Huron and Lake Superior, to a new settlement called Superior, on the far western corner of the lake, the remotest limits of civilization in that direction—a kind of place of which any one who has read Dickens's account of Eden in Martin Chuzzlewit will have a very good idea. He then pursued his journey across the country

* *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover—1855.*

* Lord Brougham—*Contributions*—vol. 1, 442.

which separates the sources of the St. Lawrence from those of the Mississippi to St. Paul of Minnesota, where the far west journey ends.

The book is full of anecdote, and very amusingly written. Take the following as specimens; the first to show the folly of paying one's debts. Two Americans, shooting the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie, were, it seems, upset:—

"As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue could be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. 'Save the man with the red hair,' he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals, proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. 'He owes me eighteen dollars,' said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the sault, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. 'And I'll tell you what it is, stranger,' said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom, 'a man'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friend as well as himself.'

The description, too, of a Canadian veterinary surgeon:—

"He looked liked a cross between a needy curate and an unsuccessful blackleg. His sausage-like arms and thighs were clerical, but he had sporting extraneousities, and I was still speculating on his probable killing in life, when he proclaimed himself a veterinary surgeon."

His chapters on the politics, statistics, and society of Canada; on the immense fortunes to be made by judicious speculations in land, and here to select such land; on the Indian affairs of Canada and the United States, showing the difference of treatment the poor Indians receive in the two countries; on the copper mines of Lake Superior; and what he says of opinion of the United States about the annexation of Alberta and Canada, the extension of slavery to the Nebraska territory, and on the subject of the European wars, are very valuable. We are about to give extracts, but must forbear, we should not know where to stop. But we may say that English people have scarcely any idea how the feeling against France and England, and in favor of Russia, prevails in the United States; indeed the author did not hear one solitary opinion in favor of the Eastern Powers, excepting in the cities of Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and in the west "public opinion

seemed unanimous in its expression of an earnest desire to see the allied armies defeated in the Crimea."

With prophetic instinct, too, he foresaw the row that must arrive amongst a people entertaining such sentiment, should the English attempt to open enlistment offices on the territories of the United States: "it is most earnestly to be hoped," says he, "that such an impolitic step will not be taken." The question of slavery, too, will end, he thinks, in a Kilkenny-cat process between the Northern and Southern States; the Northern States are, however, the greatest enemies of England, for they wish to annex Canada to counteract the Nebraska territory movement, and the influence gained thereby by the Southern States and they wish to go to war with us to gain a pretext for so doing; while the Southern and Western States show an equal anxiety with regard to Cuba.

We should have ended here, but there is one passage so interesting to Catholics at the present moment, when we are all giving thanks for the decree confirming the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, that we cannot refrain from quoting it, though a lengthy one. We will add nothing to it, for the quotation will speak for itself.

"Marquette (a town near Lake Superior) derives its name from the most celebrated of that devoted band of Jesuit missionaries who first sought, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to introduce Christianity amongst the red men of the far west. A disciple of St. Francis Xavier, he is second only to him in the zeal and enterprise which characterized his labors. In the course of these noble endeavors to enlighten barbarous nations, he was enabled to achieve geographical discoveries, fraught with results of the highest importance to civilization. The first to reach the Mississippi from the north-east, he continued his explorations until he was satisfied that it was identical with the river already visited by the first Spanish adventurers from the Gulf of Mexico. His early labors were among the remnant of the Hurons who, persecuted by the Troquors, and other neighboring Indian tribes, left the shores of Georgian Bay, which they had originally occupied, and found a refuge at La Pointe, a settlement on the southern coast of Lake Superior, near its western extremity. At this, the most distant point of missionary exploration, he succeeded Father Aloney, who had planted the cross there three years before; and meeting here, for the first time, the Sioux and Illinois, he prepared himself, by studying their language and customs, for that journey through their territory which he afterwards accomplished with so much success."

Father Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi is then described, and then the author proceeds:—

"Father Marquette's journal of his voyage is full of interest. An enthusiastic adorer of the Virgin

Immaculate, he at once named his discovery, after the object of his devotion, 'Conception,' and subsequently founded a mission on its banks. It is in the very first page of his journal that he announces his intention of doing so in the following terms:— 'Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that, if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception, and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among these new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois.' Elsewhere is recorded the daily devotions of the little band. After the Creed they said one 'Our Father and Hail Mary,' then four times these words—'Hail daughter of God the Father! Hail Mother of God the Son! Hail Spouse of the Holy Ghost! Hail Temple of the Holy Trinity! By thy holy Virginity and Immaculate Conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost'—and lastly of all, 'Glory be to the Father,' the whole being thrice repeated. At this particular epoch, it is not without its significance that this form of prayer should have been in the mouth of a missionary exploring an unknown American river nearly two hundred years ago. It is singular, moreover, that upon descending the Conception for upwards of 1,000 miles, Father Marquette should have reached that portion of it which had been first visited by De Soto, and named the *Espiritu Santo*.

It goes on to say that Father Marquette died in the odor of sanctity on an obscure river on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Here we must end, recommending the book to the perusal of our readers.

A Narrative of the Siege of Kars. By HUMPHREY SANDWITH, Chief of the Medical Staff. London: MURRAY, 1856.

Those who have read the newspapers pretty regularly during the last two years, will have no need to be told of the miserable imbecility, rapacity, and covetousness, of the *employés* of the Turkish Government. They will find, however, by Dr. Sandwith's book, that there is such an Augean stable to cleanse in that particular, that they will wonder the French and English do not lay aside their endeavors in disgust. The little civilisation that exists in Turkey, is confined to the European part of that kingdom. The Asiatic subjects of the Porte, are not one whit superior to the savage and semi-civilised inhabitants of Borneo and Sumatra. We shall not allude to the parts of Dr. Sandwith's book which treats of the siege, or the Turkish *employés* further, but there are one or two other subjects treated of, which are not so generally known. English consuls seem to be quite as bad as Turkish Pashas. Few persons are, perhaps, aware of the power possessed by European consuls in Turkey.

They can claim justice for their countrymen in the most arbitrary fashion, and throw the shield of their protection over whom they like; and are only removable by an Ambassador or Minister of Foreign Affairs. We can easily conceive how, in the wild interior of Asia Minor,

"The Consul has little to fear from either, he can easily throw dust into their eyes, for his only accusers are Turks, whose word cannot be weighed for a moment against that of an English gentleman, though it is seldom indeed that the Consul comes up to our ideas of what is generally understood as constituting that character; usually, he is of quite a different breed, with different habits and ideas. The chief qualifications are knowledge of the country and language; these embrace a tact in money-making by sundry disreputable kinds of commerce, and in a rough and ready knowledge of some provincial patois."

"A British Consul, in Turkey, is in a different position from any other man in the world, he generally acts in the several capacities of a merchant, magistrate, ambassador, clergyman, and lawyer. He is often a sharp trader, and makes money, as he has immense advantages over all other merchants, inasmuch as he is free from very many of the legal obstacles to which natives are subject."

We gather from Dr. Sandwith, that the generality of English Consuls are money-making rogues—fully equal to the Turkish Pashas in extortion and other enormities. Now, is it not a disgrace to this country, that such a state of things should exist—how can we reprove the Turkish Government, when we equal them in oppression? We must quote again from Dr. Sandwith—comment is superfluous.

"I believe, that when a man has lived for years in so strange a position as that of Consul, he is apt to become very eccentric in his actions. He generally out-Herods Herod in acts of tyranny. Only the other day, an instance of this came under my notice. A Consul, residing in a town of Asia Minor, took a fancy to a Christian girl, and prevailed on her to come to his house. The brother, annoyed at the scandal and utter ruin to the good fame of the family, presumed to call on the Consul and demand his sister. He was not only refused her, but the *cavasa* was ordered to take the fellow to prison; and this was done. Another Consul, lately dead, had such a sad reputation in this line, that he was the terror of all who had pretty girls in their families. I have been assured, that he would cause to be imprisoned, any man who tried to shield his victims, were he father, brother, or husband."

"I hear of Consuls who have made fortunes, partly by legitimate trading, and partly by buying bad debts, which they purchase at a nominal amount, and by their influence with the Pashas, cause them to be paid. Imprisonment, or threats of it, would be applied to a refractory debtor, while the Consul could find means with the Pasha for obtaining the liquidation of government debts. I have reason to believe that this sort of commerce is carried on to a great

in Turkey. Another source of profit, I am told, is the sale of British protection to natives, words, the manufacture of British subjects, unless I am grossly misinformed, brings in more profit than any other kind of trade. A native will give a good round sum to be a British subject, and to find himself out of the reach of his own laws, or indeed, of all law, which is early the condition of all those who live under British protection."

Wonder whether Don Pacifico, of whom we have heard so much, a few years ago, was made a British subject in this way; and, if so, what was the price for the privilege, and how much he paid for it afterwards.

To avoid the risk of being tedious, we must give you the quotation. It is a letter written by the appointed Consul, and it shows the intention to cheat and oppress, that seems so very irresistible.

"The province is groaning," the letter says, "under oppression. No Christian is allowed to work the piastre, or to eat the fruit of his labour in the moment a man is suspected of being marked as fair game, and persecuted till he loses his wealth. My arrival here is hailed with joy by the Christians, who all look to me for relief. They offer me the produce of their fields and nothing. I intend to farm a number of acres, and then no Pasha will dare to interfere with me. No soldiers shall be quartered on these lands, and if their inhabitants cheat or offend me, I will withdraw my protection, and hand them over to the tender mercies of the Turks. In short, I will make a handsome fortune here, and I shall do it by my own way, as there is no other European allowed to interfere with me."

Dr. Sandwith, though not much addicted to sports, gives such details of them as are likely to make a sportsman's mouth water. Rivers and brooks, he says, "abound with trout and salmon," though we question whether any *salmo* is found east of the Pillar of Hercules, it must be some large kind of sea trout. The snipes in the marshes are "as flies in a grocer's shop;" you can shoot woodcocks by twos and threes at a shot from your dining-room window, and quails and red-legged partridges abound, with a great variety of wild animals, if a nobler kind of sport is preferred. The plateau of Erzerum, however, 7,000 feet above the sea, where the cold in winter is intense, intermitting frosts are easily to be caught in the hands, for which the sportsman must take care to provide himself with plenty of sulphate of soda, as it is unprocureable in the country. A deer and shot may be bought at about half the English price—but the greatest pleasure of all is, the chance of being murdered, which considerably takes away the amusement to be derived from the

sport, though we hope, that after the war, the country will be improved in that respect. Dr. Sandwith saw the body of a poor French officer who was shot by robbers, on his journey to Erzerum. The following is a description of shooting in the marshes there. Dr. Sandwith evidently writes more as a lover of natural history than a sportsman:—

"After having missed a great many snipes, and killed a few, whose deaths might, in truth, have been termed accidental, I wandered away to watch, and to take a shot occasionally at the curious denizens of the marsh—birds which, in collections, I had gloated over as rare and beautiful specimens. I now saw, from time to time, within a few yards of me, a flock of birds of strange form and snowy white plumage fly past—I fired into them, and found I had killed four spoonbills, whose strange configuration of bill gives it the significant name. Another heron-like but smaller bird, was rolled over, and I picked up an egret, whose delicate white plumes are still worn in the steel casque of the Kurdish chief, as in the days of Saladin. The noises around me were strange and various. The loud cackling of flocks of wild geese, disturbed from their sedgy resting places, mingled with the loud whistle of the curlew, and a thousand discordant cries. A flock of black long-legged birds flew over my head, and I recognised the ibis. Ever and anon, as I approached a clump of reeds, a large brown bird would rise with heavy flight. One of these I stopped in his career, and found I had slain a fine bittern. Herons, of various kinds, I observed from the large blue bud of knightly renown, to the rarer night heron, and the beautiful cream coloured squacco. I fired at a large black stork, a bird I had never seen before, but failed to reach him. Coots, innumerable and beautiful grebes, crowded the surface of the shallow waters, amongst which I observed the crested, the red-necked, and the eared-grebe, beside the active and vigilant little dabchick, so familiar to our English mill ponds. The crowds of gralloes or waders were indescribable, and their varied cries added to the noisy birds of larger size, combined to produce an ornithological babel. Godwits, tringas, sandpipers, dunlins, reeves, redshanks, greenshanks, waterails were all to be seen in any part of the shallows. A flock of curious swallow-like birds would fly over my head. I shot one, and found it to be the *Andrain pratincule*. The movements of the terns, of which I observed a considerable variety, were most interesting. Their flight would be suddenly arrested over a pool of water; and, after hovering a moment like a kestrel, they would suddenly plunge to the bottom with the momentum of a stone, and reappear with a small fish in their beak. For the first time in my life I shot a *scopopax major*, a double snipe, which Bewick, in darker times than our own, supposed might be an aged adult, grown large and fat in solitude. This species, I was told, visits these marshes in vast numbers in the middle of May, but soon departs. He rises generally under the feet of the sportsman, and his flight is not unlike that of the woodcock, so he is by no means difficult to hit. Few are found here in the Autumn."

There is a chapter devoted to Christianity in Turkey. Dr. Sandwith declares that it is impossible for a Christian to obtain justice there, the simple word of one lying Musselman

being believed before the oath of any number of Christians.

"The Christians are a conquered race, and their conquerors ignorant and fanatical. The Turkish ministers, who are really enlightened and anxious to lessen these evils, are placed in a most difficult position. They see and deplore the evil, but a root and branch remedy is in all cases most dangerous, for they have to take into account the fanatical prejudices of a whole Musselman population."

Here is a faithful translation of a *teskeré*, or permit of burial given by the Cadi of Mardin, in the spring of the year 1855, to a Christian applying for it. He has given and does give scores of the like kind to all the Ghiaours in his jurisdiction. Here it is—

"We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary, that the impure, putrid, stinking carcase of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.
(Signed) "EL SAID MEHEMED FAIZL."

Again, no official or *employé* of Government is taxed in Turkey, and as every rich Musselman is an *employé*, all the taxation falls on the Christians. The number of Christian sects, too, is a great evil, and the miserable conduct of the Greeks and Armenians, and the way they behave towards their Catholic fellow-Christians, increase that evil. In 1828, ten thousand united Armenian Catholics were stripped of their property and sent into exile through the intervention of the schismatical Armenian patriarch; and now the appearance of English Protestant and Armenian Baptist missionaries on the *scena* make confusion more confounded.

We close our review of Dr. Sandwith's instructive book with an amusing story we find in it, and which we think is worth inserting.

"In the year 1831, an English sailing vessel, called the *Seyd Khan*, commanded by a first-rate master, began to ply between Constantinople and Trebizond during both summer and winter. This bold innovation on all the ancient rules of navigation, together with her regular appearance and departure, in all weathers and at all seasons, roused the Turkish manners, and after much pious ejaculation and pithy remarks, the shipmasters determined to call together a *mijlis* or council, to consider the possibility of their doing likewise. After sundry pipes had been smoked and various opinions given, most of which betrayed the conviction that sheitanlik or devilry was at the bottom of it, and that good Musselmans had better continue in the safe and beaten path of their forefathers, an ancient warrior, a white-bearded Baba, lifted up his voice and said, 'Il hamd-lilah! (Praise be to God) I have got at the truth, and I know the secret of the Franks' success—it is rum, they drink rum, and they can do everything. Mashallah! you don't know what rum is; these Ghiaours gave me a glass the other day, and I ran home like a boy of twenty—my legs were like wings—let us drink rum, and we shall beat these infidels.'

'Ustafer ullah' (God forbid), answered a sanctified mollah, 'wine is forbidden by the Prophet of God (may God grant him peace and salvation!) and by drinking it we should become eaters of swine, even as the Franks, may God curse them.'—'But rum is not wine,' exclaimed the majority of voices; 'it is sherbet and not the juice of the grape. Send for Costake, and let us hear how it is made.' So Costake, a Greek shopkeeper who sold the liquor, was called, and he informed them that rum had no affinity to wine, that whereas the latter was the juice of the grape, the former was made from the sugar-cane, and therefore was but a kind of sherbet; and so the conclave of Musselman mariners agreed that it was a lawful beverage. A vessel was forthwith freighted for a winter voyage, and a large cask of rum put on board, with a crew of picked men, all part owners of the ship and cargo. They set sail in mid-winter for Constantinople. As far as the mouth of the Bosphorus their task was easy enough, as the weather was not bad, but hitting the boghaz (the throat of the Strait) was no easy task during a foggy north wind. They now found themselves in difficulties, and they applied to their new friend the rum cask, which soon gave them light heads and bold hearts, in the face of the dangers which surrounded them. They were running delightfully on the rocks, and were only saved by a well-known Greek skipper, who providentially hove in sight and saved them from imminent shipwreck. It is satisfactory to know that they sailed triumphantly into the harbour of Constantinople, according, as in duty bound, all due praises to rum."

[From our London Correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—According to the decision of their rulers, the laboring classes of England are to be for a further period condemned to idleness and immorality on Sunday; for by a majority of votes in the House of Commons, it has been determined not to open places of rational entertainment on that day. We talk of the progress of religion, and laugh at absurdities of this nature; but to God's poor they are a real grievance, and the advancement of religion with them is a fight up hill against government morality, and government ethics.

A sectarian chapel has been purchased lately for a new church in Edinburgh. This augurs well for a city having been so long in its tendencies unmistakably Protestant. I have known much of the convert mind in England; but it has always seemed to me that the experience of Anglicans must be tame, compared to the effulgent light which would break suddenly on the eyes of one, brought up in the religion of Knox or Calvin. At Abingdon, near Oxford, a mission was opened a few weeks since, and a church is about to be built there, by an individual well known in the literary and political world,—one who, if he has been called into the vineyard at the sixth hour, will be found to have labored there diligently to God's greater glory, and the good of souls. Abingdon, though little known now, was formerly a place of some importance, and the seat of a mixed Abbey. At Romford, in Essex, it is expected that a new church will be opened in May.

the kind of semi-Retreats—consisting of sermons delivered during the day to perpetuating their ordinary avocations, do attract the audiences they did a few years ago have been others advertised; but the which I can speak as knowing anything, led by the Jesuit Fathers at their chapel "dark slums" in Westminster, and another, by the Redemptorists at Warwick-street. I heard both have done great good among the poor, having succumbed to temptation, had for a longer or shorter time in neglect of their duties. Warwick-street Chapel, if not the resort it once was, would seem now, by its worshippers it attracts, almost more than its former importance. Going into it for the first time for several years last Sunday, I was surprised that during the High Mass which was being celebrated there could scarcely have been standing more than a few of the people present.

I speak of many conversions among the poor of Rome, one especially of a Protestant which, by its suddenness, appears to have been of very extraordinary grace. "Rome," writes M. de Montebello in his life of St. Bernard "is what the head is to heart." Therefore it may well pass to Syria and the Holy Land, there have been, according to the reports of the great mercy of God, two hundred conversions during the last twelve months. The Rev. Vincent of Paul, says the same author, an extraordinary influence among the poor. The changes which religion has produced in the last few years in California are said to be marvellous, where the laws of savage life have been broken down; civilized communities have arisen, barbarism of ignorance, we find Catholicism understood and practised. At San Francisco there are five churches, and three convents, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of the Nuns of the Presentation.

Reconciliation of Spain with the Holy See is probable. Let us trust that it is indeed so, and that the people of that country coming before proceeding too far on the path of Protestantism. I have not heard of the pilgrimages to be undertaken from Jerusalem on the plan of a company, to celebrate at Jerusalem. The expense was to be three weeks' journey there and back, three months stay, or in our ordinary colloquy, £50 first class return. What with the journey to Rome in four days, and getting to Jerusalem, without any fabulous amount of children at least may hope not to pass to without seeing everything in the world the trouble. I had intended to have before the immense good lately effected in some other parts of Germany by the efforts of that blessed society, which, with the aid it bears, has carried the love of Jesus into every spot of the habitable earth. These are now founding a college at Halbiss, to which the young Emperor and King Maximilian, following the example of his ancestors, have largely contributed. I have no other subjects to speak of, but I must stand over till next month, and be content, &c., M. I. L.

March 17, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS.

At a crowded meeting of the members of the Royal Literary Fund on the 12th ultimo, the subject of retrenchment in the expenses of management was again opened. After much discussion an amendment was moved by Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street, to the effect that the expenses were, under the circumstances, not excessive, and carried by a majority of twenty-one. Amongst the minority were Dr. Arnott, Messrs. Dike, Sir Edward Belcher, Charles Dickens, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Barry Cornwall, Albert Smith, and several other eminent men of letters.

Amongst foreign announcements we notice a *Life of Attila*, by M. Thierry, and the completion of Chevalier Bunsen's great work on Egypt.

Accounts from America state that Messrs. Harper have issued eighty thousand copies of Macaulay's *England*; that another posthumous volume from the papers of Madame Ossoli (Margaret Fuller) is announced at Boston, and that Miss Murray's late work on America has been very roughly handled by the critics.

Mr. Macaulay's new volumes have been publicly burned at Glenmore, by a body of Highlanders, in a fit of irritation, caused by the historian's remarks on their ancestors. A contemporary shrewdly considers—"the fact only serves to point more sharply Macaulay's remarks on Celtic barbarism."

There are forty candidates for election into the Royal Society this year.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer intends visiting Madagascar during the summer.

A new volume of poems from the pen of M. de Lamartine, to be entitled *Desillusion*, is expected. This voluminous writer's *Histoire de César* has just appeared.

Madame Grisi has reappeared at Paris in Semiramide.

A new opera, *Manon Lescaut* by MM. Scribe and Auber, and founded on the Abbé Prévost's celebrated novel, has just been produced at the *Opéra Comique*.

The *Publisher's Circular* of the 15th ultimo, notices a singular "error of the press" in the lately published edition of "*Men of the Time*." By a transposition of lines, a passage from the life of Robert Owen has found its way into the midst of the life of the Bishop of Oxford, who is described as "a Socinian and a believer in spirit rapping!"

There are now twelve newspapers and four reviews published in Constantinople.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH
AT THE INSTITUTE.

On March 5th, the Rev. P. Kaye, of Blackburn, delivered his lecture on the *Catacombs* of Rome, in the Hall of the Institute. The discourse was instructive and pleasing, and a new feature was introduced by the reverend lecturer inviting any of his auditors to ask questions on obscure points.

On March 12th, there was a miscellaneous entertainment, as announced in our last. The debate on the admission of ladies to the House of Commons produced much merriment, though its delivery was somewhat flat. There were some other declamations and a selection of musical pieces, Mr. Parkinson presiding at the piano.

On March 17th, being St. Patrick's Day, the members of the Institute assumed the duty of providing a suitable entertainment in honor of the feast. Accordingly, there was a grand re-union of Irishmen in the Concert Hall; the Rev. J. Nugent in the chair. Mr. Millar presided at the piano, and Mr. Streather at the harp. The music was exclusively Irish. The *bonne bouche* of the evening was a *melange* of Irish airs, arranged for the violin and piano by Mr. Baetens. It would be idle to speak of Mr. Baetens' masterly handling of his instrument; we will satisfy ourselves with mentioning its effects. Had the words of the various airs been sung, the tale of each could not have been more plainly told, than when discovered by this most eloquent music. At the pathetic and plaintive cadences, the countenance fell and the breast heaved, while uncontrollable laughter shook the rafters at the grotesque howls and twists of Paddy O'Rafferty and Garreyowen. The following gentlemen, among others, were present, the Revs. Messrs. McGraw, Tobin, O'Reilly (St. Vincent of Paul's), O'Reilly (Blackstock-street); Messrs. Levingston, M'Donnell, Brasnell, Egnr, &c., &c.

The *Quarant' Ore* was celebrated in the Oratory of the Institute from the 8th to the 10th of March. It was most consoling to see the numbers that flocked to the adoration. The style of Exposition seemed to give great satisfaction, and we believe we are justified in saying, that it approached nearer to the Roman Quarant' Ore than any in Liverpool. There was all that appearance as it were of a fair, so familiar to those who have had the happiness of beholding the Exposition, or a Saint's Day in the Roman churches or religious houses. The functions of Holy Week were carried out as far as possible at the Oratory. The Tenebræ, Morning Office of Maundy Thursday; the Sepulchre, Adoration of the Cross; Improperia, the joyful morning service of the Holy Saturday; all were duly celebrated. Our great regret was, that the imperious calls of business left the Morning Offices with such a comparatively slender attendance of men.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

A Correspondent (a native of Greece) has addressed us in a rather long, but clear and courteous letter, with reference to an article on the state of Greece in our last number, and reflecting very severely on the author of the work therein alluded to. We have no commission to defend M. About or his statements now; but we cannot coincide in our patriotic correspondents wholesale censure. We went farther than M. About for authority for our own remarks; and, although we readily give credit to many of the statements before us, and have no doubt that the writer sincerely believes his country and her people to be immaculate. We are still unshaken in our opinion as to the present state of Greece, and feel that her worst evils have been wisely passed over by our correspondent.

M. (London).—The facts in Muddleton and the Muddletonians may seem incredible, but they are true. The writer can vouch for them. It was only last month that Liverpool was honored with a missionary visit from the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who exhibited a New Zealand Chief, in full costume. This was only a Barnum *ruse* to draw an audience.

H. A. E. (London).—You wish us to say simply, "Yes," or "No." We are forced to say the latter. We have tried to be faithful to our first promise, that our poetic effusions must be such numbers as "Gods, men, and the columns permit."

F. G. (Kingstown).—Your correction came too late. As "our fair friend" has interested you in our behalf, we hope often to hear from you.

D. D. (Dublin).—Your ballad is good, but we have not a corner for it this month.

M. S. (London).—You have our sincere thanks for the endeavors you have made to get subscribers to our Magazine. It is worthy of public support. If others would only imitate your example in extending its circulation, before many months its literary merits would secure for it a position among the first-class monthlies.

R. M. (Bristol).—Any of the back numbers may be had by sending five postage stamps to Mr. M. Doon, Catholic Institute, Liverpool.

The late total destruction of a celebrated "temple of the drama" claims a passing word of regret. We are sorry to hear that there are insurmountable obstacles to its being rebuilt, in spite of rumors to the contrary. Mr. Gye, with a view to fulfil his extensive engagements, and to keep together his band, &c., has taken the Lyceum Theatre for the coming season, having failed in his attempt upon *Her Majesty's* and *Drury-lane*.

The new Oratorio by Herr Rienthal, of Cologne—*Jephthah and his Daughter*—is in the hands of Mr. Hullah, and will be produced at St. Martin's Hall on the 10th instant.

Barnum, according to the American papers, is in a *fix*, being unable to meet the demands of his creditors. The fate of all enterprising men!!!

The celebrated Bowyer Bible, in 45 folio volumes, and containing 6,000 engravings, was sold by auction at Bolton, for £550.

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THE
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MAY, 1856.

VOL. 1.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND.



HERE is a work on this subject by Montalembert, recently published and translated, and all who have read it cannot fail, supposing them "worth their salt," to have pursued the topic in their own minds, and anxiously asked themselves the question with which he opens.

While the deep-thinking and eloquent Frenchman abstains, for the most part, and for obvious reasons,

from the religious phase of the subject, this restriction would be equally unnecessary and foolish in the case of an English writer who should set forth his thoughts, as we are now about to do, in the pages of a Catholic periodical.

What we want then to impress upon the minds of our readers is the following series of *truths*, as we regard them.

First, that the superiority of England up to this time is not, as Protestants pretend, the result of what they call their Reformation, but, as Montalembert abundantly proves, from her having retained, amid all her religious errors, more of the traditionary mind of Catholicism than has been permitted to characterize any other heretical country.

Secondly, that, notwithstanding this reticence, it is a solemn and melancholy fact that the English mind has fallen during the last three hundred years, not only below Catholic nations in several of its moral estimates, but even below the pagans themselves; and that it habitually makes a boast of this inferiority, thus *glorifying in its shame*.

Thirdly, that our insular situation, while it has preserved us from some continental vices, has but deepened our moral stupidity on these points, but can no longer prove either a safeguard or an incubus, now that steam has opened all the world to Englishmen more easily than a distant shire was opened to them before it.

Lastly, that therefore the only thing which can save England from falling, never more to rise, is her shaking off the contemptible prejudices she has imbibed, sympathising with the great European family in the most important of all matters, and returning, in a word, to the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, the Jerusalem from above, the mother of all art, civilization, and legitimate progress.

First, then, it is false that England, as the Croly's and other bigots pretend, owes her prosperity to her Protestantism. If we review the principal things by which she and her constitutions are favorably distinguished from other nations, we shall see that every one of them graced her in Catholic times, and was unconstrainedly encircled with Catholic manners. "But," an objector will say, "had England a constitution at all before the revolution of 1688?" Yes, we answer, and a glorious one; though not in the sense of the atheist Hume and the scoffer Smollet; not in that sense which makes the sovereign a puppet, the aristocracy a focus of corruption, and the "prime minister" the most successful briber and intriguer of his day; not in that sense which a Walpole was glad to hail, but which drove the less able, but more honest George the Third to madness; finally, not in that sense which makes us the most extravagant nation upon earth about empty show and trifles, while we are equally niggardly about the solid buttresses of freedom; squandering our thousands upon royal stables, but deaf to the advices of our greatest captains when they warn us to add to our defences.

Such are the boons Reform to Albion brings,
And such the trophies of her *faineant* kings ;

a republic, or rather a corrupt oligarchy, under the forms of a monarchy ; a system which waits for its destruction, as the profound Montesquieu long ago observed, only till the time, now fast hastening on, when the corruption of its democratical branch shall exceed that of its crown and its aristocracy.

Such was not the ideal of a monarchy stamped with the divine approbation. Let us look, for a few moments, at that most interesting crisis of the Old-Testament history, the request of the Israelites for a human king, "to judge us, as all nations have." The sin of that people was, that, insensible of their wonderful privilege and honor in having the Almighty Himself for their Sovereign, they desired, from mere secular motives, to fall into the rank of the idolatrous people round them, and obstinately said, in the face of the patriot Samuel's remonstrances, "Nay, but we will be like all nations ; and our king shall go out before us, and fight our battles." What, then, did the prophet say in reply ? Did he tell them they should have a *constitutional* king ? one who, instead of fighting their battles, should stay at home, with every appliance that security and luxury could give, while the blood of his generals and soldiers was shed like water far away ; one whose sole power should be that of choosing a prime minister, to act as long as the majority of the "representatives of the people" should be pleased to allow him ? one whose very words, addressed to this assembly on the greatest interests of the kingdom, should be composed for him, and recited by him as a parrot might be taught to recite them ? No : such precious ideas had not entered men's heads in those days, but were reserved for Hume's, Smollet's, and Walpole's to cherish and admire. The prophet Samuel gives a very different description of the nature of the kingly office, and says, "They shall be the right of the king that shall reign over you. He will take your sons and put them in his chariots, and make them his horsemen, and running footmen to to run before his chariots,* and will appoint of them to be his tribunes and centurions, and to plough his fields and reap his corn, and make him arms and chariots. Your daughters also will he take, to make him oint-

ments, and be his cooks and bakers. And he will take your fields and give them to his servants. Moreover he will take the tenth of your corn and revenues to give his eunuck's and servants. Your servants also, and hand-maids, and goodliest young men will he take away, and put them to his work." Now, the plain English, so to speak, of all this was, "If you have a king, he must be really one. Almighty God will not allow you to trifle with one of His own attributes, reflected in a vicerent. Your king will not be your highest public servant but your *master*. And so it proved. And the moral of the history, to us Christians and Catholics, is this ; that, instead of looking, with stupid admiration, on what is called a "constitutional monarchy," we should despise it as a contemptible humbug, entirely the offspring of Protestantism, and never realized among men till first the "Reformation," and then the Revolution of 1688, had perverted our glorious old Saxon and Catholic system, and brought in the present corrupt and heartless one, infallibly pregnant with the seeds of its own decay.

For the respects in which England, notwithstanding all this, has retained so high a place among the nations, and for the causes of this we must refer the reader to the work of Montalembert ; and now go on to shew that with all her faithfulness to some Catholic reminiscences, she has entirely lost her moral sensibility on some points of the greatest importance. We will at present instance but two of these ; and will show that, as was asserted above, not only has she fallen below Catholic Christendom in both, but that, to punish her abuse of Christian grace and knowledge, Almighty God has suffered her to be outdone by Paganism itself.

Whoever has made himself tolerably acquainted with the classical writers must have often been struck with the contempt which they inculcate for this world's wealth, and the high honor in which they hold all who placed it below their feet ; how they magnified a Cincinnatus leaving his plough to be dictator, and returning to it when his glory was achieved. Now contrast with this the estimate of wealth made by modern Protestants. Is it not, as they profanely quote from the Gospel to express their thought, the "one thing needful," the main object of life ? Is not every man valued and respected exactly in proportion to his wealth, and the lie thus given to those words of our Lord, that a man's life, *i. e.*, what makes it worth his while to live, "consists *not* in the abundance of the

* This is just what was done by the kings of France, and, to qualify the runners by giving them *additional breath*, a particular operation was performed on them :—their *spleens* were cut out.

things he possesses?" Whatever profession be chosen, the object is to amass *property*. For this the lawyer studies, the physician dissects and compounds, and the parson cants. To *get on in the world*, marry a rich wife if you can, surround yourself with every luxurious appliance in your power, and leave somewhat of a *fortune*, is the end of existence. If you do this you have fulfilled your destiny. If you cannot do this, you are branded as a poor spiritless wretch, tainted with that worst of crimes in British estimation, *poverty*; a crime which Britain punishes worse than any other, by how much her union-houses are severer than her jails. Listen to one of her tardily "successful" men, the late Rev. Sidney Smith, in his lately published diary or letters—I forget which. "I have just read," says this arch-joker, recounting his recent studies, "Seneca on the contempt of riches. What intolerable nonsense the man talks!" Now here was a work which had been highly lauded by the Fathers of the Church, who wondered how a heathen had found out ideas so glorious and so Christian, laughed to scorn by a Protestant parson, because it could be an unconscious commentary on the lessons laid down by his Redeemer. But so it is. Luxury and stored-up wealth are synonymous among us with respectability; Jesus Christ may be the God of our outward worship, but mammon has possession of our hearts.

The other instance, in which we convict Protestantism of having fallen grossly below the heathen standard, is afforded by their different estimates of voluntary or vowed virginity. Knowing this to be a conquest of the strongest propensity of our animal nature, the ancient heathen reckoned it heroic, and gave unbounded honor to its votaries. Protestants can never mention the subject without scoffing or becoming indecent. Had a senator of Rome dared to speak of those vestal virgins in whom she placed the security of her empire as the hoary old beast and sinner Drummond lately spoke of our nuns, he would have been driven out of the senate-house with reproaches, if not through the city with scourges. Let Protestants, should their eyes glance over these lines, ponder this point; for we have not space to enlarge upon it, or to mention, as we might, other instances illustrative of our position. In *generosity*, for instance, how are we outdone by the ancient heathens! Contrast King Porsena's glorious pardon of Mutius, who intended to destroy him, with King Jamie's merciless and inhuman behaviour in

the case of the Gunpowder plot. We have ceased to respect true greatness of soul, as well as to cultivate the beautiful in art. "There is no sublimity," said Canova, "without the Catholic religion, and no beauty without the Madonna."

We must combine into one the last two things we proposed to establish, and conclude with showing that, as our insular situation, while it was in some respects a safeguard, only deepened our moral stupidity in the respects just considered, our sole chance of continuing to take our stand among the nations, now that steam and the telegraph have made all the world, as it were, one country, is in our throwing off our wicked and contemptible prejudices, learning to think and feel with the continental and Catholic nations, and thus becoming again an integral member of the great European family. We cannot expect them to give in to us, and therefore we must concede to them; for it is impossible that we should go on in concord with other nations whose religion we are perpetually insulting, and who have only to unite in order to crush us. Now that our alliance with France against Russia has ceased, what is to forbid the former power having a brush with us? especially as we are always ready to provoke it by the rudeness of some ambassador or other. If her emperor were inclined to take offence, abundant matter is afforded him by the stupid and impudent conduct of our ambassador at Madrid, who *dared* to abstain from the proper demonstrations on the birth of the imperial prince because forsooth he had some private pique or quarrel with Louis Napoleon. Why, if our government had even, to say no more, the common politeness which becomes it, we should have immediately recalled the man who thus presumed to commit his sovereign by mixing up her interests with those of his own silly and contemptible pride and egotism. But so it is. Britain insults every other power, and then bullies them if they take offence. But it cannot be so long. She must learn both manners and morals from those nations who have kept the deposit of the faith, and whose conduct is influenced by the traditionary sentiments of Christians. She must conform her marriage-law to that of the Church, if she wishes to be avoided as a general contaminator. Was ever greater infamy exhibited by any heathen nation, than what has just been recalled to men's minds by the publication of the affair of Mrs. Fitzherbert? Here is first, a pig-headed king making a law that none of his

descendants shall marry without consent of parliament, then conniving at his son and heir's violating this law, and then ordering him to *pretendedly* marry a German princess for the purpose of having his debts paid. Here was a mock-hierarchy lending its sanction to what was known to be no marriage at all; for never was truer word spoken than by the poor persecuted and heart-broken Caroline, when she said that her only guilt had been with Mrs. Fitzherbert's *husband*. The fact is that the Church of England, in all she has done regarding marriage, has been, and is accountable for the most atrocious defiance of Almighty God, and demoralization of man. And yet this church pretends to be a branch of the Catholic, and points to the extensive colonies of Britain as a proof of her rival extensiveness; as if the catholicity of a church were a matter of state-progress instead of an eternal principle, fixt and indivisible as are the creeds which assert it. But we have done. Let England know and feel that if she is still to maintain her place it must be by the reversal of her Protestant ultra-pagan traditions, and by honest struggles against that pride which will else have a great and ignominious fall ere the present generation are laid in their graves.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. VI.

NORWOOD.

That night, after Martha had removed what was left of Mr. Dyrbington's evening meal, she said that Lyas wanted to see her master. He was admitted immediately. The two men smiled as their eyes met. It was a smile of mutual trust. And with Lyas it was more. The wreck before him filled him with a tender awe. The man of vigor and health stood gently bending in that sorrowful presence. His bright eye was soft, his ringing laugh hushed, and there was a tone in his voice of respect and sympathy, such as care and weakness demand from ease and strength.

Without speaking, Lyas took from the pocket of a jacket edged with deer-skin, a small, but very heavy packet, and placed it before Mr. Dyrbington. At a gesture from the sad figure whose eyes were riveted on the paper, Lyas opened the parcel, and put five short, thick, and solid bars of silver before Mr. Dyrbington.

"You are sure, Lyas, that this is all?"

"Certain."

"It is the same?"

"The very same."

"You saw it done."

"I watched it from first to last. I stood by the furnace, I saw it all. The whole was broken up. Then melted down—then run out, as you see."

"There was no deception?"

"None. And I saw it done not without trouble. The man, as your honor warned me, would fain have kept them the shape in which they were."

Mr. Dyrbington started, but Lyas did not appear to notice the movement. He continued, while his hearer, leaning back in his chair, his eyelids shut with a close and continued pressure, exhibited in the workings of the drawn muscles of his upturned face, the thoughts which struggled in his mind.

"He bid me say," continued Lyas, in a tone of apology—"It was *he* bid me say—that he could give you money, well nigh double the amount of any which that could be coined into, if you would sell him those things as they are. He said he would as soon shed his blood as melt them down. He said their shape and fashion doubled the worth of the metal, and that he must give money for the next."

"Did you tell him what these vessels were?"

"I did not know" was the reply.

"Ah?—well, now listen to me."

Leaning on the table, Mr. Dyrbington buried his face for a moment in his hands; Norwood, approaching a few steps nearer to him, bowed his head, and leaned more heavily on the stout oak club which served him for defence as well as support. A soft, earnest expression of attention and sympathy spread over his countenance. Mr. Dyrbington raised himself to an upright posture and said: "Those vessels were given by pious persons for the service of God. And for that purpose they—and other things with them—were set apart, and blessed and consecrated. They were set apart for a certain purpose, to be used for a certain end—and that end was for the good of God's creature, man—for his good, living and dead. Now, in time it so happened, that these brotherhoods were broken up; and these vessels were laid aside as useless in reference to their original purpose, and got to be used for the gratification of the avarice and pride of man. And the curse—yes Norwood," continued Mr. Dyrbington becoming greatly agitated—"the curse which was pronounced

on such as should divert these properties from those sacred purposes, fell upon those who committed the sacrilege, and passed to their descendants, and even at this moment clings to me."

"The curse!"—exclaimed Norwood, "On you?"—"does it cling to you?" Expressions of the most torturing anxiety and sorrow passed quickly over Lyas's face, untaught as that countenance was to speak any but the language of truth; "on you?"—How gladly would he have added "No—never—not my dear master, on gentleness, and benevolence, and meek sorrow such as yours—No, not on you;" he could not say so. He looked on the picture before him; the old and miserable man. He saw the trembling of his figure, the quick nervous shutting and opening of the eye-lids over the eyes that could not weep. He heard the shaking of the jaw, and the clattering of the teeth against each other: and he gazed the more unscrupulously, because the aged head was bowed on the breast and was lifted only by the hard and irregular breathings, almost like sobs, which were distinctly audible in the otherwise silent rooms, Lyas could not say—No, "not on you"—for he felt he had surely heard the truth.

Many moments passed, many more than those two persons knew of, so deeply was each engaged in his own thoughts, and absorbed in his own feelings. At length the sudden fit of nervousness by which Mr. Dyrbington had been overcome gradually passed away. Again he laid his arms on the table; again rested his head on his hands, "I have—as I believe—told you the truth, my friend," said Mr. Dyrbington, looking again into Norwood's face, and now with an air of heroic determination, as if resolved to pursue the subject, to the justification and explanation of his conduct. "I have told you, *as I believe*, the truth." He spoke with great earnestness, as if he would convey no doubts of his having well reasoned and considered the subject. "And the question of how I may relieve myself from this dread grief has long been a matter of deep thought with me." He paused, but Lyas, with an instinctive knowledge of what was right and respectful, never spoke a word either of sympathy or suggestion.

To return these things to their original use, is impossible, as far as I know, perfectly impossible.

Still with those vessels intended for pious purposes, there goes a curse. They were not made for man, and man may not use them.

He has told us that he honours poverty,

and that we are to consider the poor on earth as His representatives. Now, I cannot give them those consecrated vessels, neither can I sell them, for I believe that whoever possessed them would find them laden with sorrow. Neither can I give them, as they are, to God. But I can give them to him in another shape, I can have those very things changed thus,"—and Mr. Dyrbington laid his hands on the bars of silver which lay before him, "and I can part with them for the exact sum which they are worth, and give that sum to God's service through His poor upon earth, and so, if it please Him, allay the evil that has befallen my house."

Again there was a pause, which Norwood for his former reasons would not interrupt. And when Mr. Dyrbington spoke again, it was to ask a question: "Now that I have explained my reasons, say, will you undertake to do this strange work for me,—will you, by little and little, take all of which I have spoken, to Isaac the Jew's, and yourself stand by, and see that these things are melted in the crucible, and bring them back to me, as you have done to day?"

"I will," replied Lyas, with a firmness which left no doubt of his faithfulness. Mr. Dyrbington stretched forth his hand and Lyas grasped it with warmth and eagerness. "My friend" said Mr. Dyrbington, his voice weakening to a whisper, Norwood's bright black eyes dilated with the energy of his heart; he fixed them full on the haggard face which was turned towards him. He did not speak, but Mr. Dyrbington knew that he would be faithful and determined in his service, and affectionate, and willing, and docile in the manner of serving him.

"Strange, that I should find my best friend in you;—one who does not reason with my grief, combat my peculiarities, smile at my weakness, or despise my distress.—One who will help me to help myself; who will console me, by assisting in that which alone can bring me consolation." Lyas was not a thinker—to feel was enough for him. He never stopped to consider if Mr. Dyrbington was right or wrong, wise or foolish: he only saw him wretched, saw also what would comfort him, and felt for him, and determined faithfully to serve him. No suspicion as to whether Mr. Dyrbington's feelings on the subject of the sacred vessels were not exaggerated, partaking perhaps of the superstitious, prevented his standing by with patient fidelity, while Isaac the Jew, sadly against his will, performed the task demanded of him. His ready wit

contrived means for taking the articles, many of which were large and ponderous, from the Court-house without even Martha knowing that he had done so. Neither did Isaac ever know by whom he was employed. And the metal in its new shape was easily conveyed to Mr. Dyrbington, as we have seen. This service took two years, it is said, to accomplish, and was, during that time, the chief interest of Mr. Dyrbington's life. Many were the walks which, during that period of strange service, were taken by Lyas from his home in the forest to Dyrbington, thence to a dark, back settlement of the Jews in Watermouth, where, with steady determination, he had at each visit, to combat treachery and avarice with the weapons of steadfastness and honest faith. But he was successful. He trusted no eyes but his own. He fulfilled the promise he had given, strictly and to the letter. No reasoning had any force; all arguments were thrown away; he never listened to anything, he felt that he, at least, was doing rightly: and having watched the metal through the fire, he received his trust back again, and surrendered it in its changed condition to his employer.

This night, after Lyas had left Mr. Dyrbington, he walked briskly, and seldom lifted his eyes from the earth, till he had passed the open plain, and was within the forest country where his home lay. The green glade opened widely before him; the majestic oaks on each side mingling their branches above his head. Still Lyas walked on, and turned from one glade to another, or pressed his way by a yet shorter path where no glade had been cut, till he again gained a comparatively open place, and still walked on. At last his step grew slower, his eyes were raised, he looked above and about him, and ceased his walk occasionally to listen. The night air was cool and pleasant, but Lyas had reached a place where it had seemed to grow yet cooler, and that suddenly, and on his left a slight white mist arose. The grass was growing rank, and its feathery flowers rose high, the rich green fern waved its jagged branches in full luxuriance, and gave forth its own peculiar scent, as its brown mossy stem broke beneath Norwood's tread. The man was near his home. He had come to a point, where a way-side, but rather shallow stream was meeting him, and where the lime rock, rising high, with its bare cold breast turned its waters aside. It washed the smooth and spreading base of that fine up-standing mass, whose summit was crowned with an *ivy-bound wreath of holly and yew*, and then

it swept gracefully round, and its currents rolled more heavily in its deepened channel for the interruption it had received. Lyas listened. His practiced ear had caught an unexpected sound. Presently a figure which had been crouching on the river's bank rose to its full height. Norwood quietly advanced through the long grass, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a fine youth of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age, said, in cheerful accents of mingled pride and love: "My son! you are fishing late. Do you not find them asleep?" "I think they must be, father," replied the youth, and he pointed to a few fish spread on some gathered fern by his side; "for that has been all my evening's work, and I have not had a single rise for the last half hour." "And yet persevered with patience?" said the father, and again he laid his hand proudly on his son's shoulder, and met his glance with a smile. "I did not go back," replied Harold; "*you* were not there, so I waited here till you should return." "Thank you, Harold, thank you—and now that I am come, let us go to mother, she will be expecting me, as you were."

At first, Harold appeared preparing to obey his father, but after a moment he hesitated, and then throwing himself on the ground, and leaning against the trunk of a tree that bent over the stream, he seemed to be preparing himself to remain the night out of doors. His father felt a sudden alarm, and sprung towards him in a manner that betrayed unusual emotion, on which the lad raised himself into a sitting posture, and gazed on him with an expression which might have passed for that of boyish mischief, and ill-repressed drollery, or for that sort of contemptuous sarcasm which may be imagined to belong to a rude state of life.

"Harold, what means this? It is time we were both in the house; follow me."

The youth fixed his eyes with a changed expression on his father, and clasped his hands imploringly—"O, father," he exclaimed, "*why there?* I have fought with my strong desire and I cannot overcome it; let me go."

"Go,—go, my son—where?"

"Away, away from the woods, and the wild country, away to the houses of men."

And now both father and son betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Away to the houses of men," cried the boy again, and rose on his feet with one light spring, and threw his arms in the air, and all the animation of ardent hope spread over his features,—"*away father, away from this un-*

civilized life. Away to where men meet and herd, not with the wild deer of the chase, but with their own kind. Father, I can live among these things no longer—away, I say,” and the boy almost screamed as again he cried—“Away to the houses of men.” And the words found their echo, nearer than among the distant glens, which indistinctly gave back the cry; they sank into Norwood’s heart, and involuntarily his lips repeated, but slowly, sadly, and softly—“*the houses of men.*”

The words were spoken in a scarcely audible murmur, but Harold’s heart in its turn was touched. He jumped forward, fell on his father’s breast, and heart throbbed to heart. But Harold, still firm to his purpose, whispered, or rather sobbed in his parent’s ear, the reiteration of his wish:—“Father, let me go,—let me go.”

Unnerved, and overcome by this unexpected request, Lyas, unable to speak, sank down on the root of a tree. Words were dropping at intervals and incoherently from Harold’s lips: Lyas heard some of them: they comforted him. “Father, dear father, I love you—I love you dearly, most dearly. Father, believe me, I would rather have died than have grieved you thus. Oh, I love you. But what am I to do—what *can* I do? O Father,”—and the choking sobs made the voice inaudible. Then nothing was heard but the unequal breathing, and tears dropped heavily from the boy’s cheek to the father’s hand which he held within his own, and fondled in his breast.

“O Harold, you do not know what you ask—how much it is to ask of me, how little it is of gain for yourself.”

But the boy answered in reply: “When I saw her,—O, how lovely,—so good, so beautiful,—my heart became filled with the thought of her. I must go, for I love her.”

Lyas answered quickly: “Fear me not, my son; tell me your heart—you love?”

“I do,” replied Harold; and all excitement passed away, and he appeared as grave and collected as his father.—“I do.”

“And her name? How is she called?”

“Anna Julian.”

“Anna Julian! my son, tell me all. How do you purpose to accomplish what looks to be impossible? You have had your thoughts; explain them to me!”

“It is not impossible,” said Harold. “Her father has been here this very day. The old man likes me; we have talked much together. He told me to-day that his son had gained the great honor—what it is I know not—for which

he has labored so long; and immediately he will have to leave his home and go to some far-off place, where more learning is to be acquired, and where possibly he may henceforth live. He, therefore, will never follow his father’s trade. But when I asked the old man if he were going to give it up, with a son prosperous enough to support him, as I supposed, he replied that, though his arm was growing stiff and his heart was unwilling, and his thoughts were fixed elsewhere, he yet must continue his trade, that it must not cease, and that he rather required to increase his gains, than to trust to another, or content himself with the little he could safely call his own. And then,” continued Harold, “the old man sighed and looked unhappy, and the heart that loved the daughter, could not but feel and throb for him.”

“Go on,” said Lyas, with interest of a sort that he had not shown before.—“Go on.”

“This is what you must do for me,” said Harold. “You must go to Watermouth to-morrow; you must offer me to Julian to learn his trade; I shall not have much to learn; and to work for him, and bring him as much custom as quickness, good-will, and industry can procure. And he shall not pay me money; but he shall give me food and lodging in his house, and treat me respectfully, as my father’s son; and when I am worthy of reward, I’ll ask it of him.”

“I will do this,” said Lyas thoughtfully. “I will do this, for I see your heart is in it, and it is useless to try to go against nature. But it is a new path and your thoughts are strange. And Harold,” he added, with a voice which filtered once more for a moment, “I own it comes upon me something as a disgrace, to have my son sell his freedom as it were; but this perhaps is in the fancy. It would be a bitter disgrace, and avoid it Harold as you would avoid your father’s frown, to see you like those among whom your strong heart takes you. They speak, to lie; they move, to hurt; they think, to deceive; they become powerful only to injure the poor; and when they hurt, they call themselves under a curse; when they would make restitution they know not how. This, I have seen among men. But you, Harold, listen to the inward voice. Have nothing to do with the evil ways of men, and by that means avoid their cares.”

“I have only to do with *her*,” replied the youth.

At an early hour, Lyas Norwood proceeded towards Watermouth. He was clad in his usual somewhat remarkable attire, and bore

over his shoulders, by means of his constant companion the stout oak stick, a large basket, which he had himself woven, with the skill in that craft which was usually found among the forest settlers. It was bound round with a portion of net, such as was used for catching salmon, and the larger sorts of trout. This basket had become nearly as well known as himself. This morning, it had been packed with unusual care, and yet there was but one fish to place in it, a large and fine specimen of that peculiar sort of pink spotted fish which in the forest stream was not uncommon, and called from the time of year at which alone it was caught, the Bartholomew trout. The one, thus carefully placed in the basket reposing on fresh fern and covered with the same, had been taken from the night-nets that morning. Harold had brought it from the river in triumph. "Look father, the finest I ever saw, will you not go by Lullingstone and sell it there?"

"No, my son," replied Lyas. "We have a friend at Watermouth, and if all goes well, I can leave it." Harold's face blushed crimson. "Let me help you father." But his father refused his aid, procured his absence by sending him on some trifling but time-occupying errand, and yet had scarcely laid in the last covering of fern, when the boy returned. He then raised it to his shoulders, and on Harold's remarking that the basket lifted as if it was heavy, he turned the thought into a joke and walked off, affecting to stoop under the burthen of the mighty trout, and heartily returning the laughter his drollery produced. The way which Lyas pursued tended to a point from which travellers to Watermouth from various places continued their way together. He had gone but a few steps on this path when he was joined by a man who, from another direction, had reached the point of union almost at the same moment with himself. When Norwood became aware of his companion's presence he pressed on faster, desiring by this means to avoid him; but the stranger, though older than Lyas, quickened his pace, and was soon at his side.

"You are stirring early," he said.

"Like yourself," replied Lyas, casting a scrutinizing glance on the stout-made, active, elderly gentleman, who, with his mild countenance, and neat though poor appearance, might at any other time have excited his interests.

"The early bird gathers the worm," said the stranger, "and you, friend, have an early day's work in your basket, doubtless."

"Since *I am* your friend, you may guess at my employment," answered Lyas, in a tone of discourtesy which he intended should put an end to the conversation.

The stranger gave a melancholy sort of smile. "As you please," he replied; "yet I will not say that *I am not your friend*."

"We neither of us know either the other's name or business," said Lyas; "and therefore can know neither friendship nor interest, though one of us may not be above curiosity."

Again the stranger smiled. "You are wrong," he said; "I know too much for curiosity."

Lyas Norwood looked at his companion carefully. The plain habit of coarse and well-worn cloth, told only of neatness and poverty; the active step and figure, only of strength and temperate habits; and the quiet manner only showed strength of mind and a serene temperament. Norwood examined him boldly, for he neither turned his head on one side or the other, but walked briskly on, with the head a little bent forward, and seldom raised his eyes.

"Do you know so much?" said Lyas with a laugh; "if so, your knowledge should teach you not to annoy one who might prove a dangerous companion."

"Do yourself no injustice," replied the old man; "Elias Norwood was never a dangerous companion to an unarmed, and, as I might now almost say, an aged man."

Norwood started at the mention of his own name; but immediately recovered himself, and to hide his confusion, for the stranger's eyes were for the first time fixed upon him, he affected to have stopped only to make a readjustment of his basket. In doing this he again felt the power of his companion's glance, and, at once displeased and disconcerted, said: "You know my name, good man, and that is more than I desired. Now, either you or I must step on faster, for any further companionship is unnecessary."

"Why so? We are going to the same place."

"And where may that be?" for Norwood felt a sort of fascination, which obliged him to answer.

"To Watermouth."

"Well?"

"To where you will unload your basket."

Lyas laughed out loudly.

"That's no answer, master; for we unload according to contents."

"Well, then," pursued the stranger, "your basket contains" —

"What?—I say, man, tell me what it contains, if you can?" and he added, through his clenched teeth, "if you dare."

"Probably," said the stranger, taking purposely no notice of Norwood's last words, and speaking very slowly, while he rather increased the rapidity of his walk—"probably, some of the holy vessels, once belonging to the Church of Dyrbington; or, at least, such like." They had walked so fast, that they had almost reached the town, which lay spreading below them, as, having emerged from the forest they stood in the high open country leading to it. Lyas felt instinctively that the old man durst not so have tempted him had they still been within the forest precincts. But then again, he shunned the thought, as pointing to that which would have been unworthy of himself.

While these things passed through his mind he hesitated, and again the stranger's eye examined him. It was all the work of a moment, and there was no time for any reply. "Farewell" said Norwood's companion abruptly, "We must not enter the town together. Farewell for a short space; we shall meet again at Isaac the Jew's." And having said this, he increased his pace almost to a run, and left the astonished Norwood to his own conjectures.

So amazed was Lyas Norwood that he stood still and watched the hurrying steps of his late companion like a creature thunder-struck. How could he have known, or guessed it. And to what use would he put his knowledge or suspicion? Would he say the like things elsewhere? Would the report spread and be carried to Dyrbington, and bring annoyance on its melancholy master, and add to his sorrows, and still further confuse his already distressed mind? These questions, as they arose in Norwood's breast, wrung his heart with anxiety; and he remained standing as if stunned and unable to proceed, or even to move. After awhile he raised his eyes. Far across that spreading plain of downy turf, almost as far as the eye could reach, and close upon its furthest edge where houses began to be scattered and the hill to descend, the figure of the mysterious old man reduced to but little more than a black speck was discovered by the keen eye seeking for him. Lyas walked on, and recalling the words "we will meet again at Isaac the Jew's,"—proceeded towards the town, and that part of it where the worker in gold and silver dwelt.

Norwood immediately, without any preface, opened his business with "the dealer," as Isaac was commonly called.

"I have brought more silver," said Norwood, "Are you willing to do the work I require to-day? I have come early on purpose; but if you cannot do it now, fix your time, I will bring the things again, and punctually at your own day and hour, whenever it may be."

The dark-looking figure addressed by Norwood seemed to be scarcely dressed, but to have wrapped himself in such articles as, in a hurried transit from his bed to his kitchen, he had found by the way. He only just looked up once, that his eyes might witness to the truth of Lyas Norwood's appearance as well as his ears, and then preserving his crouched-down attitude in the corner of the dark little room, which was almost filled up by a large and massive square oak table, he continued his morning's work by blowing up the fire in a small stove, by kneeling down in front of it, and applying his mouth to the bars. Isaac made no reply, and Norwood standing at the door, surveyed the apartment. Immediately opposite to the entrance was the steep narrow staircase which led to the sleeping-room above. It was very narrow and of stone, and wound up in a little tower, which projected from the angle of the room into the court behind. On his right was the window. It was stone-mullioned, and arched, and in the upper part there were small irregular bits of colored glass which, through the coating of the dust of years, still showed deep tints of purple and ruby. Heavy oak beams showed above, and figures were cut of roses and the lily-flower, and curious designs of which men did not know the meaning, and among them still remained the figure of the cross. On the side opposite to the window, and in the furthest corner from the door, was the small iron stove before which Isaac was crouched. The large table, so heavy and so dark with age and dirt, almost hid his bent form from view.

But the Jew rose up with a sudden spring, on Lyas placing his hands on the table and bounding over it to his side. His deep-sunk grey eyes flashed first with alarm and displeasure, and then, as it seemed to Lyas, yet more brightly, with a grim welcome.

"What, more? more like the last?—man, let me have it—let me have it I say; or go, go, and show it not to me; I'll not look on the things, if I may not possess them;" and having read refusal in Lyas's face, he made a gesture as though he would push away the basket which contained the temptation to his avarice.

"You are not to have them," answered Lyas, firmly and quietly, "and you must not see them unless you choose to do the work for

which I am here to hire you. I have here vessels of silver, and, as it would seem, vessels of gold. I ask you to melt them down as you did the last. I tell you, that I will stay and see it done, nor leave this place till I can take the metal back again, only in another form. For this I will pay you in money what you demand. Now give me your answer quickly."

"I will not do it," exclaimed Isaac, fixing his gaze on Lyas, and his eyes flashed angry fire; and again he repeated: "I will not do it—I will not."

"Then good day" said Lyas, as he turned round. Isaac, seized with a sudden regret, caught him by the arm.

"Don't trifle with me," he said, "you are going to let me have it. Come, don't trifle with an old man; you shall name your own price, only I must have them." "Why will you not believe me," asked Lyas. "You are one of the cities and towns, and I of the fields and forests. My tongue expresses the meaning of my heart—my words and intentions are one. Cannot you use your gift of speech to express your will. You have said you will not do it."—

"But I will, I think I will," faltered Isaacs. "But you are hurrying, Lyas,—you never give one time. Here, leave them, and I will do the work; call again towards evening, and it shall all be ready for you."

"I would that I understood your vile craft myself," exclaimed Lyas impatiently, "and I would not stand here repeating my words again and again. But once more, hear me. I will not leave them. I will watch your hands, and narrowly observe your doings, and not think my pledged word redeemed till I have seen the hard substance liquid like the river's stream, and behold them again hardened metal in my hands before the fire has gone wholly out from it. This I will do, and nothing else, and if you were to deceive me, you should yourself answer it to him who sent me. Thy poor body, aged as it is, should appear before him. I would throw back the miserable dirt for which you would sell your truth, though your life, and mine should buy it."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed Isaacs, shrinking away, and glad to be relieved from the gaze which seemed to penetrate his very soul. See some one comes—Ha! and a faint look of renewed hope passed across his face as he returned the salutation of Lyas's late companion. "See he continued," there is one who will watch my work, go, as I said, and when you return the metal shall be ready for you."

Before Lyas could answer, the stranger had come forward, and himself replied, "Isaacs, that will not do: I know that man. I will not buy that which rightfully he may not sell. Do his bidding, and take your lawful hire. It is the best bargain you will make this day."

"You will not buy!" exclaimed the disappointed dealer impetuously: "Then why mislead me? Why receive my message? Why appear here now?"

"Enough, enough," said the stranger, showing a little of the impatience which Isaacs' manner was so well calculated to produce. "Enough; go to your work. This man and I would have a word or two together."

On this, making a moaning sound as he murmured his discontent to himself, Isaacs proceeded to collect together some of the utensils necessary for melting down the silver flagons and other sacred vessels which Norwood produced from the basket he had carried, and before half an hour had elapsed he had commenced his melancholy work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT POETRY.

There still remains an important question: Is the cultivation of a taste for poetry good for the mind; is it wholesome; or useful?

Poetry, as I have said, is addressed to the imagination; and the imagination is unquestionably a faculty of the mind, as completely recognised as either the understanding or the memory, the affection, or the will. Whatever therefore is the legitimate food and support of the imagination must have a healthy influence on the whole mind, provided always, of course, the order of nature is observed, both as to quantity and quality; so that there is no surfeit and no substitution of poison for wholesome nourishment. There is a morbid appetite for poetical beauty, which is most pernicious: even too much of what is wholesome is enervating and unhealthy; but the ends which a moderate use of poetry was made to serve are very important indeed.

Next to faith which is supernatural, there is something which "makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present," like imagination; and we have high authority for saying that on this account "it advances us in the scale of thinking beings." Our material part is always trying to get the mastery over our spiritual part; and soon when it does not succeed, our hard, clear understanding is always engaged in civil war

with our affections. Now imagination restores the balance; asserts the superiority of mind over matter; of heart over head; for the affections are much more directly reached through the imagination than the understanding is. What is poetical or beautiful goes straighter to the heart than to the proud understanding. Then you always observe that people who have no perception of what is beautiful, are hard, dry, proud, and unavailable. They are everything that children are not; and all children have an exquisite sense of what is beautiful. The "working classes," too, as they are called have often a very delicate perception of such beauty as they can understand, or are ever in the way of meeting with. Some of their expressions are highly poetical; poetry finds an echo in their hearts, till they are hardened, and their imagination is in consequence dulled by a long course of privation and exclusion from what is good. Now all that the imagination can do for us, the cultivation of poetry directly promotes; for imagination lives upon it, and is principally kept in activity by its means.

But I fancy some of my readers may be thinking that they have known many good and kind souls who never could enjoy a line of poetry in their lives, and yet were simple, gentle, tender, and beautiful in their own quiet way. I too have known some such persons; and so has every one. But books of poetry are not all that is meant by poetry, as I have already shown; and wherever you find an affectionate, tender character, you may be sure that an entrance for beautiful thoughts is lurking somewhere; if not for other peoples' thoughts in books, for ideas derived, perhaps, from some nearer source.

An objection of another kind is not at all uncommon. From what we read in some ascetic books, and from the lives of some of the saints, one should imagine that whatever is beautiful is unsuited to us in this world of trial; and therefore wrong to cultivate. Some holy persons used to turn away from beautiful scenery; others closed their hearts to all the beauty of friendship and affection; and so on. What they thought wrong, may not be right for any one to indulge in. The very idea of its being so, often spoils the enjoyment of the most beautiful things.

This is a common enough objection, with a little reflection, it will be seen that there is no real difficulty in it. I must go back to what I have already said, as to Poetry, or beauty being the support of the imagination. If our

imagination is a part of the priceless gift of mind which we have received from our beautiful Creator, and if, as I fully believe, he has given us all that is beautiful to feed that faculty, and direct it ultimately to himself, it can never be wrong to make use of his gifts. That some holy persons have been especially inspired by himself to detach themselves perfectly, even from some of those gifts, is no reason why every one should force themselves to do the same. Some persons, like the old hermits and modern contemplatives, have renounced pleasant food and the innocent recreation of society; to be consistent, if our objector renounces whatever is beautiful because some saints have done so, he ought to retire to a cave, and live on bread and water; for other saints have done so, too. The truth is, those very instances of perfect detachment were the effects of certain causes, not the causes themselves. They did not originate in an idea, such as I am combating, that what is beautiful unsuitable and wrong, but they arose from the pre-occupation of the mind by beauty of another and more perfect kind; with the beauty of God himself. All beauty of whatever kind is only the reflection of that; when the spiritual eye of a saint had reached that, like an eye filled with strong light, it could not see objects less illuminated. The tone of mind of the holy person alluded to, was as far as possible removed from the dry or formal temper which would fear danger in the moderate and innocent enjoyment of God's gifts. They used his gifts to draw them so near to himself, that soon his gifts ceased to satisfy them, they did not decline his gifts for fear of displeasing him, as the principle under review tends to do. Let us be simple, and affectionate, and like children, towards our dear, generous Lord; and we shall be afraid of nothing, when we are conscious of a pure intention, and try to see everything as His beautiful gift. If he, by and bye, should attract us through his gifts, to nearer, more perfect union with himself, it will be time enough then to think of closing our eyes to what is less attractive. But then there will be no fear about it; probably not even the consciousness of the act; it will be the simple result of the instinct of perfect love.

I must add that I feel very warmly on this subject; and for two reasons. (1.) I am persuaded it is so bad for people to start with imperfect notions of what the saints did and felt; and, beginning at the wrong end of things, to try to work backwards to do and feel

the same; it does no good; they will never get, by this way, either to act or feel like saints. And (2.) I quite dread the effect of such unnatural ideas, on persons who have not even the desire of being more perfect; they will not distinguish between the real claims of religion, and these artificial and unreal, but sincere attempts at perfection; they will entirely lose sight of the loving and beautiful side of God, and will subside into dry formality, or total forgetfulness.

We have now examined the various sources of poetry; namely, all that is materially as well as spiritually beautiful in nature; and which has been made known to us by revelation. I propose now to say something about some of our English poets, by way of drawing the attention of our young readers of poetry to the writings of certain authors whom I wish them to make better acquaintance with.

It is quite certain that there is a class of poetry peculiarly popular with each successive age of its readers. Very young persons are more easily taken with what sounds beautifully than with what contains beautiful ideas, concealed under a less attractive exterior dress. They ask for something smooth and sparkling, though it is only superficial. They will not thank you for poetry which requires a little study to get at the author's meaning; their ideas of gold-digging are confined to picking up bits of precious ore on the surface of the ground, or in the bed of a shallow mountain-stream. They will not dig for it; the idea of a deep mine, which they could work in for years, and never exhaust, would rather repel such young gold-finders. Poets like Moore and Sir Walter Scott, and the writers of our best old ballads, will always be favorites with such persons. I mean, to the exclusion of other poets; for every one must admire what is really admirable in these writers; easy, flowing diction, active fancy, and great powers of description. With very many persons these remain firm favorites all their lives. With many more, Byron's writings are the only stage of advance which they ever reach. It is with many minds as with some nations; they remain young always; their tastes, thoughts, feelings never mature; ballads remain the stock literature of such nations; Moore and Scott, and such as they, represent the favorite food of such minds. We may feel glad that there is provision made so cheaply for their enjoyment.

The natural tendency, however, of a mind alive to the beauties of poetry, is to advance; to outlive in great measure its early state of

satisfaction with shallow meaning, even und the garb of elegant language. As it matures it learns to ask for thoughts worthy of a great poetic genius; it is not repelled by a rough exterior, from breaking the shell and extracting the precious kernel. To a mind at the stage of its progress, the writings of COLERIDGE are a welcome acquisition. It will there find an abundant and varied repast. Strong a manly thought; a glowing imagination; a often a melodiousness of versification unsurpassed by any other English poets. Any one wishing an introduction to Coleridge may begin with the following more popular examples of his style; a poem entitled *Love* (Pickering Aldine Edition, 1840) vol. I., page 14; *Phantom or Fact*, vol. II., page 70; and *Day Dream*, page 74. After these may come the *Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*. When these are appreciated, the student will be prepared to relish all that is beautiful in the too brief and too fragmentary writings of the great man, whose greatest work must probably be considered his incomparable translation *Wallenstein*. I must be permitted to add a short extract from one of his finest compositions. I wish I had room for the whole of it. It is entitled *A Hymn before sunrise, in the vale of Chamouni*, vol. I., page 183.

"Thou too near mount! with thy skye-pointed peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure sea
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

Now with a total disregard of all chronological order, I am going to invite every student of poetry to open GEORGE HERBERT's poem with me, and to admire the pure Saxon English, the abundant raw-material of thought, occasionally the sweetness of versification which he will find in that old writer. Here is a specimen.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall wrap thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

But I hasten back again to our own century ; and in the poems of SHELLEY I would gladly persuade my companion to look for an almost inexhaustible vein of poetic thought. There is a general prejudice against the writings of this unfortunate son of genius, which like many prejudices as widely spread, has little foundation in truth. No doubt, in extreme youth, Shelley composed and published a poem called *Queen Mab* which he lived to regret, and which is certainly too painful to read ; the notes especially are open to the severest censure. But *Queen Mab* is almost the only part of Shelley's voluminous works which is to be avoided from any fear of a shock to the Christian or moral instinct. His own beautiful mind is always thirsting so intensely for something better than what he finds in the world of sense, for some ideal of spiritual existence, that I know no author, not professedly religious, who harmonises more perfectly with the Christian temper of mind which is always desiring something beyond this visible frame of things, something purer, higher, more divine. His imagination is overflowing with glorious visions of animate and inanimate beauty ; his numbers are unsurpassed in exquisite melody by the best authors in the classical age of English poetry. I may add, by way of assuring any timid reader that he will find Shelley exceedingly safe and improving company, that the distinguished author of the *More's Catholics* is evidently familiar with his writings, and sees them freely. The elegant passage which concludes the Beatitude of Mercy owes its best images and even expressions to Shelley's "*Adonais*," an elegy which he dedicated to the memory of Keats.

In a word it is impossible to imagine the capability of our language, its pliancy, and copiousness, unless one is familiar with the works of Shelley. He was a diligent student

of the best Greek models of composition ; and as Milton did much to assimilate our language to the Latin idiom, I think Shelley may be said to have done much in a Greek direction. I hardly know which of his writings to commend most highly. Many persons are familiar with some of the shorter ones, such as *The Cloud*, *The Skylark*, and others. These, beautiful as they are, give an imperfect idea of the powers displayed in his longer poems ; such as *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, *The Witch of Atlas*, (imagination) and *Adonais*. I have only room for one short example, not I believe generally known :

"THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

"Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's boundless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret rest
On the tree or billow ?"

When our student of poetry has reached this stage of his reading, he will be prepared to enjoy the somewhat peculiar, and not very attractive style of WORDSWORTH. That great poet will never be a favorite with minds of the juvenile type I spoke of a while ago. Persons to whom Scott, Moore, and even Byron are the arbiters of taste will ever condemn his homely, rough, and ponderous exterior. But if you are content to overlook that, and accept great and beautiful thoughts, lying at the heart of autumnal severity, Wordsworth will be a whole library of poetry to you. He can be musical, too, when he likes ; take an exquisite stanza from an exquisite poem, *Laodamia* :

"He spoke of love ; such love as spirits feel,
In worlds whose course is equable and pure
No cares to beat away, no strife to heal
The past unsghed-for, and the future sure."

Or that other beautiful picture by the same master-hand :

"How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
How bright that heaven-directed glance !
Waft her to glory, winged powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood !
So looked Acilia, when she drew
An angel from his station ;
So looked ; not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration !

But hand and voice alike are still;
 No sound here sweeps away the will
 That gave it birth; in service meek
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,
 And one across the bosom lies—
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling;
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies
 Through the pure light of female eyes
 Their sanctity revealing."

Before leaving Wordsworth, I will just add, that it is rare to find a young person under twenty, who can appreciate this great poet. The power of doing so is one of the gifts of matured taste, which comes with "years that bring the philosophic mind." Oftener it is delayed till a more advanced period in life, still.

I will end this rambling talk about poets, by naming one, too early lost to literature; worn out, while yet young, by the delicate sensibility so often an attendant of the divine gift of genius. I mean JOHN KEATS. Why are so few persons familiar with Keats? Because he is a poet of thought, not of superficial feeling. If you will take my advice dear young student of poetry, go at once to your bookseller and order a copy of Keats's poems. Moxon's edition, 1850, will do very well; it is small and convenient in type, and costs only half-a-crown. If you are not inclined to buy it, borrow it if you can, and open it at the *Ode to a Nightingale*, and tell me if that is not quite beautiful; and when you remember the feverish, consumptive youth who imagined it, is not the closing stanza affecting?

"Forlorn! the very word is like a bull
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?"

Of the old poets, Spenser, Milton, Pope, and the rest, I cannot now speak particularly, except to say, that it is affectation to refuse them the homage which every past generation since their time as accorded to them, each in his due measure and proportion. Of Shakspeare I shall be thought to have said enough, when I have named him. All the world is agreed about him.

Neither can I now enter on the subject of the living poets of our time; Tennyson, Long-

fellow and the rest, are general favorites, and deservedly so. I will only caution their readers against an undue admiration of much that is eccentric in the latest school of poetry, which might distort their judgment against what is pure and classical and belonging not to the humor of the hour but to the finished taste of all time.

May I be permitted to close this medley, with an extract from "*A Defence of Poetry*," written by Shelley, the only finished prose work he left behind him.

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of the evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone; and always arising unforeseen, and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that even in the desire and regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of the subject. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility, and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences, as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can color all that they combine, with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlineations of life; and writing them, in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide;—abide, because there is no portal of expression, from the caverns of the spirit, which they inhabit, into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

"Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is deformed; it marries exultation and horror; grief and pleasure; eternity and change; it subdues under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches; and every force moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes, its secret alchemy turns to portable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the shifting beauty, which is the spirit of its forms."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. V.—BRITAIN IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

All Westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore.
And all the fertile land within that bound:—

Shakespeare.

The times in which we live are full of action; they are busy, speculating, and engrossing, without anything of heroic aim, or high principle: people work hard for utility, and act on common sense, and not on that strong unselfish principle which is called enthusiasm, and when they want relaxation they find it in fiction or satire. This is nature, but why should they lose the love of Historical truth? Why should they seek only the excitement of what is graphic and like the truth, without seeking that deep satisfaction, the consciousness that it is true. They will read an historical novel, but not History. The quiet course of history is too like what passes every day, and they have long since grasped its strong points and its results, and the rest is useless and tedious. One of the modern French writers has said, that if Homer had sung his Iliad in those days, it would have wearied his hearers, and how can such an impatient, busy public, endure to follow the slow succession of events, the years which elapse before savage nations become civilized, and a series of actions and events form a national character, and polity, and laws?

Still the question is unanswered, as to the difference to truth. The English reader of this day does not value truth, but art in literature; there must be style, and there must be chiaroscuro and effect, and grouping in events and personages, for the mild tints of nature are wearisome. Now the history of mankind is not an art, but it is the truth: the same truth as is found in other histories, in the natural world, or the animal and vegetable productions, or the laws on which the eternal world is governed, and we know how fiction would be rejected on these subjects. History is the record of the providence of God, who rules, gently and silently, not only the elements and the seasons, but the rise and fall of nations and individuals. But men will study the history of His world for their own amusement merely, and consider His ways in the world, as they would not dare to consider His was in the Church merely subjective, true,

only as they are taken at the pleasure of the individual.

But this is too grave a view, and too profound a principle to account for what is perhaps a mere whim and fashion of the day. Sometimes the public mind delights in antiquarian researches; in science, travels, knowledge of almost any sort. Just now the humor is for excitement of feeling, no matter what. The exquisite humor of Dickens and his school has destroyed every touch of romance in real life, and people take refuge in strong pictures, half fiction, and half truth, more developed and lifelike than the shadowy visions of poets, or the solemn panorama of historians. The personages must enact more definite parts than weak inconsistent mortals do in reality, and the events must not only be grouped, but wound up with scenic interest and poetical justice.

But whether people will, or, will not read, it is however still true, that the fourth century was a period of slow, but important change in Britain. The British nation was weakened and subdivided; and from their divisions arose the Celtic princedoms, which are now known as North and South Wales, and the little kingdoms of Cambria and Cornwall, which are now extinct, and their Celtic origin forgotten, except by a few names of persons and places, which tell the tale of former ages; and there was a colonization of Annorica or Little Britain which has left indelible traces on the people, and in the language of Brittany. But we will trace these changes as they happened. Under Constantine the Great, Christianity became the established religion of the Empire. That first Christian Emperor was born at York; for his father Constantius, when commanding the Roman Legion stationed in Britain, had married Helena daughter of Caewallor prince of Gwynneth, or North Wales, and it is not recorded what share that noble lady bore in training the mind of her son to conversion. She was herself canonized, and her discovery of the True Cross in Palestine is a glorious result of her devout pilgrimage in the Holy Land. Britain had at that time much intercourse with the continent. Three British bishops are recorded to have been present at the synod of Arles in 314, where it was decided that Easter should be observed at the time appointed at Rome for its celebration. The Britons, who were more impatient of subjection, had now begun to form themselves around their native princes; the chief of whom was the head of the noble house of Cynetha,

who held their court in Mona or in Caernarvonshire, where they were compensated by the arts of civilization by the true poetry which their bards learnt among the deep forests, and clear lakes, and lofty mountains of that western region, then called the Kingdom of Gwynedd, and to this period are referred many of the Triads or verses, where every stanza is closed with a moral truth. Many of these are still preserved, and it is remarkable that in them and in all the British poetry there is a knowledge and love of natural beauty very refreshing in the decay of the ancient classical literature, but that there is an almost total absence of every thing distinctively Christian. The triplets used by the Druids to convey their precepts continued long to be the model of British poets, and from these the Triads were composed.

DRUIDICAL VERSES.

In the Oak's high towering grove
Dwells the liberty I love—
Babblers from thy trust remove.

Fair the moon's resplendent bow
Shining on the mountain snow—
Peace the wicked never know.

Mid the snow, green woodbines rise—
All are bound by nature's ties—
Anger dwells not with the wise.

Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards.

The Princes of Powys, Cumbria, and Cornwall in this century are almost unknown, but those who consider England in the present day as unprecedented in its greatness and civilization, may be interested in learning the perfection which all the arts of life had attained during this period in the flourishing kingdom of South Wales, then in subservience to the Roman yoke. When we read the description of such a city as Caerlleon-on-Usk, we must allow that modern discoveries have not recovered the excellence possessed by the workmen who built and adorned that magnificent city, and in the judgment of the historian Turner, the thirty independent states of Britain had each a city not inferior. "Caerlleon was first built by the Roman nobility, with sumptuous edifices, a lofty tower, curious hot baths, temples, and theatres, of which the ruins remained in the time of Giraldus. The walls were then three

miles in circumference, and there were subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, baths, and hypocausts or stoves; and there were the vestiges of brick walls, which were often built in patterns, and there were gilded tiles." At Verulam also there were found subterraneous passages, the foundations of a palace, earthen vessels turned with a wheel, and vessels of glass, and every where the beautiful encaustic tiles arranged in patterns for the pavement: nay, so skilful were the British builders esteemed, that Constantine sent workmen from Britain to rebuild Autun.

The Prince of Cornwall was implicated in one of the saddest tragedies in Christian legends. At the end of the century, a most important emigration from Britain colonized that promontory of Gaul which is opposite to the coast of Cornwall. The Roman general Maximus led the flower of the British army to fight with Gratian for the empire of the west. He first conquered Annorica, and gave it to the British prince Conon, who remained there as King of Little Britain. Maximus led on the rest of his army to Italy, conquering both Gaul and Germany, and founding another kingdom of which Iviars was the capital. But he was defeated, and perished at Aquileia, and the thousands he had led from Britain never returned there: only a few struggled back to Annorica; while their native land, enfeebled by luxury, and now depopulated, was left a prey to the ravages of the Picts and Scots. Conon, with the true Celtic love of pure descent, desired that his people should not intermarry with the Gauls, but that British women should be sent into Annorica to be their wives. Dianotus, Prince of Cornwall, undertook to send his daughter Ursula, whom Conon wished to marry: and the noble lady went against her will, with eleven thousand maidens, who were compelled to accompany her on this heartless and perilous expedition, though Ursula, and many, if not all the rest, would have preferred to consecrate themselves by a religious life. The helpless women were put on board the rude vessels then in use; and those who have seen the beautiful paintings of Hemlin on the chase of St. Ursula at Bruges will be familiar with their adventurous voyage, and its storms, and their landing at Cologne. The Christian virgins were attacked by the Pagan Huns and Picts, and they were murdered on the shores of the Rhine, and their bones are preserved and venerated at Cologne, in the Church of St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

SKETCHES AND TALES.

Amongst the numberless and lasting benefits which, during the past few years, the radually increasing supply of cheap literature as conferred upon us, we know of none more valuable in itself or better deserving of our thoughtful gratitude than the intimacy which it has encouraged with the pleasing and graceful works before us. True indeed we may almost claim Irving as an English author, inasmuch as his more valuable works first appeared in this country, and must remember, long since the European celebrity of his name; it with that portion of the community to which some of the cheap literature of our time is a blessing, and whose tastes we are glad to think shrinks from contact with the mainder, the acquaintance with Washington Irving was very slight compared with what it is since his reappearance in a cheap form. His most valuable works still remained in expensive editions, and the knowledge of them for many, who could appreciate and admire them, was either denied altogether or derived merely from extracts in other works from his sketches and Tales.

Like "the pale student from other lands," drifting out in times of old for some celebrated seat of Moslem elegance and ere Washington Irving came to this country in early life to study its refinement and to enjoy its ease. Nor did he bring with him so far his numerous writings can show, any passions or prejudices, [to impede his mental cultivation amongst the scenes and in the lands which he had learned to reverence on the banks of the Hudson. In his Sketches and Tales, through which we venture to predict his name will be longest and most fondly remembered, we find no thoughtless sneer at the failings of others, no narrow-minded denunciation of manners or customs at variance with his own. Journeying in many lands, and mingling with societies in different stages of civilization,—at one time musing over the calm beauties of rural life in England, or lingering at some memorable nook in London; at

another time observing the lively peculiarities of the quick-witted Spaniard, rambling with bandits in Italy and Naples, or noting down the prominent features of Paris after the Restoration: again hunting the buffalo in the trackless prairie, weathering the thunder-gust on the Hudson, pursuing his "wispering way through the dreamy world of waters," or squatting round the midnight fire with some Indian tribe; in all the many chapters of thoughts and observations he has left us, we invariably meet the same warm charity and wide benevolence; and fascinated with his manly feeling and graceful observation, we close the volume with his own tribute to Shakspeare on our lips,—well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language. *

Long, long ago, we made the acquaintance of this delightful writer in a nursery volume of tales, which included the stout gentlemen. We well remember the genial pleasure it afforded, for as such was the fruit of its truth, the remembrance could not pass away. We well remember how vividly each scene rose before our childish mind, for as such was the fruit of nature and feeling, not of excitement and art, its memory could not fade. Years have since passed away, and our share of life has done its work with the feelings of those days, but the charm of that tale is ever present with us still, when we devote a few hours to Irving.

Surely, he says, I shall not have written entirely in vain, if I can, by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow, or rub one wrinkle from the brow of care.* With such a purpose he deserved to succeed, and with so much feeling and so great talents he could not easily fail. In the sketches and tales, which we purpose first to consider, we believe the most striking peculiarities to be, their profound sympathy with the beautiful and good in human nature, while yet they can admire the brave and noble, their warm admiration for the hospitalities and social kindness of by-gone days, while still they never undervalue the advanced refinement of our times. Studying rural life, with a mind tasteful and kindly, he loves to notice some "tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier

the Works of Washington Irving, in 10 vols. John, 1853.

Irving's Roost, by Washington Irving, 1 vol. Conable, 1855.

of Washington, 2 vols. 1856.

* Collected works, 2—125.

* Ibid, 11—175.

natives of the fields;" some instance of "poverty decently came by and honestly maintained;" the sunny brightness of innocent youth, or the easy garrulity of cheerful old age. Following the quiet rural funeral, he will descant for hours on the old funeral offerings, acutely criticise the old superstitions—often so ingenious, and always so full of meaning,—and in the midst of dissertation frequently proving extensive research, he will note how "the hand strews the flower, while the heart is warm and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod." With the just feeling so honorable to him, he warmly appreciates, amidst these haunts, the beauty of their pastoral poetry, readily acknowledges that his countrymen have none such, and warmed with enthusiasm amid historic and poetic scenes, he loves to call England the parent land.

With his large mind and feeling heart he wandered about England, and well read in her literature, he has left us sketch after sketch of her peculiarities and foibles, of her stoutness of heart and matter-of-fact wisdom, of her pity for the unfortunate and her kindness to the stranger. Although the woods and fields where he can muse over external beauty, or the old ruins and out-of-the-way crannies, where he can hunt up a tradition, are evidently most to his fancy, he is yet far too observant not to make due note of characteristic feelings, and far too thoughtful not to look deeply into peculiar minds. In his remarks on character he would occasionally bear comparison with Penderennis, but that though sometimes mournful he is never caustic, and though constantly sportive he is always just. In his friendship for quick and fanciful analogy, keen notice, and pithy remark, he would bear comparison with Pickwick himself, while in his pages there is an absence of labor, repetition or frivolity, no prevalence of nasty smells, or lingering over nauseous decay. His style is constantly enlivened with pleasant remarks and witty comparisons, while few know better how to close a paragraph or chapter with a nice little bit of fun. "The Skinners and Cowboys, famous in revolutionary story, were apt to make blunders and confound the property of friend and foe; neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off, nor when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George."*

Or again—"In the present very old and enlightened age of the world, when the human intellect is perfectly competent to the management of its own concerns, and needs no special intervention of Heaven in its affairs, the trial by jury has superseded superhuman ordeals; and the unanimity of twelve discordant minds is necessary to constitute a verdict. Such a unanimity would, at first sight, appear also to require a miracle from Heaven; but it is produced by a simple device of human ingenuity. The twelve persons are locked up in their box, there to fast until abstinence shall have so clarified their intellects that the whole jarring panel can discern the truth, and concur in a unanimous decision. One point is certain, that truth is one and is immutable—until the jurors all agree they cannot all be right."*

Although an author of necessity, he is also one by inheritance, and although his pages are singularly free from any trace of labor or poverty of thought, they constantly bear evidence of much application and care. In his well known letter to Sir Walter declining a permanent literary appointment, he states as his reasons that his talents were desultory, that he was unfitted for any allotted literary task, and that he must continue to write when he could, not when he would. Even with this secret of the prison-house before us we rarely meet with anything impulsive or unfinished. All his sketches are no doubt admirable for vigor and freshness, but are also in their dissertation generally "read up," and in their thought always elaborate. His tales though slight and frequently breaking short-off in the denouement of their plot, though always entertaining, and often even exciting, also prove carefully he composes, and are more frequently written with a well meditated purpose than merely to amuse. In the *Student of Salamanca*, for instance, he describes the wondrous fascination of the study of alchemy, and proves his own acquaintance with its literature. In *Philip of Pokanoket* he gives us a just estimate of the Red man, brings forward his endurance, but does not hide his duplicity, and while interesting us in his fate does not increase our regret for the seeming aggression of civilization. In many other tales too, throughout much bright coloring and charming adventure, he evidently intends to show that the "something truly magnetic in the vagabond feeling," if indulged, only gets into mischief and ends in disappointment. That our author is now and again guilty of book-making we do not attempt to deny, as might

argued from the tales, used to "fill up"—ing too long for the purposes which they ostensibly ushered in—to pass away a dull morning or the like—still they are of so much merit in themselves that we would not be without them for the world. He cannot however expect our credulity to accept as *bona fide* his bright humored deviation of old chronicles and black letter volumes, since his own witty notices of "plaine descriptions" and "true counts" very obviously prove that the dusty old tomes are prime favorites with himself.

Neither, of course, do we at all believe the sketches, true to nature as they assuredly are, as the fruit of imagination than of observation, however patient and thoughtful the latter may be. Their plan almost uniformly, seems

to be elaborate description, often indeed erudite, and always thoughtful, but less of what the author experienced or observed unexpectedly, than of those scenes and peculiarities which from early reading he came prepared to study. Occasionally, too, we meet a little old-tale anecdote or phrase worked into an elaborate sketch of character after having met with it in more natural company before. Thus for instance, in the exquisite little paper, *The English Country Gentleman*, where our author's imagination was unrestrained, we meet with the identical remark put into the mouth of a dependant of the squire which Tom Purdie makes to Sir Walter in the *Visit to Abbotsford*, where of course there is less room for fiction. The Squire, too, makes a little mistake in quoting the Persian maxim about the education of his sons which Scott makes use of under exactly the same circumstances. In his notice also of popular superstitions, may-day customs and the like, there is evidence of rather more research than would seem naturally to be called for, or indeed likely to be encouraged, during a casual visit to "Brace-ridge Hall."

These are however very slight blemishes and may arise from our own perhaps foolish unwillingness to accept the Sketches as altogether imaginative; and it may be too in some that the same sense that we have little hesitation in choosing *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey* as our prime favorites from amongst them all. In all the carefully-drawn portraits which by this time we possess of the author of *Waverley*, we know of few which we feel to be so true, and none which is so pleasant. Irving enjoyed that visit as many who know and love Scott well through his works would have enjoyed it, and has given us a memorial

of it, as thousands would have loved to remember it. Where do we find so charming a record of the modesty of Scott's genius, where such truthful observation of his "milk of human kindness." In these genial pages we see Scott's bright-humored countenance, and listen to his characteristic conversation, admire his noble appreciation of contemporary merit, and his manly pride in his children, his peculiar friendship for historic reliques, and his warm-hearted affection for his dogs. Who so clearly shews us that "the play of his genius was so easy that he was unconscious of his mighty power, and made light of those sports of intellect that shamed the efforts and labors of other minds." Who so vividly describes his humor in conversation as in his works, genial and free from all causticity, his quick perception of faults and foibles while yet he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil." Truly we know of no more beautiful memorial of the affection and esteem of one gifted mind for another—kindred though grander one, than this charming sketch closing as it does with the pleasing acknowledgement—"I consider it one of the greatest advantages which I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit, and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which I trust will soon be piled aloft, with the contributions of abler hands."

In the sketch of Newstead Abbey which follows, we have a graceful tribute to the memory of our well-loved Giaour, and his "bright morning star of Annesley." This paper, if more careful and observant than that on *Abbotsford*, is of course without the charm of the latter's warm friendship and feeling, and is interesting chiefly from its tasteful mention of localities and scenery alluded to in the writings of Lord Byron. Enthusiasm is of course also there: the probable future had the bright face that smiled on the boy, afterwards shone on the man, is traced as all do now, and Irving, too, mourns the follies, worships the genius, and hopes that

"Mercy will blot out the rest."

Ye who can understand the poetic fancy for smugglers and robbers, can listen to the gossipings of water-carriers round the old moresco wells, or to the old veteran brooding over his wrongs; who can appreciate the in-

herent dignity of the Spanish character—often familiar, but never vulgar, or can receive the numberless traditions and fanciful customs of the Spanish people, as worthy memorials of their wondrous past; go ramble with Irving amongst the crumbling watch towers, and ruins, the beautiful gardens and sparkling fountains of amorous Andalusia, or along the flowery banks of the Tagus. Climb with him, the hill of the Alhambra, and hear him call to mind its past splendor, while he mourns for its present decay. See him mingling in kindness and familiarity with a decaying though polished people, and gathering together their graceful traditions. In the *Tales of the Alhambra* we have the same evidence of extensive reading, and careful composition; and although from his additional experience, and more matured feeling he does not so frequently acknowledge his enthusiasm when amongst the memorable ruins and fertile plains of Andalusia; as in his earlier sketches amid colder climes we; yet feel, in his warm coloring, and more finished description, that his enthusiasm is as strong as ever in the cause of the graceful Arabian or murdered Abencerrage. Although sometimes led away by the charms of that lovely clime and its crowding historic memories, into fits of musing, yet amidst all the beauties of nature—the bees among the flowers, and the doves in the olive trees, he is true to a wiser instinct in his observations, and as thoughtfully regards the peculiar character of the bright humored people—its blending of Gothic sense with Arabian fancy, its passion for storytelling, and love of the marvellous. Here is all the Oriental credulity, and wild, though graceful romance of the *Arabian Nights* without their occasional extravagance and culpable warmth, were are thought, tone, and color in harmony with the sunny lands described, fine taste which must cultivate, and thoughtful deduction which must improve: and here truly is another elegant memento of a brave, and intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away.*

In closing this notice of Irving's sketches and tales we may observe that our object in adorning our pages with his name is even less for the purpose of esteem for his genius and of gratitude for his works, than to cause our younger readers to turn to his pages and make an acquaintance which we feel assured they will never regret in after life. They will find the same warm and open heart in the last page as in the first, the same keen

and thoughtful eye, which fascinated them in one volume, sparkling in all. In these pages they will observe the advantage of good fortune without arrogance, and of adversity without bitterness; the waywardness of youth leading to the disappointment of manhood, and the undisciplined talents of boyhood ending in the good-for-nothing feebleness of old age. And if discouraged by the apparently mean result of exertion or disappointed with the extent of their acquirements, they may take counsel from this accomplished and graceful instructor, who, while he wisely reminds them that accurate and extensive knowledge is the slow acquisition of a studious lifetime,* yet prompts them to study, and encourages them to persevere.

THE MUDDLETONIANS;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. VIII.

Within an hour of the events narrated in the last chapter, another train whirled along its iron way towards Muddleton. In two contiguous carriages of this, travelled Mrs. Lillypegs and myself, and separated from us only by the wooden partition, the mayor of Muddleton and his friend and expected guest, the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio. These two had met at the station, and of course journeyed together.

"A providential coincidence," said the Timbuctoo preacher. "I cannot be in more improving and useful company." The compliment was received with a bow and a smile, and his worship, mayor Popson, became thereby a much greater man than before in his own estimation.

We arrived at Daruley station just at the height of the uproar caused by the supposed crime of Father Ambrose. I could scarcely at first obtain information of the real state of the case, but when I did, the idea of the good priest committing a crime, and such a crime, never for a moment entered my mind.

"It must be some mistake," thought I, "or some new machination of the bigots." Just then the Timbuctoo missionary stepped out on the platform, and for the second time that day

* Collected Works, IV-30.

* Woolfart's Roost, 84.

caught an expression in his face—I had noticed it first in the bookseller's shop—that had me to believe I had seen that Reverend gentleman before, and not under the most favorable circumstances. Old events, long since forgotten, at once rushed back on my memory; I felt ure hew as the same. This conviction gave me no small satisfaction, as it would enable me to unmask the hypocrite on the first opportunity. I thought it best to stay in Darnley for the night, and see the end of it. I stepped out of the train to go to an inn, accompanied by Mrs. Lillypegs whose loquacious indignation I had been for sometime unable to restrain, and now burst forth with considerable vehemence.

"The savage villains!" went on the little lady, as she hobbled along, for her leg was weak yet; "the Indian cannibals! To lay their unbelieving hands on that saintly man! Hugh, if I were a man, they would not hold him a moment. I'll be bound it's that ugly Holy is at the bottom of it, the vampire! O, my dear good Father Ambrose, to think that you are in the hands of these wretches, these Jews, these Turks,....." She was fairly out of breath with her excitement, and I was very glad when I got her inside the inn.

The late occurrences had greatly discomposed my mind, and with a perfect conviction of the Father's innocence, and the greatest desire to help him out of his awkward position, I yet knew not what plan to adopt. It was till early in the evening, and after taking some refreshments in the inn parlor, I sallied forth into the main street of Darnley to gather up what fragments of information should come in my way. The popular excitement had somewhat gone down; here and there the gossips stood in little groups at public house doors discussing the events of the day, and two armed policemen stood sentinels at the entrance of the station house. I walked on almost mechanically until I came to the last houses of the long street, and found myself in the open country. The weather was beautiful: a clear full moon had just risen in unclouded heavens; here and there a paling star, as the courtier of the queen of the night, feebly twinkled in the sky, rendered all but invisible by the splendor of the large silver orb. Yet no dew fell on the parched earth, and the gentle breeze brought from the not far distant sea a moist fragrance which almost certainly indicated a change of weather. I walked on and on, wrapped up in my unconscious musings until I reached the edge of

Darnley chase which there skirted the high road nearly a mile. As the moon rose in the heavens, her splendor became dimmed by gathering vapors; the evening breeze had gradually freshened, clouds seemed to rise from the river, and quickly overspread the sky but an hour before so serene, and before long large drops of rain announced the coming storm.

I was deliberating whether I could reach the inn at Darnley in time to escape the rain, or whether I should not seek temporary shelter in some outlying cottage, when I saw a man emerge from the wood into the high road a hundred yards before me. He stood still for a moment, and carefully looked to the right and to the left to see if any one was in sight. I was close to the trees, in the deep shade, and he evidently did not perceive me, as after a momentary pause, he walked on, carefully avoiding the lighter side of the road. His mysterious movements induced me to follow. "Who knows but he may be the murderer?" thought I. A quarter of a mile further on was a lane running down to the river side, and half-way down that lane stood a small public house called "The Crooked Billet." Into this house entered the man, not, however, without again pausing before the door, and watchfully looking round.

Meanwhile the darkness increased as the drifting clouds had thickened one over the other, and completely obscured the moon. The rain came down faster every moment: the night would be a dirty one; I must go to the little inn, and ask for shelter. I waited some time, however, under a tree, lest my coming in so quickly after the other man should excite suspicion. When I entered the kitchen of "The Crooked Billet," there were two men, in the attire of country laborers, crouching over the blazing wooden fire. They barely looked at me as I entered, and resumed their position stolidly gazing at the flickering flames. The woman of the house had been eyeing me rather curiously, as I imagined; and truly the place was seldom intruded upon by persons of my appearance. I muttered that I was driven in by the weather, having left Darnley for an evening walk: and as it was getting late, and the storm gave no indication of soon abating, I begged for a bed, however humble, and slipped a crown piece into the woman's hand. This at once restored her confidence. She took up a bed-room candle, and showed me up stairs to a very small, but neat enough looking apartment, and bidding me good night, closed the door and withdrew.

I had seen nothing of the strange man who had come in before me; the two men in the chimney corner were poachers preparing to go to the wood, as I had noticed gun-barrels peeping from under some old clothes in a corner. I remained some time pondering in my little room, and after saying my usual night-prayers, I got into bed. I did not notice before, how intense the darkness had become, and the wind howled most furiously outside, and shook every part of the old cottage. Conflicting thoughts and an undefinable anxiety did not allow me to close my eyes. I lay for more than an hour turning restlessly on my bed, until the hour of eleven struck distantly on the Darnley church-clock bell. I then heard some doors open and close, and all again was still. But no! Is it the rain pattering so violently close my head? It sounds as if some one were washing linen. Surely it is so; I rose on my bed and listened. The washing, and splashing, and pouring of the water went on in some place close behind my bed. Hark! a man's voice. What does he say? "This accursed blood! It won't wash off. I wish I had never met him..... O God! a murderer at last!....."

I quickly but softly rose, listening all the while, and put on my clothes, having determined upon a course of action. When I was ready, I listened again, and through the key-hole of my door, I saw a man in what appeared to be a back kitchen or wash-house, standing half-dressed and busily washing stains of blood from some garment. His back was towards me, and I could not discern his features. Just then, some money dropped from the garment, and as he quickly stooped to pick it up, he muttered again: "Accursed gold, accursed gold! Blood for gold, oh, how red it looks!..... after all, it will scarce take me to America!..... Oh, that I had never seen the man!" He turned his face at that moment, and I recognised Pourforth, the city missionary.

To leave the house, and, if possible, unperceived, was now my object. The murderer was very pale, and as he sat before the expiring fire holding up his steaming clothes to dry, his convulsive agitation and trembling showed, that already the hand of God was upon him, and that corroding remorse was eating deeply into his wretched soul and avenging the bloody deed. Unconnected words and broken sentences fell at intervals from his lips, partly revealing the agony and the conflict within. He would nervously look round, then rise and

sit again, or go towards the back-door and listen trembling as an aspen leaf in the summer gale "O God, O God! canst Thou forgive..... What's that?.....its only the wind rattling the shutters.....I must go before it is light, but then they will suspect me!....." The wretched man became alive, however in the midst of all his fear, to the necessity of instant action, and the equal necessity of rest, so that the next day no appearance of his features should reveal the unholy work of the night. He therefore rose again as soon as his garments were sufficiently dry, and taking the vessel with its contents, he softly opened a door leading into the back yard, to throw the water away.

This was my opportunity. I quickly and noiselessly passed through the wash-house into the yard, and succeeded in hiding myself unperceived behind a projecting wall until Tippy had gone in again. When all was safe, I ran through the back garden into the lane, and thence into the high road on my way to Muddleton to give information to the police. I thought it better to go to the latter place than to Darnley, as, unless the real culprit were known before the morning, it might fare very badly with the priest on his return home, I heeded neither wind nor rain, and notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day in town and my present condition, my legs seemed to have found wings, and I was at the Police-office in Muddleton before the night was far advanced. Rumors of the Darnley murder had of course reached that place, and also of the supposed criminality of Father Ambrose. Late as it was, one of the magistrates and the Superintendent of the Police were up and closeted together, advising as to what was to be done in the case. I told my tale, its circumstantial nature could not allow them to refuse some credence to it. It was decided that a warrant should be immediately despatched with a proper force for the apprehension of Pourforth. The police found him in bed, utterly at a loss to account for this speedy overtaking of justice, and before day-light the next morning the Muddleton jail safely immured the trembling body of Mr. Pourforth, alias Tippy, or King of Timbuctoo.

I had been advised by the magistrate not to speak of the share I had had in this business, until summoned to do so in court, for fear of impeding the course of justice. This was very reasonable. On my return to Darnley, I gave out at the inn that I had been driven by the weather to seek shelter in a

ide house, and thus prevented any awkward questioning as to my doings during the

At an early hour, Father Ambrose, ed by the police and no inconsiderable er of the tag-rag of Darnley to whom ght of a Priest in trouble was a pleasing y, made his appearance in the parlor e nearest J.P. who happened to be a t enough gentleman, not particularly of bigotry. I also accompanied the r, though unseen by him, and as a matter venience and precaution, I had previously ged to induce Mrs. Lillypegs to return ddleton by the first morning train, for ady outpouring of her feelings at all hours a whatever company, might not in this stance have done much good. I was ted, as a friend of the priest's, into the trate's private parlor where the exami- was to be held. The police were beg to read the charge, when the magistrate ed a note by a special messenger from leton. He at once addressed the incul- Father :

everend Sir," said he in a courteous tone, ret that through the injudicious zeal of dlice, you should have been placed in so asant a position. I need not say that e free, as the guilty party in this melan- affair has been arrested, with every ood of a speedy conviction of the offence, s I cannot recall your unworthy treat- of last night, I beg you to accept the pology I can make for the same," e Father bowed his thanks, and with-

e report of Father Ambrose's discharge uestody, did not seem to please the mob e the gate." The magistrate thought it nt for the Priest to leave his house by a e door, at the back of his grounds. I back to Muddleton alone, and I supposed Father would rather return home un- panied, and as privately as possible. He ed in doing this without being noticed lested. In his parlor he found a knot friends, anxiously awaiting his return, incerely and joyfully congratulated him is escape from this great tribulation. Lillypegs, who was there of course, was ularly boisterous in her exultation, and the whole tribe of heretical villains roast some day in a rather unpleasant she did! A look of reproach from Father ose upbraided and checked her intempe- al, and brought forth from her a counter that the vile sinners would turn in time

from their evil ways. A short consultation among the priest's friends resulted in a resolution to send two of their number, to warn the chief magistrate of the town of what the public rumor but too faithfully foreboded would be an awful day for the Catholics of Muddleton, and to request he would adopt stringent measures for the protection of their persons and property. It was not indeed expected by them that much good would be the result, for the sapient mayor, true-blue bigot as he was, pretended to disbelieve there was a foundation for their fears, while he had secretly connived at, if not directly encouraged, the plottings of the conspirators. He pooh-pooh'd their information, talked very magniloquently about our enlightened age, religious liberty, and his determined purpose to put down any disorderly attempt against the public peace. Within a couple of yards of the deputation, in his worship's drawing room, sat and conspired at that very moment a knot of the choicest fanatics in England.

A few of the more notable friends of Father Ambrose promised to meet at his house on the following afternoon to defend their Pastor as circumstances might require. I had meanwhile returned to the "Old Inn" my former comfortable quarters. It was an excellent spot for observation, as it faced St. Gregory's Church and the Priest's house. A ship had arrived in the river the day before, from Italy, and one of her passengers, a Mr. Staunton, had put up at this excellent hostelry. We got acquainted over the dinner table. I found my new friend a well informed liberal and gentlemanly man, and the evening quickly and pleasantly passed away amidst our conversation on lands and scenes we both had beheld far away.

SPRING.

'Tis not the gloom of Winter's clouded days
The silence of the Woods, the barren plain,
That soonest from the eye in genial rain
The spirit's love distills. The light which plays
A moment on yon cloudy peak, nor stays
Till all its joy is lavished, ere it wane;
The note of thrush and cuckoo once again;
Among dark holly, and perennial bays
A tender green, born of the Winter's death;
Sunshine and stillness on the laughing flowers;
These soonest wake the spirit's secret springs:
In Easter skies are treasured readier Showers
Than float in gloom upon Good Friday's breath;
Joy to diviner Joy her tears in worship brings.

J.A.S.

KOSSUTH IN LIVERPOOL:— ANTAGONIST PRINCIPLES.

The object of M. Kossuth's visit to Liverpool was duplex. The state of his finances it appears renders it necessary he should lecture, and then he "has a mission" as the term of the time is when an intermeddler is particularly obtrusive. With the one we have nothing whatever to do; to the other we intend to devote a few remarks.

The Church has a mission, and so has the world. The Church has a master and so has the world; and both with great devotion apply themselves to their masters' work. In the accomplishment of their great purposes two principles utterly antagonistic and perpetually warring, are constantly proclaimed by either, and as constantly enforced, where grace gives power to the one and "the fallen one" has his triumph in the other. The one principle of which, His Holiness Pius IX. is a happy type, is the endeavor to retain the Ecclesiastical power distinct from that of the civil. The other, of which for the present M. Louis Kossuth presents himself to us as Representative, is that which would subordinate the former to the latter. In the one case the things of this world and those which are concerned in the world to come, are endeavored to be kept separate and apart, that we may not forget we live not for this world but for another. In the other, the great endeavor seems to be, to combine and confuse the things of this world and the next, for those who are movers in this method with a shrewdness that is of the world, make their calculations that if we deal with those things together, we shall assuredly neglect the more important. In severance we find it difficult to remember sufficiently the greater interest; implicate them with each other and the difficulty rises to the impossible. The new Apostle of the material element brings to his work considerable tact, much seeming liberality and not a little eloquence, in his recent addresses to a Liverpool audience.

Kossuth did not fail in conciliating the self-esteem which is more than ordinarily developed in the English character; and the hatred of "Popery" as our countrymen are pleased to phrase it, which runs so broadly through the humors, was surely fooled to the top of its bent. Listen to M. Kossuth and

you must arrive at the inevitable conclusion that to be a Catholic was a calamity; that a Catholic nation must be an evil to be repressed by every means, and that even foul means were legitimate against that which was incompatible with the happiness of the species. Well then, on the other hand, he tells you, that does not regard Catholics as black beasts all—that he rather likes them, and has some sort of lingering sense of obligation received of Catholics. As well indeed he may—but into this part of the case, time and other reasons forbid our entering. And as to a Catholic nation, he assures us, that Hungary, which, M. Kossuth notwithstanding, is a Catholic country, has been pre-eminently distinguished for its love of freedom. Now all his conclusions adverse to Catholicity as inimical to liberty, are based upon his knowledge or perversion of Hungarian history, and when we come to the end we find result falsified for theory. Hungary preserved liberty and was Catholic—Hungary loves liberty, and is Catholic. Is not the conclusion irresistible that liberty and Catholicity are perfectly compatible? Louis Kossuth says no; but he wishes to sweeten his no, so that his Catholic countrymen may not un stomach it. Again we find Kossuth tells us that his countrymen have always rejected Roman interference in the regulation of their ecclesiastical affairs—that they would not listen to a Pope for a moment, and they have always until now been perfectly independent of "the mother and mistress of all the churches." Suppose we receive this all unquestioned; what next does he propose for our acceptance? He tells us the present decadence of liberty in Hungary is attributable to Catholicity and that all the struggles for constitutional freedom have been carried on in opposition to that element for three hundred years. Well the Pope could be in no way responsible for this, for he has had no power. Neither is Catholicity responsible for it, because for many previous centuries the country had liberty without those struggles, and the truth after all seems to be, that the struggles and Protestantism commenced together; they are co-existent. This is the logical inference from Louis Kossuth's facts: and being a shrewd gentleman, and an argumentative, we recommend the conclusion to his attention.

Respecting those principles we have referred to in the commencement of this necessarily brief notice another phase of the national principle strikes us as worthy of remark. We

say the clergy know nothing of politics. And sooth to say despite some remarkable exceptions, we hold with the assertion. Our reasons for the opinion we shall probably give another time, and content ourselves with saying they do the clergy honor. We boast ourselves that we know nothing of church affairs, and we say this as men of the world not as Catholics—Yet we never cease to exert all our power and energy to obtain a paramount influence and control over that of which it is our boast that we know nothing! Are we not singularly inconsistent; and should we ever succeed how calamitous would be the consequences to ourselves? Haply, although we know this contest will endure, we have the divine assurance that the world will never triumph. We may therefore conclude that M. Louis Kossuth will fail, without any violent assumption. This man with his abilities and knowledge, must know that others have failed in the battle which he now wages; but blinded by the wisdom of the world, no doubt he persuades himself he knows the causes which have produced previous defeats, and that knowing these he may avoid them, and yet solve the problem which, whether under the Pagan or the Christian systems has not failed, throughout all time, to exercise the ingenuity of statesmen. But he too will fail—fail miserably, and add another to the long list of those who serve not as guides but as warnings, and which would teach men their folly, if the world were not too wise in its conceit for instruction.

In the conduct of Kossuth in thus undertaking a peripatetic onslaught on Catholicity, there is something singularly ungrateful. Whatever he was he owed to the confidence which Catholics placed in him; for they were Catholics who elected or advanced him to the governorship of Hungary. What he is he owes to the confidence they reposed in him: his is a light reflected from them. And now the return he makes them is to vilify the principles of their faith; to stigmatise the character of their citizenship, and to represent them as either fools who give up their whole existence to a system in which they can have no part, or as knaves who perpetuate a fraud in which, however, they cannot participate. It is true that M. Kossuth discharges his accusation of folly or knavery, by presenting his *claves* with a garment of hypocrisy wherewith they may be clothed. There are some Catholics, he says, who are friends of liberty but they are Catholics who anathematize the Pope. How

to designate these Catholics we have not far to choose; and we should pay this gentleman a poor compliment, if we did not say that he knows as well as we that such men whatever they are, are not Catholics. But he tells us that of such men has the majority of the Hungarian Nation been for centuries composed! that is, he tells us, that for centuries the majority of his countrymen have been hypocrites! It is a foul calumny; neither the men whose fiery zeal and holy chivalry beat back from Christendom the armies of the Moslem, nor their descendents, who haplessly relied upon Louis Kossuth, as a leader, in an hour of peril, were hypocrites. It is an unholy calumny upon the dead, and a base one upon the living. It is an evil to have this man, it is true, renew these attacks upon Catholics, because his antecedents afford a plausibility to his gain-saying. But it will convince the "fiery Hun" who trusted in him, how fragile was the reed he leant upon, and how little liberty he would enjoy, had Kossuth, in an evil hour, maintained the place to which Catholic trustfulness advanced him. Time and events convince us, as we journey through this life, that in the things of this world it is a wise providence, and a careful, which confounds our calculations. If Kossuth states now his real sentiments of Catholics, it is surely fortunate that Hungary has not Kossuth as a Governor; if he adopts those opinions to suit his position or his pocket, he descends at once from a Hero to a Humbug. He teaches his Catholic countrymen, however, in thus acting, a lesson which will inevitably be useful, and he relieves them of a difficulty. For it is evident Kossuth does not intend to return to Hungary, or he would not labour so zealously to prove that to Hungarian Catholics, his presence must be a danger. And call you this a statesman, who cannot see that while he elicits a bigot cheer in England, he is playing the game of Austria, in exciting the suspicion and disgust of the Catholics of Hungary? Silly, silly, Kossuth!

But one word in conclusion as to England. England has nothing to do with Concordats. They do not threaten her in the least, and it is a foolish Bull, indeed, which is irate because scarlet is hoisted in so distant a field as Austria. Moreover England cannot in the least, influence the religious state of Austria, and as to the idea of going to war with that Empire because of any arrangement with the Pope, Kossuth and inepts such as he may contemplate it, but no man of common sense believes in such a folly. In the war just closed, England

had enough to do even though France was her ally; in a war against Catholicity we need not say England would be likely to reckon France against her. But the folly will not be committed. Cheers cost little, and shouting is a cheap enjoyment. Squire Western found relief in swearing, and the gentlemen who, in our day, realise his intelligence and discretion, find ease, no doubt, in denouncing what they call "Popery." For our parts we think it excessively silly and though it is sometimes troublesome, yet seeing that Popery is no worse, but considerably better, after 300 years of such yelping, we can endure the thing with equanimity enough. But England, we say again, has nothing to do with Concordats. Kossuth's whole lectures prove this. In the name of all that is sensible, let England confine her consideration to that with which she has something to do. We have sufficient reliance upon England's worldly wisdom, to believe that she will take this advice. We doubt, therefore if in this new campaign, Kossuth will realise any money, or stir up war on any scale we know he will destroy his future.

Reviews.

The Youthful Martyrs of Rome. A Drama founded on Fabiola. London: BURNS and LAMBERT. 1 vol.

The title of this Drama will at once suggest that of the beautiful and now celebrated Tale on which it is founded. Once more, a few hours of pleasure are before us; of pleasure rarely sought indeed, but yet sometimes occurring—by which the mind is gratified, the taste pleased, and the heart opened; a pleasure in short, which leaves behind it the bright memory of time well spent, and of intelligence worthily employed—which awakens our better nature, and which conscience doth approve.

The pleasure which attends the perusal of narrative or fiction few men can despise, and anxious hours and laborious callings have long since decided on the value of this resource in weariness or pain. The fascination of one, or the excitement of the other, may pass away many an hour happily rescued from listlessness, or perhaps less worthy pursuits. They may draw many a useful lesson from the past, and prompt many a wise determination for the future. They may send us in pursuit of sounder

knowledge, and give proof of much valuable experience themselves. They may afford us many glimpses of inner nature, whisper many secrets of the prison-house, and make known the too common baseness of the human heart, and the too frequent unworthiness of human motive. They may open out before us many phases of human suffering, many instances of agony in cheerfulness, and of comparative ease in despair. They may show us the manliness of endurance in the cause of right, and the misery of obstinacy in the pursuit of wrong: the courage of fighting for one's own, and the meanness of coveting that of another. But granting all this to the fictions of our time, mindful of much that is good, and much that is harmless, we yet ask where are those, in which the cause advanced, which is the cause of heaven, in the arguments used; are the arguments of religion; in which the love excited is the love of God?

Such is the merit we would claim for the tale on which this drama is founded, and stating that it is faithful to its origin, we need praise it no more. The superficial blemish of the former seems to be that while its thinking correctly belongs to an almost fabulous era, yet the dialogue throughout is essentially that of to-day. In the drama too, the forms of phrase are in many instances peculiarly our own, while the ideas are still true in all their beauty and grandeur.

The fancy for fault-finding dies away, the absence of the high degree of literary skill we have hinted at is forgotten, as with taste, heart, and mind, equally interested, these vivid illustrations of the early struggles of the Church are before us once more. The splendid truth, first illuminating his mind, and its consequent hope absorbing every thought of his life, the newly-made christian, looking around, surmises on the wondrous goodness of his newly discovered God, as Adam did before him when first rambling in Eden. Petty troubles and ills of life, are forgotten, accusations, and even personal outrage are unconsidered as Christianity, even in its dawn, performs its loveliest and most constant mission, binding together its children in brotherly love and peace with one another.

To many readers, one of the most beautiful features of the tale is the gradual dawning of the truth on the cultivated and generous mind of the heroine through her contact with her despised Christian slave. In some of the scenes between the two, we meet to our thinking with the most striking passages of the drama.

FABIOLA.

"What is a soul?"

SYRA.

I have no skill in high philosophy,
 ad my thoughts their ready vehicle
 ct scholastic phrase; but I can feel
 ow'r within me which surpasseth speech.
 ! 'tis living consciousness, 'tis life,—
 very substance, which recoils from death."

FABIOLA.

nce learned you this egregious folly? I
 eply versed in books of learned lore,
 ng have known to treat with sovereign scorn
 hantom of an immaterial being."

SYRA.

"Lady,

of your own shall be mine oracle:
 of me shall die; my nobler part
 urn the grave, and mount above the pyre;
 , nay, I resolve, to live again.
 all the soul alone survive: though worms
 y this body, yet my flesh renew'd
 ee it's God. Out of that charnel pit,
 ch thou speakest eloquently, lady,
 I shall pick each fragment of my frame,
 iarr'd and dissipate soever. Nay,
 is a Pow'r shall congregate the winds
 the judgment seat, and bid them yield
 everal grain of dust that they have scatter'd
shall live again—this self-same being;
 urs, nor any one's ignoble slave,
 rful in my new enfranchisement,
 is, loving for ever and below'd.
 ertain hope is laid up in my bosom."

FABIOLA.

nate girl! where didst thou learn this jargon.
 idle dreams consort not with thy duty.
 e didst thou learn it? Answer me.

SYRA.

"I learn'd it,

oble mistress, in my native land,
 a school where each is as his fellow,—
 as barbarian, bondsman as the free."

FABIOLA.

umptuous slave! thou waitest not, it seems,
 ith, to claim equality with me;
 r'st e'en now to boast thyself mine equal;
 sply e'en my better. Speak thy mind.
 ap thy sense in dark ambiguous phrase;
 etch, dost count me thine *inferior*.

SYRA.

noble mistress,—in the pride of power,
 us, learning, and the arts of life;
 y grace of lineament and form,
 y charm of action and of speech,
 re you rais'd above all rivalry,
 'remov'd from envious thought of one
 and insignificant as I.
 obedient to your gracious word,
 : must speak the plain unvarnish'd truth,
 our gentleness, if a poor slave,
 whose breast there burns a living light,
 easures life by immortality,
 place of dwelling is above the skies,
 prototype the Deity itself,
 unt herself, in moral, dignity,

Or sphere of thought, second to one who owns
 (Despite her gifts so excellent and rare)
 No higher destiny, no loftier end,
 Than waits the pretty senseless prisoner,
 That beats the gilded bars of yonder cage?

FABIOLA.

Audacious wretch! take that!

(Stabs her.)

Again: the coming event has cast its shadow
 before;—the sympathy in Syras' meek, yet
 brave heart with her mission from on high,
 which detained her with her Pagan mistress
 in preference to the service of the lovely Agnes,
 has borne its first fruit:—the vast distance
 between the two is forgotten in an instant, and
 the poetic feeling of the haughty Roman girl
 becomes gradually fascinated with the lofty
 enthusiasm of her firm minded slave, The
 charm of the strong faith and poetic expres-
 sion of the following passage is singularly
 powerful.

FABIOLA.

"Syra, set down your book; here is another
 Of keener relish."

SYRA.

"Lady, 'tis a book
 Unmeet for you to hear and me to read."

FABIOLA.

"I know it tells of crimes, but what of that?
 To read is not to do; no need to copy
 The ill which in the record serves to feed
 Our entertainment."

SYRA.

"True, no need to copy;
 Yet doth the image fill the vacant soul,
 Which what it liketh scarce will disallow.
 So close the will's consent doth thread upon
 The fancy's dream, 'tis hard to love the thought
 And hate the act which is its finished work."

FABIOLA.

"But crime is act matur'd, not thought conceiv'd,
 An act is substance, thoughts but empty dreams."

SYRA.

"Nay, the mind can act, as doth the body;
 One thought prolonged is such an act as this:
 The mind is all unseen; its acts unseen,
 E'en as their origin; the body's acts
 Are palpable to sense; yet is the body
 But the mind's minister, which doth not plan
 Nor counsel, but obeys its sov'reign's will.
 Yet who shall answer for the crime? the body
 which is but subject, or the mind which rules?"

FABIOLA.

"If thought be born in act, then crime is done;
 And law takes vengeance; but if thought lie pent
 Within the dark recesses of the mind,
 It dies unseen, unsummon'd, unreveng'd,
 What eye shall pierce the caverns of the heart,
 Who read its deep imaginings, control
 Its ample range, or make its errors?"

SYRA.

"God."

FABIOLA.

"And what is he?"

SYRA.

"Simple as light His nature,
One and the same always and everywhere;
Partless and passionless; united to place,
Yet in all places intimately present.
Before creation was He was, and when
All ending endeth, He unending still,
Shall be the same, power, wisdom, greatness, love,
Justice, and judgment true, are His by nature,
And, like that nature, limitless and free;
Naught is, but by His word; moves, but His eye
Directs it; ceases, but at his recal."

FABIOLA.

"Syra, how wrapt you are! e'en like some seer
Of ancient tale. You look like Agnes now,
So wilder'd and amaz'd; you are on fire
With the deep flow of Eastern poesy;
Ah! 'tis the land of fancy, and of song!
But, Syra, can you dream a God like yours
Not as the Deities of human mould,
But pure and awful as you deem of Him,
Can soil his guiltless nature by the touch
Of mortal thought, so paltry and so foul,
Or stoop from His empyreal throne to toil
In the affairs of men?"

SYRA.

"Nay 'tis not toil
To Him; He cannot choose but watch intent
With loving providence over all His work.
Toils the bright sun, or mars his beauteous rays,
When to the bed of yonder crystal brook
He darts his arrowy light, till weed and pebble
Are mirrored in the deep translucent wave?
See how he paints not fairest forms alone,—
The perly bubble or the sparkling drop,—
But loathsome creeping things, that dine below,
Shunning the gaze of his segnacious beam!
Yea, toils that sun, when he pursues his way
Sublimar; and with impartial search reveals
Things fair and foul? No; it were choice to him,
And toil reluctant, to restrain his beams,
Crippling their wakeful energies, which work,
All order'd ends, unbidden and unbound;
While myriad streams, pour'd o'er the chequer'd
earth,
Grapple the poor light from that exhaustles fount
In like ungrudging plenitude, as though
Each were the favourite haunt of its abundance."

FABIOLA.

"Syra,
You must not flatter whom your truthful voice
So oft hath warned. You told me once that slave
And mistress are as one. I seem to guess
The meaning of your speech, since God beholds
Both with an equal eye, same as the one
Might pass her fellow in those virtuous acts
Which only win his favour. Is it truth?"

SYRA.

"Yea it is truth; but less than all the truth."

Said we not truly this poem is worthy of its
origin, and have we not extracted sufficient to
justify our praise. The faithful rendering
throughout evidences very considerable literary

ability, and the scenes which charmed us
before, may now, in their more condensed form
become dearer to the heart and more familiar
to the home. In short, the ruling spirit of the
tale is the worthy aim here also; and the *dul*
and *utile* are here singularly blended. There
is the same fresh and ardent love, the same
fascinating and splendid faith. It is beyond
the power of criticism to describe the feeling
of interest and awe with which we look back
upon the era here recorded, through the lapse
of ages,

The Adventures of Jules Gerard, the "Lion-Killer." London: LAMBERT & Co.

In a notice attached to this interesting work
the publishers state that it is the most interesting
book of adventures ever published, and that
truly indeed have we found it so; and if the
hero of them were not alive with undoubted
facts to establish their authenticity, we could
scarcely bring ourselves to believe that any man
could have endured such fatigue; such excitement,
and such undaunted bravery, as
have so justly gained for him the well-earned
name of the "Lion-Killer."

But what particularly pleases us is the
true Catholic spirit with which our hero has
invested these pages, which fact still more
enhances their merit, and throws a healthy
spirit into such specimens of Lion-hunting as
the following:

"In September, 1845, the tribe of Moizi came to
ask my assistance against a large black lion, who
was despoiling them without mercy.

After watching for him in vain during three nights
near the douar which he was known more particularly
to frequent, I studied his movements, and found that
on leaving his place of resort, or on his returning
thither, he always followed a particular path.

On the 19th, about nine at night, I descended into
the ravine, called by the Arabs "the lion's garden,"
and took up my position on the very path I have
mentioned, resting my gun upon a large stone by
my side. Towards eleven o'clock I fancied I heard
the enemy's steps; I was not mistaken, it was he.

When the lion came to within fifty yards of me,
he stopped short, and began to roar. The country
being so densely wooded and so very uneven, it was
impossible for me to see the animal; but by the
peculiar nature of his roar, I perceived he had
become instinctively aware of my presence.

When I could fairly see him, there were only eight
or ten yards between us; he was standing still, like
myself, growling with suppressed rage, and looking
upon me with a most wicked eye.

The moon was favorable, and I had ample time to
prepare for receiving him properly; so that the
animal had scarcely caught sight of me, when he
received a ball in the forehead. With the very

my gun, I felt a tremendous blow on the forehead; the lion had bounded upon me with a force before I could even fire off my second barrel, struck against the stone, which with the blow over and covered me. I crouched on my side, and caught under this as under a trap; whilst the lion stunned by what he had received, was there beside me; so as to allow me the use of my gun. Upon instantly seizing my dagger, which I had taken out of the sheath, and gave the tremendous stab right in the temple. In a moment he bolted up, and as if he did not see me (and I believe was the case,) passed right by, stumbling about like a drunken man, and disappeared under the wood, carrying two inches of my blade."

One who wishes to become familiar with the manners and customs of the Arabs, will recommend a better work for giving an insight into the ways of the children of the desert than the present one before us, from which we take our leave with one more expressing the extraordinary longevity of the Arabs after having been mortally wounded.

On the 2nd of August, in the same year, I happened again in that country, and one day while engaged with Cheik Ahmeh-ben-amar, of the tribe of the lioness, began to roar right below the tent about eight o'clock in the evening. After the lapse of an hour afterwards she had fallen from the first shot, fired at twelve paces. I waited a moment, and then threw a large stone upon her, where she was quite dead. As she still lay motionless when the stone rebounded from her, I approached boldly to look for my ball, and had entered the temple, but had not yet passed through.

When the Arabs approach, I proceeded towards the flock where I could see the tents of the tribe; at the same moment the cheik and his followers appeared; after directing them to go to carry away the carcass of the lioness, I went back to the place where I had just left her.

However, impatient to get a sight of her, I led me at full speed, and were crying, "Where is she? where is she? we don't see her!"

"There! before you, at your feet!" I exclaimed, close to where you are standing! I expressed the disappointment I felt on seeing the Arabs searching about in vain for the lioness, to my own astonishment when I found myself at the very spot where she had fallen, where she lay dead, where I had actually touched her, and yet it was not a dream, — as still red with her blood, and the ground still wet with it!

A great part of the night in searching all the neighbourhood, but, meeting with no success, I waited till daylight to follow the spoor of the lioness. A little before dawn, however, the sky became dark, and a heavy, tempestuous shower fell, washing away all traces of the previous night. Some time the lioness was found dead nearly three miles from the point where I shot her; a circumstance, considering that she had gone over a great distance after a mortal wound, will give some idea of the prodigious vitality of the lioness."

LITERARY ITEMS.

A pointed allusion to the interminable *Moore's Journals and Correspondence*, occurs in a clever article on Rogers' *Table Talk*, in the last number of the *National Review*. Playfully recommending the whig sayings of the past whig generation to be collected into a "Holland House Joe Miller," the writer says, a "Commission" might be appointed to collate the whole; but adds—"only let Lord John be excluded, or he will infallibly insist on all being published in *extenso*, and add notes explanatory of the jokes.(!)"

A critique on Macaulay's new volumes, in the April number of the *Dublin Review*, begins with a saying of Johnson's; while an equally clever article in the same Journal for July, 1849, on the same writer, commences in the same way.

We have seen it stated that a new work, by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, is to appear during the summer.

The distinguished Oriental scholar, Sir John Bowring, has nearly completed a work on Siam. The King of Siam is reported to have assisted in its preparation.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is, we understand, preparing an elaborate reply to the article in *Fraser* for April, accusing him of plagiarism from Sterne.

Longfellow is still the poet in America, above 30,000 copies of "*Hiawatha*," we hear, have been sold there.

Little Dorrit has achieved a circulation of over 36,000 per month; the author's graceful hope at the close of *Bleak House* has thus been more than realised.

It is reported that Mr. Buckstone, the well known actor, has purchased the *Sunday Times* from Mr. E. T. Smith of Drury Lane.

Sir F. Madden, the keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, has added the original MS. of *Kenilworth* to the treasures under his care.

We hear that Mr. Lucas, a barrister, has succeeded the late Mr. Samuel Phillips as literary critic to the *Times*.

The article in the last *Quarterly* on the art-heresies and odd notions of Mr. Ruskin is attributed to Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake. We can recommend a clear and familiar paper on the same subject, in the *Edinburgh Review* for April.

THE STABAT MATER.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.—SAME METRE AS THE
ORIGINAL.

Broken hearted, low and tearful,
Bowed beside that Cross so fearful,
Stands the Mother by the Son:
Through her bosom sympathizing
In his mortal agonizing,
Deep and keen the steel has gone.

How affected, how distress'ed,
Stands she now that Virgin bless'ed,
By that tree of woe and scorn!
Mark her tremble, droop and languish,
Gazing on that awful anguish,
Of her child, the Only-Born!

Who may see nor shun her weeping,
Christ the Saviour's Mother keeping,
Grief's wild watch so sad and lone?
Who behold her bosom sharing
Every pang his soul is bearing,
Nor receive them in his own?

Ransom for a world's offending;
Lo! her Son and God is bending
That dear head to wounds and blows;
'Mid the body's laceration,
And the spirits desolation,
As his life-blood darkly flows.

Fount of love! in this dread hour
Teach me all thy sorrow's power,
Bid me share its grievous load!
O'er my heart thy spirit pouring,
Bid it burn in meet adoring
Of its martyred Christ and God!

Be my prayer, oh Mother, granted,
And within my breast implanted
Every gash whose crimson tide,
From that spotless victim streaming,
Deigns to flow for my redeeming
Mother of the Crucified!

Every sigh of thy affliction,
Every pang of crucifixion,
Teach me all their agony!
At his Cross forever bending,
In thy grief forever blending,
Mother, let me live and die!

Virgin, of all virgins highest,
Humble prayer who ne'er deniest,
Teach me how to share thy woe!
All Christ's Passion's depth revealing,
Quicken every quivering feeling
All its bitterness to know!

Bid me drink that heavenly madness,
Mingled bliss of grief and gladness,
Of the cross of thy dear Son!
With his love my soul inflaming,
Plead for it, oh Virgin, claiming
Mercy at His judgment throne!

Shelter at that cross, oh yield me!
By the death of Christ, oh shield me!
Comfort with thy grace and aid!
And oh mother, bid my spirit
Joys of Paradise inherit.

When its clay to rest is laid.—Amen.

SIR THOMAS MOORE AND MATTERS OF BUSINESS.—
The character of Sir Thomas in domestic life was truly amiable. Writing to a friend, while he was Lord Chancellor of England, after saying that he devotes nearly the whole of the day abroad to others, and the remainder to his family at home, he goes on:—"I have for myself, that is for literature, no time at all; for when I return home, I must needs converse with my wife, trifle with my children, and talk with my servants. All these I account matters of business, since they cannot be avoided. They are as indispensable to our own happiness, as to our duty, which is to render ourselves, by every means in our power, agreeable to those whom either nature her chance, or choice have rendered the companion of our lives.

GOD BLESS OUR POPE.*

This song, the words of which are from the pen of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, is sure to become popular. Already it has been sung on several occasions in Liverpool, and we see it in the programme of a coming concert. We recommend it to our readers, and to the members of Young Men's Societies.

* By Sig. Pisani. London: Burns and Lambert.

PRESENTATION

TO THE REV. FATHER SHERIDAN, O.S.B.

It gives us the very sincerest pleasure to record, however briefly, the presentation of a magnificent chalice and silver snuff-box, by the Members of St. Mary's Young Men's Society, to their President, the Rev. James Sheridan. It is a graceful token of love on the one side for a long series of pastoral labor and fatherly attention on the other. So far as such presents may be regarded as rewards more or less well merited, there can be no doubt that Father Sheridan has deserved this, and fifty times as much, at the hands of these young men; and, on the other hand, there can be no doubt, that the good Father has already reaped a dearer recompense to his heart, in the success of his Society, and the virtuous and excellent conduct of his young parishioners. We have no hesitation in pronouncing St. Mary's Young Men's Society to be the model and the most successful society of all in the empire. We can find room for a very brief report only.

The presentation was preceded by a tea-party. There were not fewer than a thousand persons present, including several clergymen.

After tea, Mr. Joseph Darby, the president of the Society, was called to the chair, and called upon—

Mr. Michael Daley, Secretary, who read the following address :—

"Reverend and Very Dear Sir,—We, the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Mary's District, influenced by feelings of most dutiful and reverential esteem, desire to express to you our deep sense of the many and important obligations we owe to you for the Pastoral care and anxious interest shown by you for our moral and religious welfare. We regard the branch of the society to which we have the happiness to belong, as being chiefly the offspring of your unwearied attention; and we value its existence as not only uniting us together in kindly brotherhood, but affording a stimulus to practical religion, by the great benefit of combined example. We cannot fail to perceive the formation of such societies, is now a great work of Catholic importance. The circumstances of the country at the present time, and especially of such large communities as form the population of this and other towns clearly indicate the duty and wisdom of turning the dispositions of our young men in close companionship towards the Altars of the Church. Surrounded by every form of vice and hostility, which are dangerous in the highest degree to Catholic virtue and progress, our holy faith has need of the purest example, and

our rising youth of all the protection which religion can suggest, to shield them from the dangers of evil communication. Moreover, as we share in the hopes which Catholics reasonably indulge, that Divine Providence, in its wisdom, will gradually extend the boundaries of the Church, and restore the faith in this land, for fidelity to which its people were once distinguished, we are the more convinced that as hostility in the enemies of our religion may be expected to increase, there is need that, from the fountains of the Church, her children should draw that strength of character and purity of life which will be the best defence and vindication before the scoffers of the world. To the faithful Priests of his Ministry is committed the perfecting of every useful agency for this purpose, and by none more than you is that sacred commission more fully discharged. We are daily witnesses of your labours—of your zeal for the promotion of education—your fatiguing duties in the Confessional—your attendance on the sick, and your tender sympathy and care for the suffering poor; your influence is ever used where none other would be effectual—thus becoming the friend and arbiter of the lowliest among your extensive flock. The highest conception we can form of the true Christian priest is realised by your discharge of these duties, and we pray that you may be long preserved to witness the growing prosperity and happy results of your own encouragement and counsel. As some proof of our dutiful attachment, we respectfully beg your acceptance of the accompanying testimonials; that portion of our gift which will be used in the service of God, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, will we trust, serve as a constant memorial to secure for us a place in your remembrance and your prayers. With feelings of affectionate respect, we are, Reverend and Very Dear Sir,

(Signed on behalf of the society,)

JOSEPH DARBY, President.

GEORGE MCARTVILLE, Vice-president.

MICHAEL DALEY, Secretary.

After the reading of the address, an exquisite chalice and silver snuff-box were handed to Father Sheridan by the chairman, amidst the repeated cheering of the assembly.

The Rev. Father Sheridan, on rising, was received with successive rounds of cheering, and made an appropriate address.

The band then struck up a merry tune, and afterwards,

The Chairman said as the most important and pleasing performance was over, they would proceed with a list of sentiments. "The Pope," "The Queen," "His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman," "The Bishop of the Diocese," &c., were proposed.

The meeting separated at a late hour, having evidently enjoyed the evening most heartily.

PASSING EVENTS OF THE MONTH AT THE INSTITUTE.

IN consequence of impaired health, the Principal of our Institute, Father Nugent, has been ordered by his Physician and the Bishop, to abstain from work for at least three months, and to repair in the interval to a warmer climate. He has chosen to go to Rome, where he will have the happiness of being present during the month of May, and on the great festival of Corpus Christi.

On April 23rd, the Bishop of Liverpool made his visitation at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, Hope-street, where he confirmed about sixty of the pupils attending the schools attached to the Institute. His Lordship minutely inspected every portion of the oratory, house, and class-rooms. At the conclusion of the religious function, his Lordship adjourned to the gymnasium, where he was waited on by the professors and scholars, and the following address was read, and very well read, by Master Macaulay, the senior pupil of the schools.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—We the pupils attending the day-schools of this Institute, have the honor to appear before you, on this first visit paid it since your inauguration to the Pontificate of Liverpool, with sentiments of affectionate veneration. Framed as we are within these walls to a profound submission to our Holy Mother the Church, we cannot but welcome the arrival and presence of him whom she has set over us in the Lord. As children of the illustrious St. Philip Neri, under whose patronage we are placed, we rejoice to think that the discipline and devotions which prevail here—founded as they are upon the model, and influenced by the spirit, of that Apostle of Rome—find a place, by no means undistinguished, in your Lordship's paternal heart, and are encouraged by your approbation and prayers. Nor is it an inauspicious circumstance that we are favoured with this primary visitation on the festival of the glorious martyr, St. George, through whose protection and intercession we hope for our beloved country a full return to the blessings of Catholicism. As an earnest of these blessings, we hail the re-establishment of our national hierarchy; and we feel the importance of our own position as the rising generation of this second town in the empire, and first in its Catholic population. We specially and deeply thank your Lordship for having opened your pontificate with the Devotion of the Forty Hours, and for having thus afforded us an opportunity of nearer and more privileged access to the immediate presence of Him "who gladdens our

youth," and whom it is our cherished honor to serve, as we assist in our turns at the adorable mysteries of His altar throne. Should the prayers which ascended from our youthful hearts—as many of us then watched in succession before our incarnate Lord—have found favorable audience, their fruit will be an abundance of blessings on your Lordship's head, a long and happy deviation of the pontificate thus holily begun, and continual accessions of such health, strength, and facilities of action, as the Prince of Pastors may see needful, for enabling you to carry out those plans of education and advancement which must deeply engage the heart of one, whose position necessarily forces upon him responsibilities so solemn, and anxieties so intense.

We conclude this address, to which you have so kindly listened, by earnestly imploring your Lordship's prayers and benediction.

His Lordship then made a suitable and kind reply.

The Institute bass band was in attendance, and played several merry airs that accorded well with the scene around. Before the reading of the address, some attempt was made at arranging the boys in a given order; but when his Lordship rose to reply, and as his fatherly and homely tones fell on their young ears, the circle around the speaker gradually narrowed, and they pressed round their Bishop with affectionate eagerness. As he concluded his remarks, a hearty and heartfelt cheer burst forth, such as Catholic boys only can give. They then broke spontaneously into groups, and while the Bishop stood affably by, the youths mounted the ropes, masts, swings, vaulting horses, and other gymnastic appliances. The trees were pretty well in leaf—a bright sun was shining—the air was mild—St. George's flag waved from the summit of the flag-staff—a few swallows, true to the tradition, showed themselves with the feast of St. George; and what with the music, and the games, and his Lordship's purple, and the attendant priests in their cottas, it made up a sufficiently agreeable sight.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

J. H. J. (Middle Temple).—We thank you sincerely for the kind interest evinced towards our journal. We regret to say, however, that your favor reached us too late to be of service this month; and we fear it will be equally out of our power to use it at a future time, as the interest of the subject will have evaporated, more or less, before the lapse of a month. Perhaps we may hear from you again on some other occasion.

P. L. B.—*The Invocation* is declined, as our poetic file is already surcharged.

R. J.—The Lectures in connection with the Institute will not be resumed until after Midsummer. It is not at all impossible, that we may have something in the shape of a Concert after the month of May.

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THE

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IF there be one in particular among the party war-cries of the day, which far beyond all others has wearied the public ear, one which, though it sometimes slumbers, is periodically awakened to infuriate passions and prejudices that time promised fair to soften and subdue, it is that which has recently been raised with temporary success, — “Down with Maynooth!”

No matter how far the advancement of the age has dispelled the and ignorance wherein bigotry is bornured; no matter how far the fusing patriotism, the claims of a common the perils of a common danger, have o bring man and man together in p and good-will; still yearly does on whoop of intolerance arise, rending all that these had bound; maddening, on one side, the sense of years of id suffering; on the other, the recol-f ascendancy once all their own, now assed away. year beholds the spectacle of a furious t on the faith of the Catholics of ands on the occasion of doling out the ance which the Catholics of Ireland out of the millions they contribute. ery of this proceeding is told in a few Out of the imperial treasury, the

funds of which are supplied by Protestant England, Presbyterian Scotland, and Catholic Ireland—three countries united we are told for mutual good, not that any two of them might combine to overpower and crush the third—sums of money are voted for religious purposes. In amount they are flagrantly disproportionate. In England and Scotland the whole, or nearly so, of the taxes levied, or sums voted, for religious purposes is given to the respective churches; but in Ireland, from which four or five millions are annually raised for religion, this thirty thousand pounds is all that is expended on the Church of the people. Of course no one thinks of denying that the Irish is a Catholic, any more than that the English is a Protestant, and the Scotch, a Presbyterian nation. Here then is money taken from the Irish people and voted away for every religion but their own. The state machinery wrings from Ireland, in the shape of tithe-money, glebe-land rents, ministers' money, and the rest, in all about six millions, for the church of a small fraction of the nation. Justice-loving politicians and pious Christians would take all this from a Catholic people, and refuse to give them the paltry sum of thirty thousand pounds! There are those who talk of “the voluntary principle;” we make no great note of these Englishmen; their sincerity was put to the test by Mr. Black's motion—with what result let Hansard tell. In fact, with Englishmen, the voluntary principle seems to begin at the wrong end; the Irish, not without good cause, beg and petition for its adoption, and it is well known that this grant has long since become distasteful to them, accompanied as it is, by insult and abuse. They will care little if it be withdrawn altogether; they are able and willing to support their own churches and schools; let Protestants and Presbyterians say so much if they can.

And as amongst Catholic laymen in Eng-

land very confused ideas on this very important subject are held through carelessness, and as we think, in error, we have procured the following details of the whole subject, from sources we believe may be relied on. In these days when the charities of life are often forgotten in religious strife, when we meet calumny and false reasoning, not only in high places, but often by our fireside, it is surely one of the duties of our "Maga" to soften the bitterness as far as possible by correctly informing at least one side.

When the ample provision devised by the piety of the Irish princes for the support of religion, and the education and maintainance of the clergy, had been swept away; when the wealth of the laity followed the livelihood of the clergy, and confiscation transferred to professors of the new creed the broad lands, and noble estates of the Irish; Ireland was without the means of educating students for the priesthood of that faith to which she had so bravely clung. Yet, readily would help have been found in such an hour—for every Catholic power in Europe was proud of Ireland's fidelity; but the penal laws which made the Church poor, forbade it even existence; no school or college, church or chapel, could exist. So to foreign countries fled the Irish youth, to be educated for the priesthood, then to return once more to Ireland, with the cave and morass for a hiding place,—to a life of danger—often to an ignominious death. Rome, France, and Spain, trained up priests for the Irish church. France educated by far the greatest number, and thus sprung up that kindred feeling between the two countries which exists to day. Irish colleges were established and endowed, at Rome, Paris, Lisbon, Louvaine, Valladolid, and Salamanca. They still exist, we believe; having survived the revolutions of centuries, the wreck of monarchies, and the fall of kings. In these colleges, up to the close of the last century, were educated the Irish priests; in many cases the scanty resources of the college, the crowd of students, or the necessity for occupying little time in the course, limited the extent of the latter; so that some of the priests for whose heads the five pounds were paid in those days, were very unlike those of our modern times. Thus matters continued until the French revolution broke forth. In France the blood of priests drenched the streets; man, turned fiend, held a bloody saturnalia, and christendom beheld the awful spectacle of a state renouncing and dethroning God. The

Irish college was suppressed, its students scattered, its teachers slaughtered, and its revenues confiscated. The revolutionary flame spread to neighboring countries, the continent was one vast scene of convulsion, terror, and dismay.

By this time the rigor of the penal laws in Ireland had greatly subsided; the Catholic slave was no longer hunted with hound and gun: he was allowed, by the generous toleration of his Protestant fellow-countrymen, to live unmolested, though only as a bondsman in his native land. The malignity of man had been satiated; pity and sympathy filled the breasts of those who had succeeded to a heritage of hatred, and the voices of Grattan and Plunkett were raised in behalf of the down-trodden Catholic serf. The state of affairs on the continent, and this relaxation of persecution at home, emboldened the Irish Hierarchy, in 1794, to project the establishment of an Irish college in Ireland. The government deeply alive to the danger of having those teachers of the Irish people, who, beyond all others, possessed their confidence, and swayed their wills, educated in the then revolutionary atmosphere of the continent, were only too ready to give the little they were asked for, and accordingly, an act of parliament was passed, which did not directly ordain the foundation of a college, but removed the obstructions placed in its way. By this act, four Protestant, and six Catholic laymen, four Catholic archbishops, and seven other Catholic ecclesiastics were empowered to receive subscriptions and acquire lands not exceeding the value of one thousand pounds. Also a sum of eight thousand pounds was granted towards establishing the college. Towards the close of the year 1795, the college was opened with fifty students; and soon after the Irish Parliament, still, of course, Protestant to a man, passed another act, removing the Protestant ex-officio trustees, and substituting Catholics in their place. This was amongst the last acts of that legislature: in a short time after the care of Irish affairs and the management of the Irish people were transferred to London.

About this time a most extraordinary, and, for Maynooth, a most important event took place,—the origin and foundation of the Dunboyne establishment. In the Irish peerage the Dunboyne coronet was an old and honored one: though it came down with an hereditary attainder, it was worn in honorable adversity. James, the ninth baron, died young and unmarried at Charing Cross, London, whereupon

cession devolved upon his brother who was then an outlaw papist officer in the French army. He returned to Ireland, maps hoping to have the attainder removed, and joined the king's religion, but in doing so he lost merely the king's pardon;—the outlandish. He died in 1785, leaving an only child of eleven years, to inherit the title and modern creed of the Butlers. After his accession, the young baron, like his uncle, the bishop of Cork found the inheritor of the family estates and the pride and pomp of this world's offered too strong temptations. He did not brook the idea that the Dunboyne should no more sit on a Butler's brow. Catholic Ireland was thrilled with pain the morning the Bishop of Cork entered that house of prayer, knelt at the rails, taken from the sexton's hand, signed the high were perjuries against God, and cast out of the church Baron Dunboyne. He left a wife among those who were loyal to the legal religion, marrying in 1787 a daughter of Thomas Butler, of Welford, in Leinster. Time went by, and no heir was heard of for many years, but no infant voice was heard in his ear; old age came and the reality was plain—God had cursed the marriage, and the aim for which he had done so much was utterly defeated. Old age, and with it remorse; sickness followed, and now the unfortunate man agonized of the near approach of death, the memory of his crime.

Rev. Dr. Gahan was sent to him, and years of mingled sorrow and joy, Lord Dunboyne was received once more into the fold.

Disposing of his worldly affairs in anticipation of a fatal termination of his life, he bethought him of devoting some of his wealth to the service and glory of God. In the early days, when, as a student for the ministry, he had fled like a felon from his native land; he remembered that now a home existed at home, dependent almost wholly upon eleemosynary aid. The act of endowment, as we have seen, limited the property legally possessable by the college to the property of Lord Dunboyne willed property of equal value to the trustees of Maynooth, and left all the rest of his wealth and income to go amongst the nearest of kin. When the bishop, Dr. Troy, heard that some bequest was being made, he wrote to Lord Dunboyne, expressing his disapprobation of such a devise, and recommending him

to leave his property among his family—Lord Dunboyne persisted, and the archbishop wrote again, saying, that if he was determined to leave something as a mark of his sincerity in returning to the Roman Catholic religion, it would be as well done by a small legacy, as by giving away any part of his inheritance." This correspondence is of the highest importance just now, as shewing that when the Catholic body was in poverty, and chains, when Maynooth was weak, and struggling, it refused to avail itself of the generosity or restitution of one, who would have given all, had it been demanded. Lord Dunboyne died; the bulk of the Dunboyne estates went to his sister; but all she received was too little in her eyes, since her brother had left this bequest to Maynooth. And now came an apt illustration of the working of the penal laws. An action was brought against the trustees to eject them, on the title, for, as Sergeant Moore stating the case for the prosecution, said: "by the laws now in force, a person relapsing to Popery from the Protestant religion, was deprived of the benefit of laws made in favor of Roman Catholics, and was, of course, as under the old Popery laws, *incapable of making a will of landed property.*" Now, though it was evident enough in a non-legal sense, that the late Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic, yet, the positive legal evidence that he had, none could give, save the Rev. Dr. Gahan, by violating the secrecy implied in the character of confessor, in which capacity he attended him. That he had been a Protestant was proved by the evidence of the Protestant curate, who administered the bread and wine to him, in Clonmel; and by his signature to the roll containing the declaration against Popery—the oath of abjuration, supremacy, and allegiance. But Dr. Gahan nobly refused to reveal what passed between Lord Dunboyne and himself, as between penitent and priest, and accordingly he was committed to prison, for contempt of court. A verdict, nevertheless, was found, that the late Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic; the question of law resulting therefrom, was reserved for trial in the court of Kings Bench. Ultimately, the case was compromised, the college receiving only half of the bequest.

We have thus at some length traced the history of this grant, as being the most remarkable, and illustrative of the early struggles of the college, of all it has received since its foundation. Thus was founded the Dunboyne establishment, as it is called, this

fund being applied, not to the general support of the college, but to maintain twenty of the more distinguished students, who should remain for a period of three years, beyond the ordinary course, for the purpose of prosecuting still further their theological studies, and acquiring a greater knowledge of the Hebrew language.

The revenues of the college are derived from four sources:—rent of the Dunboyne estate; interest of funds devoted to burses; entrance fees of students, and parliamentary grants. The amount of the first is about four hundred and sixty pounds; of the second, about four hundred and sixty-seven, the deposit-sum being fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five; while the amount derived from entrance-fees varies from five hundred, to seven hundred pounds per annum. The parliamentary grant varied until 1813, from which date, up to 1815, it was four thousand, four hundred and thirty-six pounds per annum. In that year, Sir Robert Peel raised the grant to thirty thousand pounds, made it permanent, and enabled the trustees to acquire lands to the extent of the yearly value of three thousand pounds, in addition to those already held, and to have and hold them, the statutes of mortmain notwithstanding. Since that date the average yearly number of ordinations has been about sixty.

Of the Catholic bishops and clergy in Ireland, at this moment, nearly half the number were educated on the Continent. Of the four archbishops, two—of the twenty-five suffragans, four—and of two thousand two hundred and sixty-two priests, one thousand and sixty-three were educated in foreign colleges.

Such is a brief sketch of Maynooth, this watchword of strife on every fanatic's lip in this country. It will be seen that a Protestant Irish parliament gave the first grant, a Protestant English parliament continued and increased that grant, while a great Protestant English statesman increased it still further, and made it permanent. In fact, the question is one entirely political, not theological. England may be called Protestant, but every one knows the united kingdom may not. In Malta, and in the Canadas, the Catholic Church has state endowments, and support. Is Ireland more Protestant, or is it because she is a "united kingdom" while those are conquered provinces that she is denied what they receive? The truth or falsehood of Catholic doctrine has nothing to do with the Maynooth grant; until the voluntary system—the only just

system in a mixed community—be adopted, it has a right to stand untouched, if not increased, or all justice is outraged. The House of Commons is authority on political questions, but it is no judge on points of faith—unless indeed our Protestant friends chose to invest it once more with the attributes which they deny to the Church of God.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE, A REFINING INFLUENCE.

No. II.

From what has been already said on this subject it is sufficiently clear, that Refinement is not the privilege of a class, or classes, but an attainment within reach of all. There is, and can be, no monopoly of the article, for this simple reason; that Refinement, according to our definition, consists in the power of appreciating and preserving the harmony and due proportion of things in our views and conduct. As these due proportions exist in every grade of life, so every grade is susceptible of refinement. To be vulgar, is to overstep some just limit or other, either upward, or downward, or sideways, if we may be allowed to carry our metaphor so far. We are going to indulge in a few words on each of these divisions, which we hope our readers will not consider as fanciful or over-strained.

[1] We make, then, a *downward* step from our true position, when from mere taste, or want of taste, we descend to employments and pursuits properly belonging to a class inferior to our own; as if a country gentleman, from predilection, and not merely as means to a further agricultural end, should occupy himself with *gusto* about his horse-troughs and pig-sties. This is the vulgarity that is usually called *low-lived*. We are not speaking of it as it stands connected with vice, which has so often been the case, where persons have descended from their natural position in life in order to indulge more freely some degrading inclination. We speak of it now merely as considered in itself, merely as one class of vulgarity. For instance; betting on the chances attending different sports leads directly to evil, and perhaps to about as much evil in any one given case as in any other. Yet compare together the peer or the baronet who stakes his money on the pure breed and

us exertions of some noble race—the peer or the baronet who risks an , with the same intensity of bad ith the same amount of attendant e chances of Billy, the celebrated ng his hundred rats within so many No one could hesitate to pronounce side lay the vulgarity in these two . No one would say, that the pered was doing anything (apart from derations) unworthy of his position e of the racing. Few, we think, ire to deny that he was degrading the case of the rat-catching. He ings far more trivial, childish, and , than merely setting Billy on the ight risk half his fortune (according own story of two very fashionable on a race between the rain-drops down the glass of a post-chaise ve should call him a madman, and whose guilty recklessness was ruin—besides himself: we should hold the gravest reprobation—but we call him *vulgar*. He would be ng the laws of God and man, ld not be stepping downwards, in sense of that term.

ake another illustration. There oublet, that the popular literature of day has tended to vulgarity, and . People whose natural home is in the aristocratic circles, and who rly to read only such stories for ement as described the life and heir own class, have now, thanks illiant and talented publications, mately acquainted with the phrase-able-boys, house-breakers, coster-nd their associates. The modern ngland, owing to this extension of field, promises to be one universal s is much to be regretted; and it ent antagonistic to our views of

There is no reason why the es of society should aim at the peculiarly belonging to the ranks ; nay, there is every reason why avoid doing so as another species ; and this we shall proceed to show. yet more mischievous when the es, for mere frolic, and by a taste ry, delight in a literature treating mers and customs of the great feel sympathy for those beneath r into their distresses, to become ted with them in order to alleviate

their needs, to study them for this purpose and descend to their level, is a blessed act, and springs from a holy principle. But this is as different from the relish for snobbism which we think is promoted by Mr. Dickens and his school, as one thing can be different from another. We know instances of people of high, very high rank, who with all their refinement, have the art of appearing as much at home in their intercourse with the poor and uneducated, as in the midst of their brilliant drawing-room circles; and who carry into it all that heartiness and even homeliness which is ever consistent with true refinement. But we should be very much surprised to hear that these same persons had been seen in a public house, dancing a hornpipe with the village tinker. To be hearty, easy, and natural, is to do things appropriately, and therefore gracefully; to step downwards so as indeed to lose one's *caste*, is to forfeit refinement and to become gratuitously vulgar.

[2] But there is another development of the vulgar principle; quite as real, much more common, and sometimes less obvious at first sight, and this is, the *stepping upwards*; aiming at, or rather aping, the language, the ways, and appearance, of those above ourselves. If we go back to our definition of Refinement, and remember that is a sense of harmony and fitness, we shall see that this is violated as much in the way we are now speaking of, as in the former. We are placed where we are; let us suppose it. Our position involves duties towards ourselves and others. To fulfil these duties; to cultivate all due relations with those around us, with those above, and those beneath us, is to fulfil our sphere. It is to act naturally; and as, to speak in a general way, things are graceful in proportion as they are natural, we shall probably, by thus acting, be cultivating refinement also. Thus we have known the most striking and high-bred refinement in the demeanour of the rural poor towards their superiors, even where those superiors have been persons of rank and title. There was an unconstrained respect, self-respecting all the while, and as far removed from servility as from arrogance; there was even a courteous, we had almost said a courtly, turn of phrase and manner, which was all the more charming because it was so perfectly unconscious. And from what did this result? Simply from the fact, that these peasants were behaving naturally, and with regard to the due order and proportion of things. They were honored by the visit of the lord and lady, and felt

themselves so; they were pleased at the friendly condescension of their visitors' manner: they recognised that bond and brotherhood of their common faith (we need scarcely say that all the party were Catholics) which gave to that condescension its meaning and its value: and thus they conducted themselves with frankness, naturalness, and respect. They were not thinking of themselves, and would have been much astonished if you had told them they were graceful and refined in their manner: and for that very reason they had more both of refinement and of grace than the fine gentleman who walks across an assembly-room with an awkward embarrassed air just because he is thinking of himself.

Contrast with this the vulgarity of not a few members of the middle class who are aiming at the elegant, and who would have received that visit with a secret desire to imitate, so far as they might, what would only have been graceful and refined, because only natural or appropriate, in the class to which their visitors belonged. We forbear to draw at full length the picture of this awkward, humiliating, and after all unsuccessful attempt. It is photographed daily from the shifting scenes of life around us, and there are few of our readers who have not come across at least some specimens. Would they were *dissolving views*, and that we could laugh at them as they vanished. Alas! their tints are laid in the primary colors of our proud self-seeking hearts! Let us keep however to the surface, and contemplate only the ungraceful, unrefined aspects of this state of mind, without descending into the deeper and darker thoughts which it might suggest. It is in its very nature a miserable attempt, and a hopeless failure. It is the old fable of the farm-donkey resolved to imitate the sportive antics—graceful because natural—of his master's spaniel, and getting well thracked for his pains. It is the would-be fine airs, the transparent assumption, the lacquered and pinchbeck vulgarity that would pass off for true gold, the mincing tone that tries to persuade us it is pure English: it is the

"cottage with a double coach-house,
"A cottage of gentility,"

It is the smug little box of the small retired cheesemonger, standing by the dusty road-side within half-a-stone's-throw of the market-carts, yet adorned with its Corinthian pilasters, or its Doric entablatures, or its Italian urns and balustrades, or its mediæval buttresses and

finials, that might have shone upon the margin of some expansive lake, or frowned over the mighty forest. It is "Belvidere Villa," or "Plantagenet Lodge," containing Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs with their five children and maid of all-work. This is vulgarity majestic, paragonic, and unattainable by us poor ordinary mortals, who are content, as we occupy a certain station, to have our circumstances and details fitting and appropriate thereunto.

Meanwhile we have made less progress with our subject than might reasonably have been desired, since we have not only fallen short (as yet) of our proof that Catholic influence is the true influence of refinement, but positively have another link of our present division still to be considered. Yet, if our readers will accompany us one or two stages further, we hope to redeem our implied promise without much unnecessary waste of time.

A FEW LAST WORDS ABOUT POETRY.

It is with some regret that I find myself entering on what must be the last stage of an agreeable, and I trust not wholly unprofitable excursion in the province of poetry. My regret arises partly from the recollection of how much more might, and ought to be said on this subject, which the narrow limits of a paper quite forbid me to attempt saying; and partly too, from the rare pleasure of securing a friendly ear for a monologue on a favorite pursuit; a pleasure which must, in this instance, soon terminate. I derive some consolation, however, from the hope that some suggestion, or train of thought struck out in the course of these too superficial papers, may find its development in some congenial mind; may be remembered in time to come, perhaps; may blossom and bear fruit in a richer soil.

The nature and sources of poetry, which first occupied us, led to a somewhat rambling and discursive criticism of a few of our recent, and one of our elder poets. We have gone on hitherto, my reader and I, as fellow-students in a delightful field of observation; but before we part, we must confer together as workmen in an art which has many degrees of excellence; of which even the lowest is entitled to a certain superiority over most other kinds of mental operations. You occasionally feel thoughts and imaginations of beauty stirred in you, do you not; awakened you know not how, nor

ce, by the sight of natural beauty ; by memory of what was lovely ; by the prospect of something nobler than either ? You are not singular in these feelings. A great many people have them ; for the most part in ardent youth ; when life is all sunshine ; the mind of youth is as pliant as its

But you have something more, which many people have not ; you have the power of expressing those feelings in rhythmical language ; in short, you write poetry occasionally ; you are the very person I wish to talk to, for I wish to make you think more highly of your faculty ; and, if you will permit me, to show you in the way of making the most of it. Now, when I say you write poetry occasionally, I don't mean that, like many very young ardent admirers of particular poets, you shortly, after their perusal, grow morbid, strike off stanzas which sound like mournful echoes of your favorites, with all their peculiarities and eccentricities ten-fold exaggerated. That is not poetry ; it is merely imitative sentimentalism ; and the sooner it is nipped in the bud the better ; its bud is cankered at the core, and would end only in deformity. I take it for granted, when you tell me that you sometimes write a copy of verses, that the thoughts are your own, or at least, that the sentiment is your own ; that the structure of your verses is not servilely copied after any one else ; that what you do in this way is a true expression of your own mind, in a sound and healthy way. I wish you joy of this faculty, my friend. It is one which not every one possesses ; if you know how to use it, it is a rich gift, which will repay cultivation. I have already seen how highly some of the most distinguished possessors valued it. You tell me you have but a poor faculty ; never mind ; be it ever so poor, it is better than falls to the lot of the multitude ; every such gift of nature it has its legitimate use ; and *you may do much to improve it*. The temple of poetry has its hierarchy ; its orders are not of one, equal order ; the lowest rank serves nearest the inner shrine ; there are many humbler posts within its walls open to humbler genius ; there is promotion, too, from a lower, to a higher rank. Be content to occupy an inferior post ; be thankful that you are admitted within the temple at all.

Now, if you have a turn for writing poetry, you have read in your time a good deal of what others have written. You must have observed in that, two things in particular ;

ideas and thoughts ; and the manner of expressing them. Both of them go to make good poetry. An author who has fine thoughts, and ideas, full of imagination, and high feeling, will give pleasure, even though his manner may be inferior to that employed by another in expressing ideas of less merit in a poetical sense. I venture to say that thoughts are the first essential to good poetry, and manner is the second. But as the ideas of ordinary writers of poetry are not usually of such a transcendently beautiful kind, as to be able altogether to dispense with the recommendation of a good manner, this too must be carefully attended to by a young author. I wish to say a little about each of these things, in the order I have mentioned.

[1.] As to ideas and thoughts, including the choice of subjects ; they are to be acquired and cultivated in the usual way. You must learn to watch nature, either in its material, or its spiritual manifestations, as I described them in a former paper ; you must do so, truthfully, lovingly ; seeing beautiful things in the simplest and homeliest ; with a ready eye to note what is admirable in circumstances of no particular distinction. Or if your genius leads you to watch for supernatural beauty, you must do so in a similar way ; it must commend itself to your finer perception, without the common and vulgar accompaniment of romance. In fact, your study must be the whole sum of things around you ; natural beauty, character, and conduct ; the relation of our redeemed nature with the Christian revelation. But inasmuch as this habit of observation seems to imply a cultivated understanding, and an imaginative faculty not acquired at once, or without long and careful training, I would recommend you, my young friend, to study these things in books also, not that you may pirate the ideas of other people, to pass them off as your own, but that you may observe how gifted minds used their faculty of observation ; how they watched nature, with untiring perseverance, well knowing that she would repay any pains spent with such a purpose. You will thus learn what to observe, how to do so, and where to prosecute your search. The best writers in your own language will of course first engage your attention. From these, you will pass to those of other languages ; according to the extent and range of your acquirements. The Latin poets, and especially the Greek, will prove an almost inexhaustible mine of study ; to those you will add as many of the Italian, Spanish,

and German authors as you are able. I regret to say that there is hardly a French poet that I have ever met with, who will give you any assistance worth mentioning. Moliere is the Samuel Butler of the French, a broad humorist, little more. Racine and Corneille preferred the artificial imitation of the ancient classic drama, to the less attractive perhaps, but more lasting merit of creating a school of poetry of their own; and the result has proved eminently unsuccessful. Of modern French poets, I know of scarcely one who deserves consideration for a moment. America is creating a school of poetry of its own; I would advise a British student to approach it with caution, and to test its merits and demerits by the truer and higher standard of the British and Italian classics. Sigourney, Longfellow, and others have their merits, undoubtedly; but their manner is often tawdry and affected, and therefore unfit for the imitation of a student who aims at classic elegance and precision.

A judicious selection and study, then, of the best authors, together with a carefully acquired habit of observation, will powerfully assist natural genius in the acquisition and cultivation of poetical ideas and thoughts. I would advise you to keep a manuscript book beside you, in which you may note down *at the time* any ideas that occur to your mind, either when reading or meditating. This practice has been approved by many eminent persons.

[2.] As to the manner of your poetry; this is much more of the nature of an art, with its rules, and customs. Provided you have materials to work with, there is less difficulty in the mere mechanical part. Yet every workman must know the use of his tools; so must a young poet. Acquaintance with the best models will soon introduce you into the mysteries of measure, rhyme, the structure of verses, and the rest; but if you can acquire a more formal and accurate knowledge of feet, prosody, rhythm, and the most common measures employed in poetry, so much the better. Of course a classical education implies an acquaintance with all of these. But I know of no better method for acquiring the practical management of words, and their arrangement in rhythmical order, than *translation*. Translate, translate, translate, I would say to every young poet. It hardly matters what you choose; you can hardly go wrong. All our great poets were careful and indefatigable translators; Milton from the Italian, Shelley from the Greek, etc.

Regarding various measures, I have not much to say; every poet will almost instinctively find out that which suits him best. But a young poet had better be content with the simplest, at first, at least. I would also strongly recommend him for a long time to adhere to rhyme. Blank verse, and the other forms of unrhyming measure are attractive from their apparent easiness; which indeed is only apparent—for good blank verse for instance, is quite as difficult as rhyme. But to the ear, generally, there is a certain pleasure connected with the recurrence of rhyme, for which nothing can ever compensate, but noble thoughts, in highly-finished and sonorous rhythm. When a young poet can offer these to his friends, and not till then, he may dispense his muse from the trammels of rhyme.

Rules and directions, however necessary, even for the construction of poetry, can only assist the development of ideas already struggling into light. These must come from a source beyond the reach of rule; a gift of rare price, which art can only polish and set, but cannot create. The mine from which diamonds come is not furnished by the hand of man; neither is the poet's soul. It is resplendent with jewels of rarer brilliancy, created and bestowed there, by the Author of all beauty. Has He given you even a few of such precious gems? Draw them forth, and clear them from all that tarnishes their lustre, and set them in ornaments of gold and silver; not for your own praise, who can only fashion them, but for His praise who created them; that men may praise, not your skill, so much as His bounty and His power, and the riches of His eternal beauty.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a Madam Polack, the widow of a wealthy Prussian banker, of the Hebrew persuasion. This lady intends to beautify the place, and improve the neighborhood, at her sole expense.—Having already planted the area with a grove of olives—from which it derived its name.

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can repress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it gives at once a grace, an ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave—a reasoning slave.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. VII.

EXPLANATION.

the work of melting the precious was proceeding with, the stranger and Norwood stood as silent spectators, and the operations of the Jew, with an out a very different kind of interest. thought of Dyrbington's master; and it softened as it recalled him, and body, and anxious laboring mind, and a good spirit. And then Lyas thought of; an actor in scenes he did not com-

he watched the motions of the practitioner with a jealous eye. Not so the Lyas had been so much absorbed in his own thoughts, that he had for a time in his new friend's presence; and now looked upon him, he saw a countenance which he could scarcely withdraw his eyes from. As a man looks on a friend for the last time, he sees him turn his back, and watches his departing form till it has faded in the distance and at last is gone—as he looks at the place where that friend trod, surveys the space, lets his eyes wander over the place where he so lately was seen, and which now holds him no more—so looked the stranger on Norwood's morning walk; so fully resigned, so contemplatively sad in his aspect. He stood leaning against a wooden oak board, and his arms were crossed over his breast. He leaned as one who could not stand upright; and he gazed on the man whose sight was fixed by some vision to see with pain, what brought him without hope. At last the work was ended and Isaac, who had never spoken, ex-mumbled to himself, eloquent of a species of discontent, growled out: "Will that do for you?" and, without rising up, or waiting for a reply, disappeared, taking some of his apparatus with him, by the side door, which led into the court. "Stay, stay," cried Norwood, "your money, return."

he thrust in his head, and answered: "till you can touch your ruined riches. Back in time;" and then he disappeared and a hollow contemptuous laugh was ringing among the old walls, which

struck painfully on Lyas's ear, and he looked for sympathy on the stranger. Their eyes met, and the bright grey eye of the old man sparkled the more, for a tear which had gathered there, and which now, with a deep drawn sigh, he brushed hastily away. The circumstance could not escape the observation of the quick-sighted Lyas. It stirred up an unusual interest within him. He exclaimed abruptly: "Who are you?" A smile succeeded the tear,—an amused look and a friendly smile—and he answered kindly:—

"It would do you no good to know—perhaps harm. I am one who would gladly be your friend, and the friend of Mr. Dyrbington also, if it might be."

"I have no friend amongst those who practise concealment," said Lyas, "and it looks more like an enemy than a friend to obtain a knowledge of things supposed to be secret, and then refuse to account, either for himself, or his mode of gaining information."

"You are inconsiderate; of what have I obtained knowledge? Question me, I will answer you freely."

"How knew you the contents of my basket," said Lyas, proceeding slowly to pack it again, and to replace the produce of the morning's net safely and carefully among the fern.

"You should rather have asked how I knew you," answered the old man. "Knowing you to be Lyas Norwood, and knowing you to be employed by Mr. Dyrbington in the manner we have seen, and knowing that you had appointed to be here to day, and seeing that your basket was evidently heavier than a fisherman's store would make it—the contents became a matter of easy guessing, if not of certainty."

"And how knew you so much?" asked Lyas; the expression of surprise which had increased visibly on his countenance at every word the stranger spoke, now fixed there. "How knew you so much?"

"When the sound of exultation is heard among the ravenous birds of the forest," replied the old man, "you know that the weakly fawn is dying and exposed; and that the sorrowing mother can neither nourish or protect it. So when I heard in this place, the note of greedy welcome and avaricious hopes, I knew that the fruits of departed piety was surrendered to the unbeliever's scorn; I was led to imagine to his use, and I was here to purchase it out of his hands, but it seems that I was wrong."

"It is well for you, that you were disappointed," said Lyas, "Those things were of no common kind. There was a sorrow about them, and it cleaved to those who touched them."

"Who taught you so?" asked the stranger.

"He who owned them, and had proved the truth of his words—Dyrbington himself."

"And of what avail are those bright bars?" asked the stranger again.

"They can become money, you know, and that money can be bestowed on the poor; and Dyrbington says that the poor are here on earth in the great Being's stead, and so in this manner there will be a return made to Him, and the sorrow will depart."

"Wonderful!" murmured the stranger softly. And then addressing Lyas he asked, "Do you understand this?"

"No," replied Norwood, "I know nothing of these things."

"How do you mean? Of what religion are you?"

"Perhaps of none." Then suddenly changing his thoughts to their former subject he said: "But once more about these things. Isaac knew not that they were from Dyrbington, and how knew you?"

"When last you brought such, I was here, and saw them, and seeing them informed me. There were marks, and on one an inscription; I knew them in that manner."

"Then," said Lyas gravely, "you know too much. And what you must never repeat."

"You consider me possessed of a secret: a secret which might bring your honor, and Mr. Dyrbington's peace of mind into question?"

"Yes," answered Lyas.

"I am one of that faith which once was at Dyrbington, and built the church, and blessed the people, and gave great gifts to God," said the stranger. "For *my* hands those gifts bring no sorrow, for I can use them as *they* designed who gave them."

Lyas listened with speechless interest, and the old man went on: "When *that* religion was departed from, and these things which belonged to its service were desecrated, then, the priests of that faith were persecuted and slain; and the sorrow arose of which you have just now spoken. But still, in this land, in retired places, under various disguises these priests of the people, and keepers of the ancient faith remained, and I am one of them. If you ever are in trouble, such trouble as leads you to think of me, then go to St. Cuthbert's; and if I am alive you will be brought to me.

But it may be," continued the speaker, "it may be that I shall not be there; that I shall be gone. In that case do not regret it, it will make no difference to you. Another will see you; another whose love may be greater, whose hopes may be more fervent than mine, and his powers less limited. Tell him your heart. You will find a friend."

He did not wait for an answer, but left the room. Lyas stood for a moment, then followed him to the door, but no further. He saw him mingling with the ceaseless throng, and soon lost sight of him. Then Lyas discharged his debt to the thankless and discontented Isaac, slung his basket on his shoulder, placed the fused vessels in their more disposable shape safely about his person; and full of his own thoughts walked away.

The time fixed for Julian's interview with Mr. Seaforth arrived. He felt himself to be another man, and with the feeling of change, there mingled some little sensation of awe.

He had often, very often, from youth, through manhood, almost to old age looked on that horded treasure, and felt, and believed, that one day great things would come of it. And now the thoughts, the fancies, the belief, the wondering of years—of all his life, and of the lives of others, how many he knew not—which had been so long gathering, so privately nourished, and preserved as secret with such wonderful success, had all suddenly been brought to a point. In a few months he should be another man. But in the meantime he suffered an oppressive sense of living under a disguise: a feeling which had never occurred to him, while the gold had remained a secret in its hiding place. But now, that he had told it, that he was the acknowledged possessor of wealth, he felt that there was a something inconsistent with his character in appearing as the poor laboring artisan; and so, for a short time, Julian remained even more closely at home than usual, and his wife wondered at his silence, and so also did Anna, but happily they each recollected that he might be anxious about Edward. And Kate Julian shook her head, but with a smile on her lips, and said to her daughter that "Father thought more of Edward than he liked to confess."

After a few days, a messenger from Mr. Seaforth's office placed a note in Julian's hand. He received it, and trembled. The words, "you are to call this evening," were delivered in evident ignorance of that call being required for anything important. Mr. Seaforth's house was a large dwelling in an open part of the

town. Though it faced the street, gardens and shrubberies spread away behind to no small extent.

Mr. Seaforth was also a banker. The bank was the adjoining house. Julian was soon seated in the merchant's private room.

"If I am to assist you," said Mr. Seaforth, "and if you are to profit by my assistance, there ought to be all possible candor. I assure you, I advise it, not more for my own satisfaction than for your benefit, and I may add, that you shall never repent trusting me—may I ask you some questions?"

"Whatever you like," replied Julian. Still he said to himself—"the time is come;" and he had no desire to make any mystery or concealment to a man whom he regarded as the agent of his future fortunes. Mr. Seaforth therefore pursued his interrogations in a very business-like manner.

"This money has descended to you?"

"Yes—through several generations."

"Where do you keep it?"

"In the iron chest in which it came to me."

"How much of it do you desire to invest?"

"All of it."

"What may the amount be?"

"I cannot tell accurately—a large sum."

A declaration so opposed to the merchant's habit of life caused him to pause. But the first look of surprise was followed by a smile, and he went on. "Gold?"

"Yes, most of it, but silver besides."

"And you still like to join me in fitting out this privateer?"

"Yes."

Again there was a pause, after which Mr. Seaforth said—"And you wish to be a merchant?"

"Yes," answered Julian. "If to be a merchant is to be possessed of wealth, and power, and station, I do wish it."

Julian had bent forward towards his host, all the deep intensity of his feelings betrayed in his countenance. He did not, at that moment, hear the same door by which he had himself entered, suddenly opened, and only recalled his steadfast gaze of enquiry on hearing a voice exclaim:—"Hold hard, there, I say, hold hard. What; wealth, power, station!—wind, tide, and good luck—like that, do you?—Why, yes, and so do I. Shake hands then friend, for there's something that's alike between us."

Julian jumped from his seat, and Mr. Seaforth with less expression of surprise rose also. "Ah! Ralph," he exclaimed sadly. Then with an air of vexation, he shook his head reprov-

ingly. But the new-comer only laughed more loudly.

Ralph Seaforth, the merchant's brother, had been the commander of that very ship which had brought the merchant and John Julian into such happy relations. Julian, on learning this, looked at the new comer as one mysteriously connected with his destiny. Though Ralph Seaforth was intoxicated, and Julian detested drunkenness and all approaches to it. He yet looked at him with a sort of respect, feeling that he was there to take part in those measures which were to end in the gratification of all his ambition had ever desired. His heart forgave him his follies, and extenuated his vices, and regarded him as an actor in a great work, a tool to be used, a help in the path of prosperity, a means towards the attainment of entire success. So when Ralph offered his hand, Julian accepted it; and when again his rude laugh rung around, and he reeled back and could with difficulty recover his balance, and laughed again to see his brother, sorrowing and mortified, sink back into his chair; Julian did not feel that disgust which he would have felt under other circumstances, but rather a solemn sense of the necessity of bearing all things, not only with composure, but even willingly, out of respect to the cause which was worked by means of many hands, and various kinds of help. Julian offered his chair to Ralph, and was bringing one of humbler sort for himself. But Mr. Seaforth got his brother out of the room. The fact was, that Ralph was a thoroughly abandoned character; and Julian knew it. But his mind was so fixed on his own future, that he was willing to get over all obstacles, and to respect Ralph Seaforth, if Ralph was to command the ship that should make his fortune.

As Julian approached his home, after his interview with Mr. Seaforth, everything seemed bright to his mind's eye, as if no shade of sorrow or sin rested upon earth. Ralph and his intemperance were forgotten, and once again the cloudless sky, the soft moonlight, and the expressions of joy which belonged to that evening when he had spoken to Mr. Seaforth on the beach rose up before him. His own success was even surer in his thoughts than ever; and he trod the threshold of his home with a firmer step than common, almost with an air of pardonable pride. Edward stood at the door. "My son," he said, "you are going to feel the sweetest thing that man can feel—*success*."

"Ah! father," replied Edward, "I have only made the first step yet. So much more seems to lie before me to be done, that I can scarcely think of the past—the future so overwhelms me."

"The future will be like the past, my son," answered Julian. "Man shapes his own fortune, and you possess qualities which may ensure you yours. Be true to yourself, and fortune will be true to you."

And now Anna bounded out to her brother's side, and placed her arm in his, but looked in her father's face. "Lyas Norwood, is here," she said, "he has waited some time to speak to you."

The father looked on the two children for a moment; he did not usually show much tenderness towards them openly, but this evening restraint seemed to have left them, and there was a most anxious tenderness in his ardent gaze. But he said no more, and entered the house.

There stood Lyas. Mrs. Julian had accepted his gift, and the fish had been dressed for supper. A tempting table was spread, and Lyas was pressed to partake of the meal. But he refused. "My visit here, this night, is chiefly on business," he said. In few words, and with less embarrassment than might have been expected, he made known his boy's wish to change his mode of life, to learn a trade, and settle among men. Then he offered him to Julian. Julian with any hesitation refused the offer.

And now, there was a great deal to be done. Edward going immediately to college. Congratulations on his success poured in; and when Lord Westrey called, and praised him, and Lullingstone shook him heartily by the hand, and said: "Why, Edward, we shall be at College together—I am going next year"—there never was a happier youth than Edward Julian. Mary Westrey was there too. She stood so still and silent, looking on all about her as if it was a moving picture. Mrs. Julian smiled and wiped her tears at the same time, and almost laughed from nervous excitement, when she received Lady Westrey's affectionate message. But soon, as she turned aside, recovered herself, and curtsied again, and smiled on Lord Westrey, and said: "My duty, if you please, to her ladyship, and I hope I shall not grow too proud."

Edward bounded to his mother's side, and flung his arms around her, and gazed in her face so lovingly, just for one moment before he released her, that all admired him. A thought

just gleamed through Mary Westrey's mind, and brought a bright light into her earnest watchful eyes. "I am glad, very glad indeed," she said; and the boy blushed, and stammered, and left the room. Edward went to college, and Mr. Parker, who loved him, went with him.

And on the very day that Edward went, the vessel sailed with which went Julian's hopes of fortune. No wonder that, between events of such interest, Lyas Norwood's disappointment was forgotten. All was full of hope, and more, even of certainty. One thing only had struck Julian with an instant's sensation of regret; he scarcely knew why, but still he felt a little sorry on finding that Captain Ralph was not the commander of the ship—that he would not sail again for a few months; Mr. Seaforth said so, and so the thing passed. Julian had lurking feelings of one man's luck exceeding another's, and high ideas of the captain's qualifications in that particular. But be that as it may, when Julian watched the swift-sailing "*Sarah*" wind her way among the forest of masts in the well-filled docks, he felt no little regret that the captain on her deck was another than Ralph Seaforth.

The truth must be told here; Ralph Seaforth had quarrelled with his brother. That is, he had quarrelled with him as seriously as was possible, considering that all the bitterness was on his own side. Ralph Seaforth was a miserable drunkard, whose incorrigible wickedness in many ways had at last worn out his brother's charity. He would not employ Ralph any more while he pursued his present course of life. He had often threatened—the threat was now fulfilled. And the brother's quarrel concerned Julian, for Ralph was persuaded that he had supported his brother in his determination. Untrue as this was, it bore Julian bitter fruit. Ralph Seaforth was his enemy.

Let us now return to Harold. He was not discouraged; he determined to persevere; indeed so strong were his feelings, that he could not have done otherwise. "He will not take the rude, untaught, and perhaps, ignorant boy," Harold said. "That is the reason; that must be the reason; for the good man is kind, though strange, and rather rough, and has always loved us. I will overcome this. What he will not teach, I will learn of my own genius." And Harold, whose resolutions were never made in vain, kept his word. In a few weeks, he had taken some specimens of his first success to Julian's house. He was always kindly welcomed

there, and now his industry was praised, and he received all the encouragement he desired. Julian gave him some general instructions; told him where the best materials were to be purchased; once even sent Anna to shew the youth the way; and also lent him tools. Harold was happy, and bent all his energies to improvement in his trade. Thus passed weeks, and months, and autumn glided away, and the cold of winter came. Thoughts, but they were very heavy ones, were crowding on Julian's mind. The *Sarah* had been expected, but she had not appeared. Surprise had grown into doubt; doubt into fear; and fear was now passing into the certainty that she was lost.

Julian had never communicated the fact of his interest in this vessel to anyone. Mr. Seaforth had not departed from his usual rule, never to talk of the affairs of anyone connected with him. Julian's venture was known only to himself. There, in the projecting window of the pretty parlor, he would sit looking on the sea, and wondering on his fate. After he had seen the *Sarah* sail so merrily out of the harbor—after he had seen her fairly out of sight—lost in the horizon, and said farewell to her in his heart, he had not frequented his shop as diligently as he had used to do. He fulfilled orders, but when the last firm-bound vessel exposed at his shop door for sale, had found an admiring purchaser, no other proof of his industrious labor had taken its place. When the first doubts about the vessel arose, they did not much affect his mind. Julian had felt too certain of success to abandon his belief very suddenly. But one night after this, he met Mr. Seaforth, and they had spoken a few words together; few as they were, they made Julian feel the terrors of suspense,—not yet, however, can we say that he feared. After this, the work of his shop became still less agreeable to him, and Anna first observed that her father seemed restless and disturbed. She was loving, and young, and she did not like to remark it to her mother, least of all did she dare to speak to Julian himself. She took her work, and sat alone in the deserted work-shop, and when she saw her father enter, tried all her little arts to draw him to his former habits. Sometimes Julian tried to begin something, but nothing seemed to answer under his hands, and he would leave the tools in disorder, and wander out. In his wanderings he sometimes reached Norwood's hut, and there would sit in silence for long periods of time, watching Harold,

who, glad to display his ingenuity, worked on, insensibly producing the effect he desired on Julian's mind. And so Julian went on through dreary weeks and dreary months—what a dreadful winter time it was. His little stock of money was dwindling away. Disappointed customers ceased to come with their orders to a man who was never ready to supply them. On Mrs. Julian's face a sorrowing wonder crept. She felt alarmed; she knew not what to do; and womanhood's cares gathered round Anna's heart.

Still Julian wandered in his lonely way, for whole days absent from home. And still he turned his steps, most frequently towards Norwood's home, to see Harold work, and watch him as he carved the wood about him into living forms. It was very clever, and Julian knew it; but he never said so; he only sat and stared with a sad face of interest. There was always the unanswered question at his heart—where is the *Sarah*.

He was returning home one day in this wretched mood when he met a weeping child—She was starving. He gave her money and food, and asked her name, it was "Anna." He started, trembled, and walked on. A hard shower of rain came on just as he was entering Watermouth. He stopped beneath the shelter of the porch of a tavern. There came rude sounds of drunken mirth. Julian, always abhorring such scenes, was leaving the place when he heard his own name—he paused—it was Ralph Seaforth, saying how Julian had ventured his all in the *Sarah*—the "old miser's all," it was called—and how, because his brother had prevented his taking the command, the *Sarah* had gone "ill wished" out of harbor, and that she was undoubtedly lost. And they talked rudely of the pretty girl, his daughter—but Julian could hear no more—He rushed away. At a corner of a street he met Mr. Seaforth. "What do these rumors mean, sir?" said Julian, immediately commencing on the subject uppermost in his own mind.

"It is the most extraordinary thing—left long ago—that is on the point of leaving, when we heard; no account since—nothing positive—only a vessel was seen by an Indian lately come into ——— evidently in distress—I don't know what to say—I am very uneasy—and I feel more for you—indeed, believe me, more than for myself."

Mr. Seaforth left him abruptly, and Julian walked on. The odious echo of that rude man's voice, was still in his ears;—the starving

child was before his eyes. His wife—his Anna—Julian's heart did not dwell upon himself. His folly in being negligent of his trade! He was not really poorer. He had still a little store, enough to meet emergencies. He had never wanted more. But he must work.

Anna was standing by the door when he got back, evidently lingering for him. He spoke to her fondly, and she with equal fondness returned his greeting.

"I have been absent many hours" he said. "Have any customers enquired for me?"

"Yes, father; several,—and," said Anna with a little hesitation, "and seemed disappointed not to find you here."

"I have been very idle, lately," replied Julian smiling, "But will my child collect my tools, that I may work hard to-morrow?"

"Dear father," answered Anna, jumping by his side, for joy; "Everything is ready for you, and I waited there so long to day, thinking you might come back!"

"Did you, dear one?—God bless you, child—Good night."

The following day, as soon as the light permitted, Julian was hastening across that open country, towards Norwood's home. The morning was piercingly cold, but Julian's step was quick, and his warm heart was full of affectionate resolutions, and generous thoughts. He felt not the cold of the outward air, and in the vigor of his healthy resolutions he had lost the chill which had fallen on his spirits the evening before. He was soon standing before Harold. He said; "Harold, what I once refused, I now come in a wiser mood to ask for. Will you come to me, assist me in my trade, preserve it, enlarge it? If so, agree with me now on the subject of your hire."

Harold heard him with a flashing eye, which grew brighter at every word. But at the last, the red color rose in his cheek. "I will not sell my labor to you," Harold said. "You shall treat me not as a servant, but as a son. Then I will come. When I have learnt all, then, if you desire me to share in your profits, we can speak of it—but not now. These were the terms my father offered, and I will not change them."

"Keep to them if you will, then," answered Julian. And Harold's hopes were fulfilled for the present, and his ardent spirit looked gaily on the future.

After his morning's meal, Julian went, as of old, to his labor. His favorite Anna was soon in her accustomed place. The chips of wood

which fell about him she gathered and threw, from time to time, on the fire; and the bright blaze and the merry crackling sound that issued as it rose, were pleasant incidents. Julian looked round upon his child, and when their eyes met, they smiled—their hearts were more glad than they had been for many a long day past.

Anna's needle plied more quickly in its silent industry for the active sound of her father's noisy work. She did not think of the past, and its inexplicable sensations of sorrow and anxiety, but only of the present moment and its happiness. She thought, too, of Edward, and of the Christmas time without him; for Edward had had his parent's leave—and Lord Westry had advised them to grant it—to accompany Mr. Parker on a visit to his friends; and she was very proud and glad on Edward's account, and not anxious, for she knew the greatness of his heart, and felt—yet did not know that she felt—the nobleness of her own. Harold lived in the house with them, and immediately, he became an object of interest to Anna. She could not understand her brother's cleverness, but she could understand Harold's. He would try to carve a chair like that from old Dyrbington Court-House. He cut Mrs. Julian a brooch of white lilies from a piece of ivory. He had a gift in his hands, and they were never unemployed. It was her life to watch him, to praise him, and to help him where she could.

Of an evening Harold sat filing, and chipping at a little table of his own, and Anna read aloud. She read books lent to them by Lady Westrey. When night came Harold showed Anna his work, with graceful diffidence upon his bronzed cheek. His flashing eye watched her as she examined what he had been doing; and when her bright look gladdened him Mrs. Julian herself could not help admiring him.

Anna knew that she was first in Harold's thoughts, and it changed her life—it added to it an unutterable joy: she would have liked those days to last for ever—she did not know how to call her feelings by their real name. But Harold knew; and he was patient. Patient, as all people are who are in earnest; who hope, expect, believe, and yield themselves in undoubting faith to an influence they feel to be good.

Harold was the most diligent of workmen. But he did not work like a servant, but like an artist who pursues a fancy of his own. It soon appeared that his hands could form any-

at his heart desired; and Mrs. Julian and Westrey of his genius.

Westrey took back a bunch of lilies in wood to show Lady Westrey. Lady y thought it a wonderful thing for an ht youth to have accomplished; and ove with Mary to Watermouth to tell ilian what she thought. "I'll buy this," said Lady Westrey, "if allow me."

Julian blushed. "Ah!" she said, is an odd part of Harold. He won't thing. He says he could not work for

But if you, Lady Westrey, would be enough to accept it—now pray do, —and forgive my pressing you—

"mamma!" said Mary. And Lady y, smiling, said she would take it, and e could send him something at another

ould not sell a picture," said Mary— w I could not, unless it was the will of Mrs. Julian smiled. "What shall we m, Mary?" asked Lady Westrey. ks, tools, anything to help and en- him, but nothing to repay him—let to the work-shop." Lady Westrey towards Mrs. Julian as if asking

le were not in the habit of refusing g that Mary asked. Principally be- cer requests were never wrong; but ause of a certain sincerity that mingled er thoughtful manner, and gentle ways. ybody else Mrs. Julian might have of the disorder of the place where worked, but she never mentioned it to or her mother. She went first and hem to follow her.

old was very happy, and very modest ishing. Anna was happy too, and very of Harold.

y Westrey stood by Harold silent and er eyes full of thought, as he answered other's questions, and showed her all sed for.

n silence came she said; "It is not ." Harold started; she had uttered what

His heart knew that there was more, did not know how to get to it. He fixed hing eyes on her quiet, beautiful face. id; "Can't you draw?" Harold threw is head, and pushed the black glossy om his forehead. Mary stooped down k from the floor a bit of charred wood— urred to the white-washed wall and to draw. She took no notice of Harold,

but seemed absorbed in what she was about. But to Harold it was like drinking in inspi- ration. It was wonderful to those who looked on, to see his flushed cheek, and ardent gaze—his whole soul speaking in his face—and to see, in contrast, the noble girl's still, exquisite beauty as with a bold hand and out- stretched arm she drew upon the wall. It was within a few days of Christmas, and— Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the Stable, the Manger—not the adoring shepherds, for she was inter- rupted by Harold falling on his knees.

"You can do it," said Mary, dropping the charcoal—but Harold was gone.

Some hours afterwards, when he returned, he carefully rubbed out every line that Mary had made. "I have learned the secret," he said to himself—"It is all in my heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AD REGINAM ANGELORUM.

Gracious Queen! in all that's fairest

Fairer gifts of thine we see;
All this earth holds best and rarest
Hourly speaks to us of thee.

Shadows of thy peerless graces
Lie on all we love, around;
By our homes a thousand traces
Of thy tender light are found.

Darling childhood, April season,
Daily-mingling smile and tear;
Budding germ, maturing season,
Promise of a fruitful year.

Maiden in her opening beauty,
Gracious, simple, lowly, kind,
Paying all a daughter's duty,
Rich in treasures of the mind.

Love's betrothal, bridal flowers,
Blooming 'neath a cloudless sky;
Season of the golden hours,
Pleasure-laden, as they fly.

All of these, the best and fairest
Hourly speak to us of thee;
Gracious Queen! in all that's rarest
Rarer gifts of thine we see.

Mother's watching, mother's blessing
Brooding o'er her only child,
Lead us back to thy caressing,
Where thy First-born lay and smiled.

Faithful mother, vigil keeping
Nightly with her sailor-son;
Mother yearning, mother weeping
Hours beside her dying one.

Childless widow, sitting dreary
By her cold and lonely hearth;
Wandering solitary, weary,
Years about the darkened earth.

Queen of sorrows! every sadness
Asks thy children's tears for thee;
Mother crown'd! in every gladness
Comes a ray of thine to me.

J. A. S.

THE MOON'S ROTATION.

In April last, Mr. Selinger Symons, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, addressed an unassuming letter to the *Times*, in which he introduces the above subject as follows:—

"May I request the favor of a small space in your columns to enquire the grounds, upon which almost all school astronomy books assert that the moon rotates on her axis? This theory is positively stated in *Schaepler's Book of Nature*—a work of authority in Germany, and it has just received the high sanction of Mr. S. R. Hind in his edition of *Keith Johnston's New Atlas of Astronomy*. The moon is there said to revolve round our globe in a period of twenty-seven days, seven hours, and forty-three minutes, and to rotate upon her axis in precisely the same interval; whence it occurs that only one-half of the moon can ever be seen from the earth."

Upon this no less than seven letters, out of many, appeared the next day against Mr. Symons, and others again from day to day, with one or two exceptions in his favor. Some of the anonymous writers, in the pride of science, were highly offensive, and indulged in ridicule upon a gentleman, who simply asked for the proof of a very generally received theory. The controversy went on for a time, until it passed from the *Times* to the *Morning Chronicle*.

From a letter of Mr. E. Hopkins, in favor of Mr. Symons, it appears, that not only in this country, but also on the continent, this question has made a great sensation; and the readers of the Catholic Institute Magazine may therefore be glad to be put in possession of the leading features of the controversy, and of the reasons for concluding that the moon does not rotate on her own axis.

At first sight it may appear, that the point at issue is of little moment; but we shall see, on another occasion, that it is of the greatest importance to learn, whether the moon floats on our sphere, or whether she rotates in vacant space; whether the tides are produced by pressure, or, as is now taught, by attraction.

That the moon does not rotate round her own axis, within any time or period, is proved by the following:—

Cut the line of the moon's orbit in one place, and draw it out into an horizontal plane: will it be said that in passing from one end of the level to the other, the same as she did when the line formed a circle, the moon makes a revolution round her own axis? Do

the same with the earth; cut the orbit round the sun in one place, and stretch it out in one straight line, and the earth will still revolve round her own axis from one end to the other; the same as she does now when her path lies in a circle.

Let a carriage, by whatever force, be drawn or propelled round our globe, and every wheel will revolve round its own axis, whilst at the end of the journey it will have made one revolution round the earth; let drags be put on to the wheels, and at the end of the journey they will all have made a revolution round the earth, but not a single one round its own axis; because, like the moon, they always presented the same part of the wheel, the same face, to the earth.

A ship, circumnavigating our globe, will always present the same face to the fishes in the water, as the moon does to us. On coming home again, it will surely not be said that she has made a revolution round her own axis, though she has made a revolution round the earth. The moon and the ship perform a revolution round the earth, round the *axis of the earth*, but not round an axis of their own; they move round the axis of the *centre of their orbits*,—round an axis *exterior* to their bodies.

The most plausible and deceptive argument, in favor of the theory of the moon's rotation round her own axis, that we have met with, has been put forward by an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, in one of the letters already referred to.

"In the next school Mr. Symons goes to, let him make a chalk spot on the floor, and walk round it at any distance he likes, keeping his face steadily to it, as the moon does to the earth, and as he walks let him go closer and closer to the spot, saying all the time 'Now, boys, you see I don't turn on my axis,' till at last he finds himself moving upon the spot itself; and let him then ask them whether he is turning on his axis or not. I think it will be clear to the stupidest boy in the school. Assuming it to be so, he must next proceed to explain to these, and himself, at what particular distance from the spot rotation is said to begin. Perhaps he has a supplementary theory to settle this point."

On mature consideration, F.B.D., the correspondent in question, will find in the above illustration, that the rotation begins nowhere *exterior*, or *outside*, the chalk spot made on the floor.

Let a thread, ever so fine, be drawn from the spot on the floor to the ceiling; let F.B.D. begin his walk around it, and he will never turn on his axis, so long as his back is not turned; however close he may be to the thread, keeping

dily before his eyes, the thread itself will be the axis round which he moves.

now I beg to ask by what manœuvre F.B.D. transfer this axis through the of his own body, to enable him to have of his own round which to turn? Will once, at a jump, substitute himself in of the thread? Or, as he moves closer against it, will he allow the thread rees to cut into his body until he gets his own centre? But then there would axis within his body which before we tside! And if it was not in his body sly, there obviously could have been no otation of himself.

Athenæum of April 19th, contains a y less plausible illustration. The wri- the article says:—

en a man walks round a circle, following his : turns on his own axis, because he makes : point to all the points of the compass one other. How can a man first point north and uth without a right-about-face? But this procedure is so usual and simple that it seems job. The turning round the axis is unnoticed it is gradual. But suppose a person to the gradual turning on the axis until the y for it mounts up. When a point travels : four sides of a square, it moves round the f the square, though not always at the same . Now let a man walk round the square. e comes to the corner he must make a quarter less he prefer to walk sideways. And this four times. Now let it be a regular octagon : s an eighth of a face eight times. Next a f sixteen sides: a sixteenth of a face sixteen Go on in this way, and as the sides become umerous, and severally smaller, the lines severally less, and more frequent. Finally at it, as the mathematicians say, the figure : a circle, the turning becomes gradual, and cessive rectilinear motions merge in a con- circular motion. If our readers will pon- explanation a little, they will probably t the conclusion that a person who cannot out is not fit to be an inspector of schools."

what if the inspector of schools should it after all that has been said against d his theory?

first point of the preceding extracts en settled already. By cutting the n one part and stretching it out into raight line, the body moving over it oes no change; and it must be evident, : ordinary minds, that a person walking the line when straight or forming a does not turn round his own axis— an axis within himself.

regards the second point, let a man ound the square and by degrees narrow gular path until he nears the centre.

Let a vertical pole be stuck up in the centre of the square to represent the axis round which the point or person travels. On coming close to the pole the square will by degrees have changed into a circle. Let the person take hold of the pole with his right hand, continue to walk round, and present his nose to every quarter of the globe, as before; let us also, though not absolutely necessary, consider, that from the moment the pole has been grasped, it forms part and parcel of the person walking round, and what before was a spiral motion will have become an extreme eccentric motion, the whole body turning round the axis passing through the hand. Pressing further in upon the centre of the square, the pole would gradually have to slip upward through the arm, or rather the person would in a manner have to impale himself, until the pole passed through the centre of his body, before he could be said to rotate upon his own axis.

We thus see that the original motion was spiral, and that to become central-axial the body must *begin* an eccentric rotation by pressing and infringing upon its former external axis, and that this eccentricity must diminish until the rotation can become central. It is just the same as with F.B.D.; at the end of the song we see an axis within the body, which at the beginning, we saw outside; the substitution or transfer of axis, from outside to inside, must be sudden or gradual.

These are the only two ways in which a rotation round his own axis, an axis interior to the moving body, could be brought about; but to suppose either the one or the other is a manifest absurdity.

The moon, then, has no rotatory motion round an axis of her own, an axis within herself, no more than the ship or clogged wheel; her's is a progressive floating motion, but not a rotatory progression. The libration of the moon is nothing else than the gentle rocking of a ship either way; so that at one time we see more of one edge, and at another time more of the other; but this surely, is no evidence of rotation round an axis of her own. Let the earth gradually shrink to the thread of its axis, to the pole of the square, and let the moon, the ship, the clogged wheel, F.B.D., and the writer in the *Athenæum* too, move closer and closer around it; remove the thread or the pole, and all will stand still. Or, does it follow, that having nothing round which to move, they should now spin round themselves, either suddenly, or by first becoming extremely eccentric? This would be a substitution, and

shifting of position indeed! But the moon, like the ship, and the clogged wheel, having before had no axis of her own within her, round which to turn, could not get it, even if put in place of the earth, except by a special exercise of Divine Omnipotence, though F.B.D. a living genius, may trample under foot the spot of chalk, and spin round himself, whenever he pleases.

Rotation, as commonly understood, is the motion of a compact, or united body, round an axis within that body, whether the axis be central or eccentric. Revolution is commonly understood of a body moving in a circle round a distant centre. Each of these motions may be separate, or they may be combined. A body may turn round its own interior axis, while at the same time it revolves round a distant centre.

A gentleman waltzing, or spinning round himself in the circle of a ball-room performs both axial rotation, and revolution round the distant centre of the room. Let the gentleman associate with a lady and merrily waltz round the room, and he will cease to rotate round an axis within himself. He now forms, as it were, but one body with his partner, and the axis round which *they* rotate, lies between them, whilst their revolution round the room continues. Let the pair be joined by others, and by degrees form a ring; the circumference of the united body will only be increased, and each person further removed from the centre round which *combined* they rotate, whilst all the time they continue their slackened revolution round the room. But individual rotation there is clearly none; they are an united body and rotate round an axis within the centre of the ring. Let a spectator, to represent the axis, be placed inside; and he will have the pleasure of seeing the faces of the dancers only,—an evident proof of the absence of individual rotation. Let the master of ceremonies be placed beyond the ring into the centre of the room, and he will have the satisfaction to behold both face and back in turn of every member of the ring, the same as the sun, beyond the orbital ring of the moon, shines in turn upon every part of her surface. But this argues no individual axial rotation of either dancers or moon. The moon, like each one of the former, is a compact body, but for all that no waltzer, and least of all a waltzer by herself; she does not rotate about an axis within herself, either monthly, annually, or in any period of time; or we should have seen at least something of

the side she constantly keeps turned away from us. Let her now be multiplied; let one moon join the other until they form a ring round the earth like the one round Saturn; and surely, no one would say that the ring rotates about an axis within its solid body; or that each moon rotates by and round herself? The one ring would rotate round the earth as its axis, as the other rotates round Saturn as its axis. But the sun beyond the ring would behold the ring in turn inside and outside at the same time, as the master of ceremonies would see back and front of the dancers, simply however, because there is a clear space between the ring and the axis within it. Fill up the ring with solid matter, and the interior face will be hidden to the eye and to the sun: the backs, or exterior surface of what before was a ring, will alone be seen; the same as the exterior surface of the earth alone is shone upon by the sun. In this case the whole ring becomes a solid body from the axis to the limit, and *as usual* it rotates round the axis within. But the moon is a separate, compact body, a link, a joint only, of the exterior ring; and as such it must be evident that she can have no axial rotation, whether central or eccentric. It is just *because* the sun shines *then only* upon the face of the moon *we never see*, upon the exterior part of the ring *for ever turned away from us* who stand in the centre, when she is in conjunction, that is, when she is between the sun and the earth; and that he shines *then only* upon the place *we always see*, upon the interior of the ring *for ever before our eyes*, when she is in opposition, that is, when the earth is between the sun and the moon, that her uniform circular motion—her rotation round the earth, and her revolution with it round the sun—is established, and her selfaxial rotation disproved. Take but the ring off your finger, and turn it horizontally before your eyes: and whilst you behold part of its outside and part of its inside, you would certainly not maintain that the *seal* of the ring rotates upon an axis within the seal itself? The moon is nothing else than the seal, the crown of the invisible ring of her orbit, and consequently can have no individual axial rotation of her own. The earth would be just the same if it were to rotate round the axis of the sun only, and not round itself also. It would, on the contrary, still have axial rotation, and not be a mere seal in the ring of its orbit, were it to present the whole of its surface to the sun but once in a thousand years.

moon sink down to the earth, and she will to ourselves, to the centre which she floats, be entirely eclipsed; at the same time press more and on the air and atmosphere above us, the waters of the earth upon the her finally drop into the ocean and her floating motion; and like the deck alone will be shone upon it, and the flooding of the land comfortable however, as it is said, the moon diaphanous liking for the water, no inundations in countries even, need be feared; nearer she approached, the more she attracts the water and withdraw it from and thus, without injury to mankind, presents us perhaps the spectacle of riding on higher than the highest mountain, than the whole of Europe, but still rotating on an axis within herself, when she is far distant.*

no man in this country who does not allude to Italy's again becoming one of the great communities in the world. But I for one, allude to that great renovation as springing from the genius of the people, and the resources of

Time the great reformer, can yet save anything can throw back her career, if it baffles her advancing destiny, it would grieve of politicians who are not Italians, in the sake of obtaining an influence and a power which they cannot otherwise command, would alter the fate of a great people, *pander to the passions of societies*, pretend to a sympathy which is not really experience, and for the sake of a momentary applause and for an instant success, would alter the destinies of a great and gifted people. *Israeli*, May 20th, 1850.

Knowledge and wisdom though oft-times compared, have but a small resemblance. Knowledge dwelleth in the heart, replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom is attentive to their own. Knowledge is what he hath learned so much. Wisdom is what he knows no more.

The misty knell that rings over the fall from the throne is to be heard of the lost esteem of those

for happiness independent of virtue, is cast in the shade on the sands of the desert.

Don's Rotation is inserted as an interesting article, but must not preclude us from publishing, at the same time, any equally interesting argument in support of the established theory.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. VI.—BRITAIN IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.

Wordsworth.

There are many useful designs entertained by those who undertake the labor of education, and devote the best powers of the intellect and the affections to the responsible office of training the minds of the young, so as to prepare them for the duties of life. Now, it is acknowledged that of all these methods, some are unsuccessful in their results upon the formation of character: but among the many principles on which they act, one may be selected as especially infallible, and it is that by which Saint Paul trained his new converts in the Christian doctrine. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever are just, holy, lovely, of good fame—if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things;" and this principle will be found, in some degree, in all successful systems of education. First in the heathen schools, and then in the wisest Christian universities, in which the example of good and great men have been proposed to the admiration of the student. But the great men of the world being imperfect models, a higher species of excellence is placed before the minds of youthful Christians in the lives of the saints, and this study not only satisfies the strong instinct for imitation, but that noble faculty of admiration so soon distorted and obliterated by contact with the degraded world. And the imagination, which is the faculty by which the human mind grasps at the supernatural, is directed and sanctified by what is related of the communications granted by God to His saints, and His frequent suspension in their favor of the ordinary laws by which He rules material things. The office of sound criticism is to check any undue exercise of this holy love for what is great and good. But if it be rashly used to cast a general ridicule on sublimity, lower the standard of morals, and take to the level of common life, it must counteract the noblest end of education, and repress the most precious energies of the mind. It is in the spirit of reverence that we must read the heroic deeds of St. Germanus, in defending Britain from a heresy, whose root is not to be eradicated, as it springs from the pride of human intellect.

The weakness and corruptions of the British

people tempted the fierce heathen tribes, who lived by plunder on the coasts of the Baltic Sea and German Ocean, to devastate the rich towns and fertile fields of this still Christian country. In their distress the Britons asked aid from Rome; but the invasion of the northern tribes pressed too heavily on the capital itself to permit the absence of a single legion. In vain Guethelin, the bishop of London, exhorted the terrified people to call upon the name of Christ, that He might inspire them with courage to defend their liberties. Rome was taken by Alaric A.D. 410, and Britain was devastated by the Picts and Scots. And not only the lands were wasted by savages, but the faith of the people was corrupted by a fatal heresy. Pelagius was a monk in the monastery of Bangor, and is said to have been a man of more genius than learning. He travelled into Italy, and was honored by the correspondence of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. But these great Doctors of the Church penetrated the pride which was concealed under his apparent austerities and sanctity, although other good but simple men were deceived by his fair professions; and believed that when he denied the necessity of the Divine Grace for performing good works, he was only defending the freedom of the human will from the heretics who denied that God has given that high responsibility to man. This proud self-sufficiency, so gratifying to the irreligious, spread naturally enough into his native country; and now, says Bede, the Britons, though they absolutely refused to embrace that heresy, so blasphemous against the Grace of Christ, were yet, not able of themselves to confute it by arguments, and craved aid from the Gallican prelates. St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, was then the papal vicar in Gaul, and at a synod of the bishops it was decided that he should go with St. Lupus, bishop of Troyes, to this distracted island. They went accordingly with full powers; and sailed half-way across the channel with a fair wind. Then the malice of the demons, who feared that the Britons should be restored to the faith, raised terrific storms, and darkened the air with clouds. The sails were useless, and the skill of the sailors failed in the tempest; but although St. Germanus, spent with weariness, was asleep, the ship was borne up by the mighty force of prayer. When at length they were about to sink, Lupus awakened him, and he called upon the name of Christ. In the name of the Holy Trinity he sprinkled on the sea a few drops of oil, or as some say,

of water, and the raging of the waves was stilled. Almighty God had heard their prayers and the storm was succeeded by a calm. They landed in safety, and were received with joy, for their approach had been foretold by the bad spirits who had raised the storm; and when these spirits were afterwards expelled by the priests from those whom they had possessed, they confessed that they had raised the storm, and that they had been overcome by the saints. The apostolic bishops preached daily, not only in the churches, but in the streets and fields. They then held a disputation, to which the Pelagians came with a splendid attendance, and the people stood round as spectators and judges, and as the Venerable Bede says, "on one side there was divine faith, on the other human presumption; on one side Pelagius, on the other Christ." The holy prelates permitted their adversaries to speak first, and then answered them, with a torrent of eloquence, interspersing their discourse with passages from the Holy Scriptures, and from the works of great writers; until their adversaries having nothing to reply, confessed their error, and the people could hardly be restrained from using violence against those false teachers.

It was after the bishops had gained their victory, that a British nobleman brought into the assembly his daughter, who was blind, and entreated them to restore her sight. They bade him carry her to the Pelagians, but they sent back the parents to the bishops. Germanus, after a short prayer, full of Divine inspiration, invoked the Blessed Trinity, and taking into his hands a casket, containing some relics which hung about his neck, he laid it on the eyes of the girl, and she recovered! "Not only did the light of the sun illuminate the eyes of the blind, but the glorious light of truth succeeded to the darkness of error in the minds of the British nation, and they were confirmed in the purity of the faith." The bishops visited the tomb of St. Alban, to give there thanks to God through him, and Germanus commanded that his tomb might be opened, that he might lay the relics of the Apostles and Martyrs together with those of the Protomartyr of Britain; and having done so, he took up with veneration some of the dust which was still reddened with his blood. It is said that the conference was held at St. Alban's, and there, not far from the ruins of the old city stood many ages after, a chapel dedicated to St. Germanus on the spot where he had held the dispute.

CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTUS.



HERE was an old Greek, a man who had heard Plato and Aristotle, whose name originally was Tyrtaeus, but who spoke so well, that his contemporaries thought that his phraseology must be a divine gift, and therefore, a divine name; so they called him *Tyrtastus*, the divine prosist: he was a philosopher, but a rather discontented one. He died prematurely at the age of a hundred and seven, and his last breath was lamenting the shortness of life, and the wrong of the unfairness of nature, which gives centuries of existence to the good, and the bad the stag, and only short decades to the bad. One of the most amusing books which we have left us, was written by this old man, when he was in his ninety-third year; he called it the book of *characteristics*, and it has been the source of all the collections of short observations on manners, and morals, which have since been published. It shews that nature was fundamentally the same in twenty-one centuries ago, as it is at the present day in England. We will give you a few specimens of the old philosopher's acute remarks, only premising that he has taken the liberty, which we believe translators have done before us, of changing known for unknown things, and so adapting what he says, than pretending a literal version of his words.

Then, let us see how the observant old man describes an animal which we are quite as rife among us, as it was in the Athenian contemporaries;—an animal generally known by the name of *colax*, but anciently designated by rather allusions to the disgusting mastication, &c. Here then is the substance of Theophrastus' description of the manner in which our *colax*, your flatterer, toady, or sycophant, behaves to you:—

When he walks with you he will say: "See how you look at you, they take no notice of any one." Yesterday I was at a party, where there were more than thirty persons of some rank, when we began to talk of the books which have been published during the season, we began with yours, and ended with yours,—

really it is a masterpiece!" And while he is saying this he will brush the dust off your collar with his hand; or if a bit of straw has been blown into your hair, he will pick it out carefully, and with a laugh, will tell you: "Look! it is only two days since I saw you, and yet your head is full of grey hairs—yet for your years you have the blackest hair of any one I know." Then if you are speaking he will tell other people to be silent; or he will testify his approval of the man that listens to you; and if you pause he will at once signify his assent; and if you are satirical he will laugh like a fool, and stuff his handkerchief into his mouth as if he could not contain himself. And he will buy apples and oranges for your children, which he will bring to give them, (taking good care that you see what he does); and he will kiss the little fellows, and call them chips of the old block, and that block genuine heart of oak; and if you intend to visit any one, he will go first and give notice of your approach, and when he sees you again, he will tell you that he had announced you. When he dines with you, he will be the first to praise your wine, and to point to the excellencies of your cookery. And he will say to you: "How little you eat," and he will stick a spoon into the dish before him, and say: "Have some of this, it is so good;" and he will ask you if you do not feel the fire too hot, and whether you would not like a screen—and at the same time he will jump up and arrange it; and he will whisper in your ear; and he will look at you while he is speaking to other people; and when your servant is helping you on with your great coat, he will either take it out of his hands and do it himself, or he will find something to set right, the collar to turn down, or the cuffs to turn up; and he will tell you that your house is well built, your garden well stocked, your portrait ridiculously like, and so on. If he meets you in the street, he will, while he is at some distance, prick up his ears, smile, brighten his eyes, telegraph to you, call out your name, take hold of you with both hands, and hold you while you talk to him; after you have bidden him good bye, he will turn back to ask you when he shall see you again, and will again take his leave with some compliment. And when he dines with you he will ask for your children after dinner, and when they come, he will say that they are as like their father as figs to figs; and he will draw them to him, and seat them on his knees, and kiss them, and talk nonsense to them, and

sing to them "Hey-diddle-diddle;" and if one of them is unwell he will run up to the nursery with him; and he will take the baby out of the nurse's arms, and make some pap on his plate, and feed it, he will crow and chuck to it, and call it a greater rogue than papa.

Ovid afterwards gave advice of the same nature, to people who wish to curry favor with others: "Brush the dust from their clothes," he says,—"*Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*" And even if there is no dust, brush it off all the same; brush off the no-dust. Seize on every pretext for your officiousness.

But now to migrate to another character—the following are some of the traits of the small, self-important man; a kind of person whom one meets occasionally, even now:—

At dinner he will always try to hook on to the lady of the house. He will have a black footman. He likes to give away new guineas and half-crowns. He always packs up his deputy-lieutenant's uniform in his portmanteau. He puts up a monument to his dog. He gives many candles to be burnt in the church on his fête-day. When he writes to his friends on the continent, he lets his letters lie about a few days before he posts them, that his visitors and servants may know about his great foreign correspondence. He has his boots from Paris, and his hats from Brussels, and his gloves from Grenoble. He has a valuable watch, which he uses in illustration of arguments. He has a fiddle, for which he gave £300. He has a snuff-box given him by the Marquis of Carabas, and a piece of plate presented by the corporation of Galton. He goes to vestries when he is likely to take the chair in the absence of the vicar.

But we are getting too modern for the old Athenian; the temptation to adapt things so very adaptable is too strong for us; besides which, if we kept literally to the philosopher's own words, the cream of his jests would be fossilized into classical allusions, which the scholar might dig up and exhibit in a museum, but which would hardly be palatable to a person seeking mere amusement.

Let us next migrate to a different and more unpleasant kind of self-importance, not unmingled with a pretty copious selection of brag.

Such a man will tell you, though you are a perfect stranger to him, how many ventures he has had on the sea, or in railways, or mines. He will tell you all his gains and losses; he will take out his cheque-book in

your presence, and write a draft. He will tell his neighbors at the ordinary how he fought under the Duke of Wellington, or was out with Louis Napoleon as a special constable in '48. Also how many great china vases he has; how much more handy are the Italian, than the English workmen. He will blow out his cheeks; he will tell you how the year of famine cost him near one hundred pounds—how he could not refuse the poor fellows. If he sees a good horse or a handsome carriage, he will ask the price, and pretend he is looking out for something of the sort, though this does not exactly suit him. He likes to be seen coming out of the most extensive and fashionable shops, where however, he only buys trifles. If he lives in lodgings he will perhaps give you to understand that he owns the whole house, but that he intends to give it up, as it is too small for a man who sees so much company—for his house is a regular inn, and his purse too, a regular sieve; it could never be full while he had so many to empty it. Then he will call your attention to the excellence of his well, the coolness of his water, the freshness of his vegetables, and the talent of his cook. He explains to you the principles on which his grates burn, his rooms are ventilated, his house warmed; and will take care to tell you that he is a great friend of Doctor Reid, who, in fact, generally takes his advice in all the new inventions which he publishes.

Next we will extract a few characteristics of the "rough diamond."

He wears his shoes too large; he speaks with a loud voice; he is shy towards his friends and equals, and consults his groom or his cook about his affairs. He will stand chattering with the laborer who is digging his garden, and will tell him all the gossip of the place, some of it consisting in very free stories; he always stands or sits in unseemly attitudes; he takes no notice of the beautiful buildings, the prints in the shop windows, or the prospect; but if there is a horse, or a cow, or a flock of sheep in the road, he will stop and scan them with a knowing eye. He will whistle in church, and talk aloud in a concert room, and hum tunes as he walks in the streets. He wears nails in his shoes. He carries a very thick stick. He wears a peculiar hat and leather gaiters.

We conclude by a fragment of a sketch of the parsimonious man:—

He does not provide enough dinner for his guests; he makes his servants collect the cloves from the sides of the plates of those

aten apple tart, saying: "They n." He will borrow half-a-crown who has come to dine with him. is guests very weak negus. He excursion trains, and takes one ree children; he borrows a hand- l uses it for a week. He always l to his debt; he pays by instal- never has quite enough to pay him and d—s the fractions. He sub- ay for the schooling for every day e ill; he will not send them for ks, or any fractions of time. He ter for change for sixpence. He a godfather to any one for fear of ive a silver mug.

ustus is certainly no fool; on the has rendered vast assistance to all authors of tales and novels, and arp things since his time. And ir readers will thank us for the five have enabled them to spend with f the keen-eyed old Athenian.

Reviews.

4 *Sketch of the Third Century.*
ondon: BURNS and LAMBERT.

ch expectation and many promising have *Callista* at last. From our of its author, and the generally tone of the series it adorns, we mother volume of the same exten- ship and rare information which e its beautiful predecessor. Our been signally fulfilled; for here is cinating record of memorable times, eft almost undisturbed in "the fable;" of incidents often more the child than to the man; and richeminently abound in valuableles- uring so many interesting, though , parallels to our own day; and also portunities for literary skill,—illus- ngular period of mental darkness nelegant manners; and shewing of the illumined mind, and the of the child on first recognising

ever desire to regard this volume of art, apart from its religious und freed, if possible, from the traint of our very warm admiration t for its author. Many of our

readers are no doubt content to overlook the faults of such works as literary productions, inasmuch as the beautiful morality and sublime teaching blended with the interesting details, often send them forth, from their perusal, wiser and better men. Nor do we quarrel with them for being so—their admiration is natural in these days when the slightest appearance of friendship towards us in an able work, certainly raises that work immensely in our good graces. We but seek to express our belief that such works as those before us must in common with all others, be amenable to Catholic criticism, if worthy of Catholic notice, and that the work proved deserving of praise as a work of art, is tenfold more powerful as an instrument for good.

We may, however, appear peculiarly safe in thus beginning our notice in this case where there is such absorbing interest, such evidence of vast reading, and such unquestionable proof of literary power: still did the volume strike us as wanting, we would be, we hope, honest enough to say so, despite its lofty teaching and religious tone from beginning to end. The entire and unhesitating approval we have seen accorded to some Catholic works, merely because they were Catholic, has often appeared to us rather equivocal praise, and we feel it would be almost insulting to offer it here.

The style of *Callista* is sprightly and flowing; adorned with melodious sentences, and enlivened with keen remarks, it not seldom swells into eloquence, and even rises to grandeur. With many striking situations, there are also many pages of graphic description, many glimpses of rare and extensive scholarship, and some phases of mind in those dark ages laid before us with surpassing vividness and power. The preface almost warned us to expect unfinished work and traces of labor; but without apparent break or pause, yet with no straining of probability or literary artifice, we are carried swiftly along; and almost grumble at the close, that it is but a sketch after all.

The scene is laid in northern Africa, at a time when the Church was suffering less from the persecution of her foes, than from the lukewarmness of her children. As we dwell upon the sad effects of their careless faith, here vividly brought forward, there rise to mind the glowing pages of a great living writer, where he demonstrates that public hatred and persecution often result in keeping a de- pised sect a pure body, from the additional

unity and self-denial which they occasion. Agellius, the hero, is of a Christian father, and being in fair circumstances, is separated by the *prestige* of his faith from those around him; is pitied by a well drawn old heathen uncle, and despised, if not hated, by an ably described fierce pagan brother. Separation from his true kindred has begun its terrible work in his mind:—

"He was lonely at home, lonely in the crowd. He needed the sympathy of his kind; hearts which might beat with his heart; friends with whom he might share his joys and griefs; advisers whom he might consult; minds like his own who would understand him,—minds unlike his own, who would succour and respond to him. A very great trial certainly this, in which the soul is flung back upon itself; and that especially in the case of the young, for whom memory and experience do so little, and wayward and excited feelings do so much. Shall we wonder that the poor youth began to be despondent and impatient under his trial? Shall we not feel for him, though we may be sorry for him; should it turn out that he was looking restlessly into every corner of the small world of acquaintance, in which his lot lay, for those with whom he could converse easily, and interchange speculation, argument, aspirations, and affection?"

'No one cares for me,' he said, as he sat down on his rustic bench. 'I am nothing to any one; I am a hermit, like Elias or John, without the call to be one. Yet even Elias felt the burden of being one against many; even John asked at length in expostulations, 'Art thou he that shall come?' Am I forever to have the knowledge, without the consolation, of the truth? Am I for ever to belong to a great divine society, yet never see the face of any of its members?"

After awhile the heroine comes upon the scene. She is a Greek, beautiful in fine sensibilities, and not backward in the high mental cultivation of her own bright land. In the childhood of Christianity, we meet with many pleasing and thoughtful incidents in the conversion of minds already trained in the subtle reasoning, and enriched with the wild mythology of cultivated paganism. The thought, so elaborate, and taste, so refined, recognising the truth with proportionate enthusiasm, when once divine grace has operated, seems additionally gratifying to us; and we regard the triumph over the powers of darkness as additional, when we see the mind, whose sense of beauty and power of thought far exceeds our own, acknowledging gratitude to its Creator in common with ourselves.

Such is Callista; and the close attention with which we instinctively follow her mental vicissitudes, tells us at once that the character is a true and beautiful creation. With the mental training and quick instincts of her race, with all its sense of beauty, and thirst

for information, she seems also to have had a womanly sense of right, which may have assisted the change, and an independence of spirit which may have retarded it. In days gone by, in her own bright land, the pure love of a Christian slave, as in the case of Syra and Fabiola, had at once struck her fancy, and attracted her mind. In meeting with Agellius in his less refined home, the perception of something superior in him, to even her own gifted people, had aroused her once more, and called up the old memory. With him, poor fellow, it was but the "old, old story;"—with her it was catching a glimpse of a lofty and long-pondered ideal. The explanation between the two, is a striking and beautiful scene.

We have spoken of the descriptive power of this volume, and may extract the following in justification of our opinion. The passages are taken from a vivid and most interesting description of the plague of locusts, which occupies the fifteenth chapter:—

"And now they are rushing upon a considerable tract of that beautiful region of which we have spoken with such admiration. The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body, as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another, out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length, the huge innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and then made northwards straight for Sicea. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a longer flight in their turn. From front to rear, for twelve miles do they extend, and their hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward, they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow.

Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living armament still moved on.

"They moved right on like soldiers in the ranks, stopping at nothing, and straggling for nothing; they carried abroad furrow or wheel all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front, as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert.

They came up to the walls of Sicea, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb

ood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, have entered in at the windows, filling the streets, and the most private and luxuriant, not one or two, like stragglers at a rioters after a victory, but in order of march with the array of an army.

led by success, and by enjoyment, onward as if they had a king over them. They are on the floor in so strange an order, that it is to be a tessellated pavement themselves, the artificial embellishment of the place; are their lines, and so true is the pattern of the tribe. Onward they go, to the market, to the sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists; man has aught to eat or drink, there are no fears of death, strong of appetite, certain of

crowding into the city, and terrible consequent on the plague, naturally a mob, which gradually swells into a horde, rather seeking destruction than

The easily realized turn, which its soon takes against the Christians, is received, and reminds one, of the celebration of the Gordon riots by an living novelist.

ough the chief purposes of the work connection with one or two characters, are many true and interesting, in the grouping of the story. Aristo cundus are, though hastily drawn, and natural creations: the sketch of is certainly a novelty, and is handled with considerable power. In short, we cannot but ponder over the well meditated while still the whole has a completeness

charm, despite fine description and excitement, is however centred in the

Her fine perceptions attract us on out, and the development of her rise, carries us along with it, as a and able essay in the study of *mind*. we stopped half-way, by the author refuge in a miracle, to escape additional in his thought and care:—the charac- vrought out step by step, and seems y its creator. And at the close we, in consequence, feel touched at the disappearance of that majesty of mien, once was her's, a gift, so beautiful, so ble to fallen man," in common with the Cæcilius, when he bids her "farewell rest of children, till the hour when we set before the throne of God."

have not attempted to give an outline story, because its merits must be felt

by oneself to meet their full reward; our purpose too, is more fully answered by sending readers to its pages, than, by its aid, adorning our own. During its perusal we have constantly before us its celebrated fellow,* and we believe it does not suffer by the comparison. That it has been hastily composed is, we think, probable,—mindful of which indeed, our respect for its learning is increased, and our perception of its blemishes forgotten.

The familiar dialogue throughout, has some what disappointed us, indeed in some cases it goes far to impair the feeling of reality, in which it is so pleasant to peruse a fiction. Save where the interest is absorbing, and the thoughts or feelings analysed, as in the cases of Cæcilius and Callista, are of every age, we feel glad to pass over the out-of-place dialogue, whenever we can. The people of Roman Africa, in the third century appear to have been singularly familiar with the slang of our time; and though we make no note of their frequent use of some words which Mr. Macaulay tells us were only lately "invented," we object to Aristo the Greek artist calling his neighbor a "snob;" to Jucundus the idol-dealer garnishing his talk with French idioms, or to the latter requesting his nephew to "buckle to." It strikes us that such blemishes must impair the value of *Callista*, as a work of art; and the more so, as we have somewhat similar productions, in which they have been skilfully avoided,

But as we are keenly sensible of the exceeding value of such additions to this series, let us part from this volume in warm kindness. Should so erudite and distinguished men further supply such "sketches," the cheap literature of our time will have been blessed indeed.

Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses. By A LADY VOLUNTEER. 2 Vols. London: HURST AND BLACKETT.

We here have an account from one of the Lady Volunteers who went out under Miss Nightingale, to nurse the English and Irish soldiers, of the hospitals of Scutari, Balaklava, and Roulali, and all the work done in them. The staff of nurses was composed of twenty-seven Protestant ladies, twenty-eight Sisters of Mercy, and eighty-seven paid nurses. A miserable allowance for the thousands of sick and wounded men, and forming a wretched

* *Fabiola or the Church of the Catacombs.*

contrast with the hundreds of *Sœurs de la Charité* found in the French and Sardinian services.

The paid nurses were a complete failure; and as so many Protestants are wedded to the present system in the English hospitals at home, of employing no other sort of nurse, we will quote a few passages from this lady's book, and we think our readers will rejoice at its *expose*.

Insubordination was the first evil that presented itself:—

"The evils of the equality system began to appear. The ladies have suffered by it through the journey, for having no authority to restrain the hired nurses, they were compelled to listen to the worst language, and to be treated, not unfrequently, with coarse insolence. Whispers were heard among them, that first evening, that they had come out to nurse the soldiers, and not to sweep, wash, and cook."

Then as to the morality of these women:—

"Mr. Wallace informed the Lady Superintendent that one of the hired nurses had behaved so badly on the passage, that she ought to go home, another discharged nurse was sent to Galata, to embark for England, but contrived to get away from the person in charge, and ran into Constantinople—we could never hear of her afterwards. A few weeks only had elapsed since the departure of these women, when disgraceful misconduct caused the dismissal of a third. Ere a passage could be had for her, another was obliged to go, from her habits of intoxication, and she had been most strongly recommended, and to hear her talk, you would think she was a very religious person. These two left together. The Chaplain himself, offered to see them on board, and, his task was no light one, for during the whole caïque voyage down the Bosphorus, every sort of abuse and bad language was showered down upon his head—Our trials were not ended—A similar case of bad conduct, obliged the dismissal of one, whom, we had looked upon as one of our best nurses—Another was found intoxicated in the ward—these two went—in a few weeks, two more went for the same reason, and so on, till out of the twenty one, in eight months we had eleven left. To our profound astonishment we found that our sending home so many gave great umbrage to the authorities at home. They thought fit to send a reproof demanding more particulars of the cases, and evidently displeased at the number sent back. They were respectfully reminded that our superintendent's duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character, and immoral habits, nor did we imagine the authorities would require details, which were often too terrible to dwell upon.

"It is not for military hospitals alone, that we want better nurses. Many who will read these pages, have perhaps never passed within hospital walls, many more, if they have done so, have paid their visits at appointed times, when all looked its best. But others as well as myself, have learned our experience of hospital work from more authentic sources. We have lived in hospital wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves, first,

to undertake the nursing of the poor at home—and again, when about to proceed to the East, we placed ourselves under the hospital nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and thus, being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital life; and what we saw there of the disobedience of medical orders, and cruelty to patients, would fill pages, and make those who read them shudder! Shudder, as we have often done, when we saw some innocent child, who, from some terrible accident, had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one hour in a London hospital, than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one."

We doubt whether any system of training nurses, who merely accept their places for a love of gain, will be of long avail. With all due appreciation of the goodness of heart, and generosity of the Lady Volunteers, without the discipline of a convent, their usefulness must be much diminished. Most of those who went out were agreed, that, though in the great emergency which had called them forth, their efforts had been blessed, in the relief of much suffering—the system was based on no permanent footing. Long training is required, ere the health can endure the arduous duties of a hospital—and experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary that the nurses should be changed but seldom. This is impossible, when they are Ladies possessing home-ties and duties which they are only temporarily enabled to relinquish—and with regard both to paid nurses, and Lady Volunteers, the author's observations are most just; well does she observe, that good nurses can only be formed by the discipline of a convent. Had it not been for the twenty-eight Sisters of Charity that went out, the whole affair would have been a complete failure. They did the hardest work, were the only nurses employed in the most arduous of all the hospitals, namely, that of Balaklava—the seat of war—and by their instruction and advice, prevented the breaking up of the whole body.

"The founder of the Sisters of Charity deemed, that the attendance on all the loathsome diseases of mankind, should exempt his daughters from practising any of the austerities which are enforced on other religious communities. It is no easy task to bear with patience the endless fretfulness of hundreds of sick, to listen to long complaints with real sympathy, and speak soothing words, when body and mind are alike worn. To stand by the sufferer when about to undergo some fearful operation, to maintain a cheerful spirit when the familiar sounds are those of moans, of suffering, of sharp cries of agony, while the very atmosphere is impregnated with disease. To be firm in carrying out the doctor's commands when they are a torture to the patient, and yet gentle

sacrificing, in all that concerns themselves. careful care must be taken, that familiarity with sight and sound of suffering does not with it that hardness, which is apt to creep naturally tender nature, and which is one use of the cruelty and neglect practised by nurses. A good nurse must receive every dose of affliction as though it were her first, his, and far more, would be the portion of a nurse. Can any believe that the love of mere kindness of heart, can accomplish generous impulses, enthusiasm, and benevolence called forth by stirring accounts of the sufferings of our country's heroes, and bore many a struggle throughout a time, which, like that of a distressed, was one of great excitement—but that that can go through long years of preparation, can relinquish the fair things of this world, attend upon the grievously afflicted, must be one of love, springing from the sole desire to do steps, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The Lady Volunteers, presents from heaven, and honor from their countrymen, are justly given; but what thanks have the Sisters of Mercy received, from the friends of England. Their fame lives in the hearts of the poor sick and wounded—the Catholic, but of the Protestant soldier. And they have done is known in heaven: it trumpeted forth by their fellow countrymen on earth. But such books as this gradually spread the truth. We are grateful of all the Catholics brought into the world, though many on entrance, were led to a long course of sin, not one without the sacraments—nor, did any without having previously made their peace with God. "An interesting history the Catholic sisters and chaplains have written, would make"—says this Lady, "but they are unknown to the world." They went to superintend the hospital at Scutari. General Storks expressed his appreciation of their valuable services being lost to the hospitals in his command. The medical officers spoke in the highest terms of the service they had rendered while under their command—"Two of them lie side by side, in the wild scenery of the Crimea. Blue and red tapeism were among the worst of the evils and difficulties the poor men and Ladies had to deal with. Dr. Cumming, the inspector general of hospitals, thinking ladies to interfere in hospital management, having the bigoted prejudices of his celebrated namesake, did all he could to hinder the good they were doing. It is our duty that the Sisters or Ladies ought to be of higher rank in hospitals than medical officers, who should be under the orders of

the nuns, not of course in purely medical questions, or diet, but in the general arrangements of the hospital. We should like to see an hospital established somewhere in England on these principles, namely, that the election of all the officers, medical and otherwise, with powers of dismissal, &c., and the general management, should be under the absolute control of the chapter of the Sisters of Mercy, who acted as nurses.

"One night a lady and her nurse were going round with some beef-tea, when an orderly came up, and in a tone of entreaty, pointed to a poor man. He was very bad, said he, and some of that stuff would do him good—and the doctor said he might have any thing he could fancy. The nurse turned round quick upon him. 'Orderly.' 'Yes nurse.' 'What's the use of your asking impossibilities. You know very well that we can't give this beef-tea to your men. You must get your doctor to write a requisition for a tin of beef-tea.' 'Oh very well nurse,' said the orderly, 'I will.' 'But that is not all,' replied she 'at the same time, get him to write a requisition for hot water.' Our plan of thus helping the men, was put a stop to, by an order from Dr. Cumming, the inspector general, that no cooking was to be done in the wards, and thus our only means of assisting the men was ended.

"It was very hard work, after Dr. Cumming's order had been issued, to pace the corridor, and hear perhaps, the low voice of a fever patient, 'Give me a drink, for the love of God' and have none to give, for water we dare not give to any; or to see the look of disappointment on the faces of those to whom we had been accustomed to give the beef-tea. The assistant surgeons were very sorry they said, for the alteration, but they had no power to help it, their duty was only to obey. On one occasion, an assistant surgeon told us that Dr. Cumming had threatened to arrest him, for having allowed a man too many extras on the diet roll. Amid all the confusion and distress at Scutari hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances, was worse than letting twenty men die of neglect."

There were two free-gift stores in the hospital quite full, but:—

"From neither of these could anything be procured, but on the same plan as the diet's—a doctor's requisition signed, and countersigned. It was even more impossible to get these, than the others for diet, from a feeling among the surgeons, that clothing for the men, ought to have come from Government stores, and not liking, fully to acknowledge the gross neglect of the purveying department. So we only saw how miserably the men were off, and were obliged to leave them so."

The *Times* commissioner, because he gave away what was wanted, and acted, whilst others talked, was voted by all the authorities

a most dangerous person ; but as this dangerous person gave directly, what the authorities were sometimes weeks in procuring, he saved the lives of many persons. We recommend this book to all who take an interest in the Sisters of Mercy, or in civil and military hospital practice.

Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical; and other Poems.

by the REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE. London: DOLMAN.

Many of our readers may easily perceive that this graceful volume has peculiar claims on our attention. Reaching us, however, at a very late period, it has secured but the first perusal—peculiarly our own.

It is not every day that an author whose calling has our respect and love meets us on other ground to entwine grateful esteem for him, as a writer, with instinctive regard for him as a guide. It is not every day that one, whose mission so constantly leads him to feel with the masses that lie far down in the social scale, can forget the "low parts of human nature" to cultivate our taste and worthily beguile our evening hour. Truly the grace and beauty of this present, from a quarter whence such presents rarely come, must not lead us to forget the peculiar difficulties of its appearance.

And we must also perceive that the department in literature which is here chosen demands from its craftsmen application and long training, and that the ideas here presented have been worked out by a thinking process which certainly, in some stages, must have been laborious. However considerable are the taste and observation of these Sonnets, we think their evidence of thoughtful industry and extensive reading is equally clear; and that the flexibility and finish of the language which he uses, are the result of much practice and patient care.

But in proportion as we perceive the cultivation and painstaking of this writer's muse, do we also feel reluctant to speak for him ourselves. It is surely the very best course, in noticing volumes of verse, to present proofs of the necessity for contempt or esteem, as it may be, by letting the volume in question speak for itself.

THE TIDE.

Slow rolls the wave across the Ocean wide,
Past seas of calm, through elemental roar,
Kissing the sands of many a tropic shore,
By ice-bound coasts where living glaciers slide
Down to the deep; slow rolls the restless tide,
Heaving beneath the Ocean's level floor;
Twice in each day returning evermore,
At intervals which dark and light divide;
Stirred by the queenly Moon's attracting power,
Each drop throughout the vast abysses thrills
And trembles as it owns her mighty dower;
Even so the ruling motive, as it wills,
Attracts the heart by impulses of love,
Would it were always true to One above!

There are several measures in the volume and we fail to detect the author's favorite. In each we perceive the same skill and practise care.

Thus on his couch the sick man long has lain;
Wakeful his nights, his weary days creep on
In hopeless contest with devouring pain;
When will the day, when will the night be gone
The closing hours that herald his release
From Life's long pain, are calm and full of peace

Thus, too, I watched the eclipse of glorious mind
Fall sudden on a finer brain o'erwrought,
Casting an aimless apathy and blind
Confusion on the beauteous home of thought.
Brief gleam of reason, ere the parting breath,
Too late revived, "a lightning before death."

Hence for thee comfort, O thou toilworn soul;
Though 'neath a leaden sky thy life is past,
If o'er thee blinding mists of trouble roll,
The Evening Gleam will chase them all at last
Calm in thy lot, wait till the clouds are riven,
Revealing foretaste glimpse of opening heaven.

Our want of space warns us to conclude while yet we are anxious to extract a most graceful and touching poem. It is entitled "An old letter."

I.

It seems as though but yesterday
Thy living hand had traced these lines,
I cannot deem thee far away,
While gazing on these speaking signs.

II.

Thy phrase familiar, well known form
Of letters fair I recognise;
With Friendship's bland expression, warm,
Thyself beside me seems to rise.

III.

Beneath thy hand this page has grown,
Line after line, thought flowing free ;
A tender spirit, all thine own,
Suggesting kindly thoughts of me.

IV.

Thine eye of hazel rested here,
Once rested, with its dawning smile,
Each gentle fancy imaged clear
Down in its sunny depths the while.

V.

And at the close, thy dearest name,
"Ever affectionately yours,"
'Mid thousand changes, still the same,
Pledge of a love which long endures.

VI.

Here paused thy swiftly flowing pen,
Never again to flow for me ;
Our glad communion ended then,
In this thy latest gift to me.

VII.

Alas ! our living love may change,
A brother's heart may turn to stone ;
To newer objects love may range ;
Repelled, may eat its heart alone.

VIII.

But thy dear love is here enbalm'd
Unchangeably, and ever mine,
All fear of loss for ever calm'd,
As though my hand were clasped in thine.

IX.

Dear sister-soul, in boyhood given,
To lead me to the good and fair,
From thy bright dwelling, up in heaven,
Watch o'er me till I meet thee there.

X.

And, if it may be, deign to send
A friendly message by the way ;
Rise on my spirit at the end,
The herald of a nobler day.

There is nothing in the volume which disappoints one after reading these extracts. Indeed, we lay down our pen painfully conscious that they may not do it justice in full measure. Each sonnet and poem seems polished and completed, and we feel nothing has been included through necessity or haste. The subjects are eminently the choice of an educated and graceful mind, and their treatment is beautiful for elevation and purity of tone.

Catechism ; Doctrinal, Moral, Historical, and Liturgical : with answers to the objections drawn from the Sciences against Religion. Compiled and translated from the Catechetical works of GILLOIS, MOITIER, COUTURIER, CASSART, and LAUTAGES, by the Rev. P. POWER. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Dublin: RICHARDSON.

"In a certain ecclesiastical house in France, a retreat was given every year to secular persons, and to assist them in performing the holy exercises of the retreat, various books of piety were provided them. Among the books handed to each person was invariably found a Catechism. A distinguished nobleman, who with others, had arrived at the house to go through the holy exercises, seeing that a Catechism was presented to him by the Superior, felt no little surprise. Smiling, he said, "What ! a Catechism ! Are you setting me down to my A, B, C ? I was not more than ten years old when I had every word of my Catechism by heart." "Let us see," replied the Superior, "whether or not you recollect it." He at once proposed some questions to him, at which the nobleman became embarrassed, confused, and unable to give a satisfactory answer. "Know, my dear Colonel," said the Superior then, "that among persons in the world there are very few who are sufficiently instructed in their religion. As a proof, you will find that many Catholics who write on religious subjects express themselves very inaccurately, and often advance propositions that must be condemned. They would not assert anything against faith if they knew their catechism well. This little book, which you seem to undervalue, is an abridgment of theology. Every Christian should have one, and those who have learned it when young ought, when they are grown up and advanced in years, to read it over from time to time that they may never forget what it contains."

It appears to us that we could not better introduce the few remarks which we are about to make on the little work, whose title heads our paper, than by the preceding anecdote which we have extracted from its pages.

At no period in the history of our country has it been of more importance that every Catholic should be well informed on the minutest matters pertaining to his faith. Scarcely a day can pass without our being assailed from the press, the platform, or the pulpit, by a flood of argument or a torrent of denunciation, whose stream receives its supply solely from the apparently inexhaustible reservoir of Protestant misrepresentation. To this misrepresentation, in many instances undoubtedly wilful, but in others arising, we would fain hope, from unintentional misinterpretation, it is utterly impossible for us to close either our eyes or our ears. The result is, that there are few among us who do not feel that there is some point or another of Catholic doctrine regarding which he, at some period of his life, narrowly escaped from embracing heretical views.

HOPES.

As our number for July will appear at the increased price, we now express a very warm hope that it may not meet a smaller number of readers than have encouraged and supported us so far. We entered into this subject at length in our April number, when we brought forward our experiences and prospects. We would respectfully call to mind that a rise in the standing and value of this periodical, can proceed only from an increase in its resources; that while this additional assistance will materially lessen the exertion and anxiety hitherto attending its production, it will also materially improve the Magazine itself; and that while we trust this number may satisfy, not only the many friends who have to this time extended us such patient kindness, but also, those who may be indifferent in our cause, we are gradually acquiring a staff of Contributors, that must strengthen the bond between us and our readers—growing dearer as it grows older.

PASSING EVENTS.

The unhappy conflict which has so long endured in Sardinia, between the Government and the Church, seems as distant as ever from conclusion. The Government are endeavoring to establish a law of "Education," which, if carried into effect, must inevitably reduce the Sardinian yoke to a similar state of immorality and unbelief as prevailed in France from the Revolution to the accession of the present Emperor. The Bishops have protested, but it yet remains to be seen whether their efforts will be successful in checking the Government in its obstinate course.

The Congregation of the Propaganda have caused to be printed a new edition of the classical treatise *Theologicarum Dogmatum* of the Rev. Father Petau, a celebrated writer on the positive theology of the seventeenth century. It is announced that the Congregation intend to publish a series of analogous works which will be really useful to the serious student, and which have become scarce in the available libraries.

On the 10th of May the first sitting of a Chapter General of the Franciscan order took place in the Convent of the Ara Cœli in the presence of the Holy Father. This is the first general chapter of the order since 1756, and was inaugurated by the election of the well known Father Bernardin de Mante Franco to the important office of General of the order.

The inhabitants of the Basque provinces are still true to the Holy Faith for which they have so often suffered. More than thirty of their Junta are to be tried for taking part in a motion proposed against the sale of Church property comprised in the recent *des amor lizacion*.

The King of Naples is preparing a written justification of his policy, to be issued in the form of a letter to the Emperor of Austria.

The Republic of Bolivia, in Central America, has sent a diplomatic agent to the Holy See. This is the first time since the establishment of the Republic that it has had any official relations with the Pontifical government.

The Catholic Reformatory for juvenile criminals, at Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, was duly certified by the Government Inspector on May 1st.

The *Univers* announces that the Roman Liturgy is now to be adopted throughout the Archdiocese of Paris. Since 1840 the subject has often occupied the attention of the Archdiocese, but various circumstances have hitherto prevented this most happy consummation.

The loss of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly who was a passenger on board the ill-fated Pacific inflicts a fearful blow upon the Catholics of his diocese of Hartford. Many Churches and other real property were held in his name for Catholic purposes, and at his death are, by a law of the State of Connecticut, confiscated to the State.


The excavations recently undertaken at Ostia promise rich results both to the Antiquary and to the Lover of the Fine Arts. Already have been discovered several sarcophagi of which two are adorned with beautiful reliefs; about one hundred inscriptions; a life-sized statue of a female figure; an exquisite bust in marble of Julia, the daughter of Augustus; and various other matters of much interest.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

W. G. M., (Birkenhead.) Your paper on the Napoleons is smoothly written, and evidently with a friendship for your theme. It is not suited to our pages; and being an apparently unpractised effort to grasp a vast subject; we are unable to inform you where it may secure publication.

W. E., (Dublin.) We thank you for the kind expression of your favorable opinion. The Essay which accompanied it might have been made valuable to us, had not its views been already similarly advocated elsewhere.

E. R. S. and W. M. Received.

 Contributions. Books for Review, and all communications for the Editor, to be sent to the Printer, until further notice.

Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Rev. FRANCIS G. H. WOOD, S.J., (formerly Capt. GRANVILLE H. WOOD, R.N.) who died at the Convento di San Paolo, at Valetta, fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church, April 18th, 1856. Aged 36 years.

Printed by RICHARD CAMPBELL, No. 11, Temple Court, Liverpool.—June 1, 1856.

THE

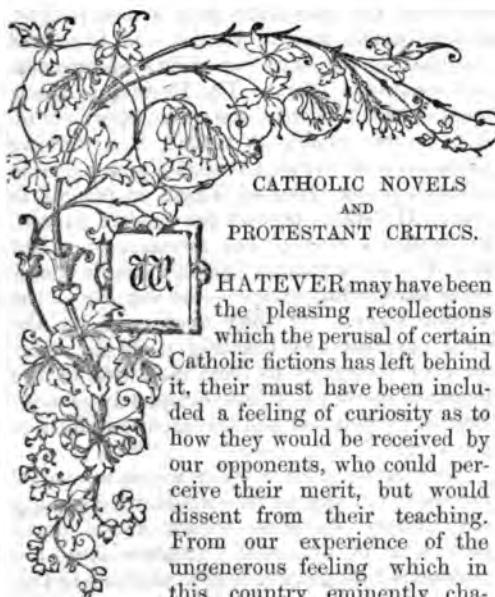
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

MAGAZINE.

No. 10.

JULY, 1856.

Vol. 1.



CATHOLIC NOVELS AND PROTESTANT CRITICS.

WHATEVER may have been the pleasing recollections which the perusal of certain Catholic fictions has left behind it, their must have been included a feeling of curiosity as to how they would be received by our opponents, who could perceive their merit, but would dissent from their teaching. From our experience of the ungenerous feeling which in this country eminently characterizes every estimate of Catholic merit, no matter in what capacity it may appear, we might have remembered that here the old bitterness would assail it, though at least, in one instance, belonging to a man who had already risen to eminence amongst men of letters, and is confessedly one of the first scholars of his time. And though we knew well enough that some of the scenes in that story dearest to the Catholic heart, must suffer violence at the hands of the hostile critic, we yet believed the charities of literature sufficiently large, for its scholarship and good writing, its harmless aim, and absence of all "party spirit," to secure some appreciation from even our opponents.

But as if doomed to remain unsatisfied as to the degree either of literary justice we might expect, or of the same wilful blindness in

this case, which we had already known full well on other grounds, we are unaware of any notice whatever having been taken of these productions, until the article before us* caught our eye. Nor did the omission in this case appear to result from the silent contempt, of which all fear the power, and which few have at command; although periodical literature in England has numberless readers in the Catholic body, and its arguments and criticisms influence the views of almost every man, yet some of the works referred to are too warmly admired amongst ourselves for such a weapon to prevail. It rather appeared, that as these works were clearly written for the instruction and amusement of our body alone, and do not assail the doctrines or meddle with the prejudices of any other, the latter not liking to admire them, and yet, scarce able to condemn them, with some judgment and good nature, merely let them alone.

But at last, in the search for an attractive subject, perhaps, which is so familiar to most writers in periodicals, the one "Wiseman and Newman's novels," is taken up, and handled with all the misrepresentation, abstract hostility, and ungenerous feeling of a self-elected enemy. In this journal, which, from its respectability and circulation, we feel justified in regarding as an exponent of the Protestant estimate of Catholic novels, the late fiction from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, is,—with an unworthy pretence to justice and fair criticism, and also with considerable smartness,—assailed in the usual uncourteous terms, though, on somewhat novel grounds. The Reviewer makes apology at the commencement of his article for noticing novels in the pages of the *United Church Journal*, then slightly, and as appears to us, somewhat

* *United Church Journal* for May. Art. 1—
"Wiseman and Newman's novels."

unnecessarily notices the distinction between religious and controversial novels, and while unwillingly placing *Fabiola* under the former head, insinuates that it belongs to the other.—Dear reader, *Fabiola* a controversial novel!

Following up this discovery, the Reviewer admires the ability with which the author avails himself of his opportunities for supporting the claims of his Church, to be identified with the Catholic church of early history; acknowledges the dexterity with which he insinuates that the heroism of early Christians honors that Church, and while noticing that these latter were Catholics and Romans, he joins issue with him at once, for asserting that they were Roman Catholics! The aim of the Reviewer is now clear; he cannot brook the idea, that the splendid sacrifices, and startling heroism of early Christians and martyrs, were also the early triumphs of the Catholic Church; he denies *in toto* that the Catholic Church of the third century is the Catholic Church of to-day, and states the author has stooped to insinuate what, we know, smaller men would smile on being requested to prove. In short, the writer of this article, like some witnesses for character, knows too much, and his assumption that the aim of the work is controversial, has led him into erroneous criticisms and false conclusions; the page of history here opened out before him and filled with life, is altogether unknown, and shocks his prejudices. That Cardinal Wiseman wrote this story to further the views here imputed, or indeed with any intent that apparently this Reviewer could perceive, is to our thinking, as positively untrue, as it would have been singularly unnecessary: and reminding the Reviewer of the celebrated acknowledgment of one of the very first of living reviewers that the "Catholic Church saw the commencement of all the ecclesiastical establishments that exist in the world," we need not further detain our readers here.

We next pass to criticisms which we can scarcely regard with equal patience. It has often been remarked, and by those whose wisdom and goodness entitle them to much respect, that any movement amongst the faithful for the greater honor of God upon earth often visibly arouses the powers below to fresh enterprise, and frequently in the very locality where the worthy purpose was effected. This is such a remark as youth and levity too often receive with derision, but it is one nevertheless which will surely rise to mind very often in after years. Thus where mis-

sions or retreats have been held, some foul calumny assails us, and the feelings and practices of Catholicity are exposed to the angry scorn of ignorant and rude men. Thus where, perhaps, some erudite and thoughtful man seeks the aid of literature to illustrate some cherished doctrine, for purposes of instruction or devotion, some attempted refutation appears which pains by its irreligion, or startles by its blasphemy. Now, we believe, one of the most valuable tendencies of the work, *Fabiola*, to be its power of prompting us to fresh devotion towards the Mother of God; its fascinating and skilful power of investing her patronage with a new beauty, and its gentle revival in the cold breast of manhood of the innocent child's enthusiasm in the cause of Mary. The Reviewer's treatment of this tendency, the value of which he is of course unable to realize, is a striking illustration of our past remarks, and his rude mention of the Blessed Virgin is painful to read. He states that on one subject indeed, the author's caution has forsaken him, but that it is one which no Roman Catholic writer could successfully escape,—the worship of the Virgin Mary. He then quotes one of the most eloquent and beautiful passages which we ever remember to have met with in the language as "a proof how completely modern Roman Catholicism had become the religion of the Virgin."

Such is the spirit in which we are compelled to believe our opponents—would we could say our literary brothers—regard those works that seek to withdraw Catholics from the poisonous reading which now abounds in this country: our purpose in bringing it forward here, is to refute the prevalent idea that much of their hatred is fostered by ourselves. So far as the article in question is written to meet the fancied controversy of these works, nothing can be more bald. The Reviewer has yet to learn that every view which he charges the accomplished author of the work we have named with endeavoring to support by insinuation and art, are the darling doctrines of the Catholic world, and are as independent of individual support as they are careless of hostile criticism; he has yet to learn that the faith and love which "saw the commencement of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world," though they may be illustrated in *Fabiola*, could no more be invented there, than they could be successfully claimed by himself for the cold self-sufficient mammon-worship of the nineteenth century.

The Reviewer's literary accomplishment is also rather small, and the apparent hostility which he has brought to his task has confused his views, and twisted them into inconsistency. Thus in one page he praises the "great industry" with which the author has "culled from all Christian antiquity," and in another, he takes upon himself to say that "he never goes beyond his breviary for his martyrology;" thus he makes great show of praising one passage "in justice to Cardinal Wiseman," and afterwards states that it is stolen from Dr. Donaldson; and further on he admires "the interesting antiquarian information collected," but instantly states that the book throughout is a copy of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. As however, the last work is tolerably well known, the question of truth or falsehood in this judgment we may safely leave to our readers.

We might delay longer with this subject in order to notice more fully the Reviewer's attempts to prove the author false and insinuating, did his criticisms betray any knowledge of his subject, or his statements ever rise above assertion: we have no taste for disputing however, and dislike controversy where there is seldom civility, or argument where there could never be change. We acknowledge to having sought the article with much curiosity, and confess, at least, equal disappointment. There is a spirit amongst the finer charities of Catholicity which may well be curious regarding the spirit this criticism evinces. The generosity is not rare amongst us which shrinks from antagonism of every kind, and seeks a common ground on which to enjoy those mutual kindnesses which it fancies might be common to us all. This feeling, ready to forget past hostility and greivous wrong in admiring the merit of an opponent, rejoices to meet valuable knowledge or literary power free from hostility towards our principles, and constantly admires them even when otherwise than simply devoid of the latter recommendation. People of this temperament frequently encourage the gratifying belief that much of the antagonism might, after all, be removed by more gentleness and forbearance on our side; in this view they praise any attempt to temporise or please, and warmly condemn equal abuse or hostility. In this belief there are, to our thinking, elements of substantial good which religion will ever sanction; means not easily found elsewhere for removing hatred from ignorance, and malice from prejudice; and a very obvious chance of enlarging the operation of the charities of life. We fear such worthy hopes must suffer considera-

bly when we see works, written to withdraw us from prejudiced and provocative reading—and at the same time containing nothing hostile or unfriendly, thus received with bitterness and falsehood. In short, one conclusion seems inevitable:—the scholarship and beautiful writing of a Catholic novel are lost on a Protestant critic; nor can our opponents acknowledge a clever work to be inoffensive so long as it be devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church, though only intended to beguile the weary hours of her children.

THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALLISTUS.



OTH ancient authority and modern research combine to show us that this was the most extensive and important of all the Roman Catacombs, and so rich is it in objects of interest that the difficulty is where to begin, and what to select for description, more especially as new discoveries are being made here every day. We must content ourselves, however, with naming a few of the most important points, such as we were able to comprise in a single visit. We descended, then, by an old staircase, lately restored, close to the now desecrated chapel, in which St. Damasus, his mother, and sister, were once buried. This staircase led us immediately to the very central point of attraction and importance in the whole catacomb. We came down upon the chamber in which were buried several Popes of the third century, and in which we saw the very tombstones of St. Antherus; of St. Fabian who sat in the Chair of Peter from A.D. 235 to 250; of St. Lucius who reigned in 252, and of St. Eutychianus who died nearly thirty years later.* We also saw here a very long and interesting inscription set up by Pope Damasus, towards the end of the fourth century, specifying who lay buried in this chapel, and expressing his own desire to be buried near them, but his unwillingness to disturb the sacred ashes of the saints; wherefore he built the little chapel already men-

* The grave of St. Cornelius, who came between the two last-mentioned Popes, is in this same catacomb, and will be mentioned presently.

tioned in the open air, immediately above this very spot. For the recovery of this inscription we are indebted to the skill and indefatigable labor of the Cavaliere de Rossi, who put together the hundred fragments into which it had been broken, and has now presented it to us in an almost perfect state, a few portions only being wanting, which he has supplied (in letters of a different color) from the published collection of Pope Damasus' works, in which this has always existed.

Before we entered the chapel, however, in which all these things are to be seen, our attention was called to the stuccoed wall at the entrance, which we found to be covered with innumerable scribblings, the work of devout pilgrims who visited these places in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and who often recorded here some aspiration to the saint whose shrine they came to visit, or some prayer for the soul for whose sake they had undertaken the pilgrimage; just as the door of the theatre, or the walls of the barracks discovered at Pompeii bear the names which the soldiers idly scratched there, or just as we may chance to see names and remarks scribbled on buildings at the present day. It would require the patient practised eye of a De Rossi to decipher many of these scribblings, but some were sufficiently intelligible, even to us, such as *Sancto Nusto,* Bibas en theo.* (may you live in God) a curious mixture of Latin and Greek, and several more, and we were told that there were others still more clear in neighboring chapels.

On entering the chapel itself we saw round us the various epitaphs which I have mentioned, and which were gathered but a few years since out of the heaps of soil with which this chapel was then filled, and are now fastened into the wall, merely for the sake of convenience, and not at all with any idea of assigning that particular inscription to that particular grave; the inscription of Pope Damasus, which we have mentioned, is placed in all probability where it was first set up, and in front of it may be recognised the foundation of the altar with its four pillars.

In a corner of this chamber is an opening into the burial place of many martyrs, and especially of the most celebrated virgin saint of Rome, St. Cecilia.

The legend of St. Cecilia is peculiarly interesting and beautiful, and the truth of its main facts the research of modern time has tended greatly to corroborate; but for this we

must refer our readers to the *Acts of Early Martyrs*, lately published.* All that we are concerned with is the re-discovery of her tomb two or three years ago; for the connection of the several minute links which form the chain of evidence by which the tomb was identified, is curious and interesting.

It had never been forgotten that St. Cecilia had been buried in the cemetery of St. Callistus, but it had been supposed that the latter was the cemetery to which we gain access from the Church of St. Sebastian, about a quarter of a mile further on in the Via Appia; and a French archbishop, therefore, in the beginning of the fifteenth century set up an inscription in that cemetery to commemorate the virgin saint. The place of that inscription had come in later times to be pointed out as the precise spot where she was buried. De Rossi, however, having discovered the chapel which we have mentioned, in which the Popes were buried, was sure that the real tomb of St. Cecilia could not be far off, because the acts of her martyrdom had told us that St. Urban buried her with his own hands, *near his colleagues*. Moreover, certain descriptions of the sacred places of Rome, written in the first half of the seventh century,—whilst yet the bodies of the saints buried in the catacombs lay in their original graves, not having been translated into the churches within the city,—distinctly mention that St. Cecilia was buried in the chamber next to that in which were Saints Fabian, Antherus, and the other Popes. Lastly, we are told of Pope Paschal, who, in the beginning of the ninth century, removed the bodies of those saints, that, searching afterwards for that of St. Cecilia, he was told in a vision that, when he translated the relics of the Popes in question, she was so close to him, that she could have spoken to him *os ad os*, mouth to mouth. In consequence of this vision he returned to the search, found the body where he had been told, and removed it to the church of *Santa Cecilia in Trastevere*. Thus everything combined to assure De Rossi that he was now in the immediate neighborhood of her tomb. The chamber, however, was full of earth, even to the very top of the *luminare*, or open shaft which descended into it, and all this soil had to be removed. As the work of excavation proceeded, there came to light, first on the wall of the *luminare* itself, representations of three saints, each with his own name inscribed, Policanus, Sebastianus, and Cyrenus, who are all three

* St. Sixtus was martyred in this cemetery, and buried in the adjacent one of St. Pretex Latus.

the itineraries of the seventh century having been buried in the same as St. Cecilia; then lower down, on the floor of the chamber, and on the wall, a painting of a young lady, very richly adorned and ornamented with bracelets and jewels, such as might be looked for in a wealthy Roman bride, and which hardly suppose to be other than St. Cecilia, still further down on the same wall, the figure of St. Urban, in full pontifical dress, with his name inscribed; and also a figure of our Lord, represented according to the antique type, and with rays of glory around his head in the form of a Greek cross. The character of the painting belongs to a date that is, to the sixth or seventh century, but it must have been executed in the tradition as to the exact position in which the figure was lost or obscured, and it is able to suppose, before the bodies were removed. All these indications clearly put it beyond a doubt that we have recovered the lost thread of tradition, and are enabled to identify the sepulchre of the famous of Rome's virgin saints.

Out of these chambers, which are said to belong to the earlier part of the fifth century, we came to another series, still earlier date, in which are repeated over again, certain symbolical representations of Baptism, Penance, and the Holy Eucharist, which it would take us too long to describe. Next we penetrated into the catacomb, till we came to a chamber in which there was a double *arcosolium*, the one on the left, capable together of holding two bodies, and on the wall above the *arcosolium* very early paintings of the five apostles, who were buried there, paintings cut out and spoiled in later times by the excavators, but still remaining in good preservation to show the age to which they belong. Each of these saints is praying with hands extended, in the form of a cross. Above the head of each, is his, or her name, in the usual Christian formula; that is, *In pace*; *Procopi in pace*; *Zoe in pace*, &c. Between these figures are interstices filled with flowers, as emblematical of the peace of Paradise, and below, on the floor, is a peacock, the emblem of immortality.

Further, in the interior, we came to a chamber in which the paintings were yet more interesting. The central piece has been cut out, and the last paintings described, by

a later grave, but enough remains to leave no doubt as to the subject, and De Rossi's explanation of it is so complete in itself, and fits in so well, both with the details of the painting, and with ecclesiastical history, that there seems no reason to dispute its correctness. First, the Good Shepherd stands in the middle, with a sheep on his shoulders, a goat on his right, and a sheep on his left. We know from Tertullian that great use was made of this parable in the early Church to reprove the undue severity of the Montanists, and that it was often connected with that of the Prodigal Son, who having repented, and returned to his father, was gifted by him with the best robe, with a ring for his hand, and shoes for his feet, so as to throw into the shade for the moment even the eldest brother who had never left his father's house. It is to represent this consoling truth of God's mercy towards penitent sinners, that the goat is here placed on the right hand, that is, is given the preference even over the faithful sheep. Then again, on either side of the Good Shepherd, an apostle is hurrying forth to gather more sheep into the fold, and here one sheep is turning towards the apostle, another turning his back upon him; a third, standing with outstretched neck, in the most striking attitude of attention, while a fourth seems to observe a kind of middle course, not altogether refusing to listen, but with his head bent down, busily engaged in feeding at the same time. Observe how aptly these different attitudes image the different dispositions with which different men receive the Gospel-message; some lend a willing ear, and take it in with their whole hearts; others utterly refuse to attend; while others again endeavor to make a compromise between God and man. A passage which De Rossi quotes from an early Christian writer, curiously illustrates this interpretation of the painting in question, inasmuch as it compares the poor to sheep in a barren desert, where, having no grass to feed upon, they have nothing to hinder their looking up, and seeking after those things that are above; whereas the rich are like sheep in a fruitful and pleasant pasture, with their heads and hearts always intent upon the things of this lower world. Then again a shower of rain is falling in abundance over the listening sheep, and more scantily on the one which is bending down to feed, while the one turning his back is left altogether dry; and no one, we think can doubt that allusion is here made to the refreshing showers of divine grace. This

interpretation of the picture cannot justly be condemned as fanciful or unwarranted, for every separate detail is supported by scriptural or patristic authority, and the artist has only combined them into a picturesque whole.

On the side of the same altar, is Moses taking off his shoe, and again, Moses striking the rock; and, on the other side, broken through however, and almost destroyed by a niche made to receive a large lamp, is a painting of our Lord, standing between two of the disciples, and multiplying the loaves and fishes. Thus we have the Sacrament of Baptism on the one side, and of the Holy Eucharist on the other, while that of Penance, or, more properly the whole gospel scheme, occupies the centre.

We had no time to penetrate far enough into the interior of this vast cemetery, to visit other chapels, where they told us we might see paintings of the four Evangelists, and other interesting subjects; we were obliged to content ourselves with one more monument of historical interest, which lay at the foot of a stair-case by which we might regain the upper air; this was the tomb of St. Cornelius, which lies apart from the chapel of all the other Popes, because he was not martyred at Rome, but at Civita Vecchia, and his body was brought to Rome, and interred in this cemetery, and by the private devotion of a noble Roman lady. This tomb is not a simple shelf, like the others in the catacombs, but a large, deep vault, with an arched roof. One portion of the stone which closed it, was found a few years since, among the monuments in the vineyard above; and having upon it portions of the letters N E. followed by L I U S M A R T Y R, De Rossi at once conjectured that it was the tombstone of St. Cornelius. When the Pope had purchased the vineyard, and excavations were begun there under the superintendence of the Commission of sacred Archaeology, the other half of the inscription came to light, and proved his conjecture to be true. The letters, C O R N, E P, showed, not only that the martyr buried here was called Cornelius, but that he was no other than the Pope of that name. Even if the title Episcopus had been wanting, there would still have been no doubt of his identity, for on the wall by the side of the grave is a painting of the Pope, with his name written at length. Before this had been discovered, De Rossi had already expressed his confident expectation of finding at the tomb of St. Cornelius some memorial of his contemporary and correspon-

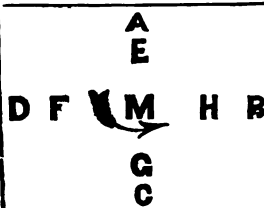
dent, St. Cyprian. These two saints had been martyred on the same day, in two consecutive years, and their feasts were therefore always celebrated together, as they are now, and the celebration was held at the very tomb of St. Cornelius, as the most ancient calendars and missals assure us. Now, we read in one of the old itineraries already referred to, after a description of this spot; "Here were buried St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian." This last assertion, however, we know is a mistake, St. Cyprian having been buried in Africa, where he was martyred, but De Rossi felt sure that something which had been seen or heard at the tomb of St. Cornelius, by the pilgrim who wrote this itinerary, must have given occasion to the idea. This conjecture was again confirmed in the most remarkable manner; for, by the side of St. Cornelius, is another pontifical figure, and the letters of the name which still remain are sufficient to show that this was no other than St. Cyprian himself. Before these pictures is a low block or pillar, on which may be seen a portion of the marble slab which once covered the whole of it, and on this slab was a large vase of oil with floating wicks burning, from which the pilgrims used to help themselves at pleasure, carrying oil away as a relic from the shrine of St. Cornelius, just as the poor still do, from before the statue of the Madonna at St. Agostino, or other celebrated shrines in Rome. When the Empress Constantina wrote to St. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, asking that the head of St. Paul might be sent to enrich a chapel that had just been built in the imperial palace, he refused to comply with her request, on the ground, that in Rome they had no custom of breaking or dividing the relics of the saints, but went on to specify what relics Rome was in the habit of using and giving away. These, he says, are of two kinds, first: oil from the lamps, which were kept burning before the real relics: and secondly, *brandea*, that is, handkerchiefs or stoles, which had been let down to rest on the tomb of the martyr, and after remaining there a certain time, were sent away as relics, just as the *pallium*, sent by the Pope to the various archbishops of Christendom, lies on the tomb of St. Peter until it be wanted. In the Cathedral of Monza is preserved to this day a parchment roll, containing a list of relics sent by St. Gregory to the Lombard Queen, Theodelinda, and among them is *Ex oleo St. Cornelii*, which must have come from this very spot. These facts

are worth noticing, as they tend to explain many of those cases in which different churches claim to have the same body in their treasury of relics. One church, it may be, has the true relic entire, while the others, many centuries ago, received oil or *brandea* sent from that relic, and in later times, after the practice of giving such had died out, a tradition, or perhaps a written document, may remain, testifying to their possession of such and such a relic, which they have grown gradually to identify with the body of the saint itself. On the other side of the tomb of St. Cornelius is a figure of St. Sixtus, Pope, who, as we have said, was martyred in this cemetery, and of another Pope by his side; but for the legend which ran round these figures, as well as for the inscription of Pope Damasus around the grave itself, and sundry scribblings on the walls, we must be content to wait till De Rossi's great collection of all the Christian inscriptions of Rome during the first six centuries be complete and published.

DOES THE MOON ROTATE, OR NOT?

In this singular controversy on the subject of the moon's rotation, two of the main facts of the case are undisputed; namely, (1) that the moon travels round the earth; and (2) that the inhabitants of the earth never see the other side of the moon. Such being confessedly two of the conditions of her motion—does she rotate or not? One party maintains that such a motion is possible only on the supposition that she rotates once on her axis, during the progress of each of her revolutions round the earth; both of her motions beginning, continuing, and ending together. Mr. Symons and his party say, on the contrary, that because she does not complete a rotation on her axis at any one point in her orbit, or within any part of it, (as the earth does, roughly speaking, in every three hundred and sixty-fifth part of hers,) the moon does not rotate on her axis at all.

What are we to understand by rotating on an axis? Suppose an ordinary chamber of four sides, A B C D. Let M represent a



man standing in the centre. Let him now, still remaining on the same spot, complete a revolution on his axis in the direction of the ar-

row. He begins to move, we shall say, with his face towards C. As he turns, he faces the sides B, A, D, successively, till he returns to his first position, with his face towards C. He cannot rotate on his axis without thus facing each side of the room in succession; to say that he thus faces each of them successively in turn, is only another way of expressing the fact that he rotates on his axis.

Now, suppose that, instead of rotating on the spot on which he stands, he walks round a small circle, of which M is the centre, keeping his left shoulder always turned towards M. He begins as before, we shall say, with his face towards C; that is at F. When he reaches G, his face now looks towards B. When he arrives at H, it is turned towards A; at E, he faces D; and at last, on again reaching F, he once more looks towards C. His face has thus evidently passed through the same successive changes of direction or position as it did while he stood on the central point at M, and simply rotated on his axis, with this difference only, that while he has thus faced each side of the room in succession, he has also in the second instance been travelling along a circular path around the centre of the room. But facing each side of the room successively, we found to be synonymous with rotating on his axis; therefore while he has travelled once round the centre M, in a circular path, he has also once rotated on his axis.

We will now ask him to repeat his journey, but, this time, with his face always turned towards the same side of the room, C, we shall say; in other words, without rotating on his axis at all. He starts, as before, from F, with his left shoulder turned towards M. When he reaches G, his back is towards M; at H, his right shoulder; at E, his face and at F, once more, his left shoulder. A spectator at M would thus have seen every side of him, during his path round M.

Let us call his second journey No. (2.) and his first No. (1.) In No. (2.) *because* he has not rotated on his own axis, but has always faced the same side of the room, a spectator at M has seen every side of him in succession. And *because*, in No. (1.) he did face each side of the room successively in turn, or, in other words, *because* he did rotate once on his axis, as he walked round the circle, a spectator at M saw only his left side. In this respect No. (1.) and not No. (2.) represents the moon's rotation round the earth; but No. (1.) has been proved to be performed of

necessity by rotation round an axis; therefore the moon rotates on her axis.

A simple apparatus will further illustrate this motion of the moon. Take a yard of common copper wire, thrust it through the centre of an apple or an orange; then bend the wire into a circular form and unite the ends. You have now a rude example of the moon's orbit; the earth being supposed in the imaginary centre of the wire circle. Suppose, now, we hold the circle horizontally, and take a short bit of wire, or a large pin, and thrusting it into the upper hemisphere of the orange, at any point, fix on the top of the pin a horizontal index of paper, or card, to indicate any rotatory movement of the orange.

We will now push the orange along the circular wire orbit in the same direction as the man walked just now round M. The index points at starting, we shall say as the man's face at F looked; that is towards us. When it reaches G, it will point towards our right hand, or the B side of the room; at H it points away from us, towards A; at E it is turned towards our left hand, or D; at F, it again points towards us, and the C side of the room.

Now the index represents the successive changes of position through which any point, and every point on the surface of the orange has passed, as the orange travelled once round its orbit; and by the conditions of the experiment, the same side of the orange has always been turned towards the imaginary centre of its orbit. It appears, therefore, that its journey has been performed under conditions similar to the man's No. (1). There has been a rotation round an axis, once; for the index has pointed to every quarter of the circle successively, which as we have just seen, necessarily implies axial rotation; and a spectator at the imaginary centre of the orbit would have seen only the same hemisphere of the orange during the whole of its journey.

It is a fallacy to say that if you separate the ends of the wire, make it a straight line, and then push the orange along it, the path of the orange is the same as before. *The index will at once shew you the difference.* The axial and rotatory motion has ceased; the index will therefore now point only in one invariable direction. The truth is, that for every portion of the circular orbit travelled over, there is a corresponding turning round the axis in consequence of the circular and orbital motion. If a circular graduated scale were laid on the table underneath the wire orbit, we should find that for every inch, say, of orbital progress, the index

would show a rotatory movement round the axis equivalent to ten degrees of the circle. As the orange advances along the circular wire, the axial wire creeps round, till it has completed a rotation at the instant when a complete orbital revolution of the orange is accomplished. Relatively to the orbit, the index never changes its position; always remaining inclined at the same angle to it as that at which it first started. This is only implied in the condition of the experiment, that one axial rotation should be completed contemporaneously with one orbital revolution. If this angle of inclination between the index and the wire orbit ever varied, then, more or less than one such rotation would have taken place during a revolution of the orange in its orbit; which would have been contrary to one of the conditions of the experiment.

Let us now vary this experiment a little. Take a rigid ball of wood or metal, with an aperture through the centre, to admit the passage of a fine, flexible wire, three feet long through it. Fix an index in the same position as in the last experiment, that is, attached to a pin placed perpendicularly to the wire. The wire we will suppose to be straight, when the ball begins its motion along it. If it remains straight till the ball reaches the other end of it, then there has plainly been no axial rotation. But now suppose that for every twentieth of an inch of the ball's progress, we forcibly twist it, and the wire with it, till the index has travelled over half a degree, and continue this twisting till the thirty-six inches of wire have been travelled along by the ball, and bent with it: what shall we find? One point of the wire will meet the other, and the straight path will have become a circular orbit; the index having turned once round the whole circle; and hence one axial rotation having taken place in the exact time of one orbital revolution. The circular path of the orange in the first experiment may be considered as simply another form of this twisting of the ball in the second; in this, the wire has to be bent, as the ball advances; in that, it has already been bent from the beginning of the experiment. In both an axial rotation has taken place, contemporaneously, or, in the very same time with a revolution in the orbit.

From all of which we may perceive that if the moon's rotation is of the same kind as the man's, No. (1), and as the motion of the orange, or the ball along its orbit of wire; the moon *must rotate* once on her axis, for each revolution in her orbit.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. VIII.

IS THIS SUCCESS?

lian could not despair. He could not under the belief that that gold would n to him. That strange mysterious gold. sacrilegious spoil of his strange ancestors. many generations had possessed it. How had been the feeling that it would do thing—that the hour would come when uld bring to its owner all that he desired. n could not despair. He could not think that old iron chest was for ever emptied of easure. At the bottom of his heart there a fixed belief that it would—almost that et come back. Still Julian sat in the evenings in the quiet chamber, that looked the water; and shading the lamp-light from ght, he would gaze long on the waves as reflected the star-light, which grew ter and brighter in the frosty night. he would, after long watching, turn his within, to that iron-wrought chest, now ed of its store. Recollections would upon his mind, memories of words had hung on his ears in childhood, and ew to know more of the history of that than he had ever felt to know before. chapel of St. Julian had yielded something ds its increase, but its sacrilegious com- ment had been made of things pilfered he chauntry chapel of St. George, at Dyr- m. It had produced its effect. Its influence ough active on Julian's ancestors, and aself, and this Julian knew, and felt that easure was not like common gold; it not now sink and die, and become less, and no longer shed its strange ace on man; as if that, which had been d to His service by pious acts, and the h's blessing, *could not* be inactive; but vented from its course of good, must perform that other part, and be a curse, a blessing. But ever, and ever, his repeated—*it is not gone*—it is not passed —it will come back!

ad been a dark threatening night, and morning arrived, it scarcely seemed like urn of day, so much was the sky dark- y tremendous clouds, dense, heavy, and ally black. The wind was blowing in a on that always betokened storm, and langer; for any vessel trying to enter rbor of Watermouth at such times, ran

great risk of being driven on a sand bank, which made shipwreck almost inevitable. The day of which we are writing, was one of those which wears an aspect of threatening, felt by whatever has life. The cattle seek for shelter, though the storm has not begun; the birds are unseen and unheard; the domestic animals refuse to leave the houses, and seem to look up to man for protection, and man himself feels awe in the consciousness of approaching terror. Julian wandered about, after the morning meal, as one expecting something. He approached the window, and looked out. Presently his wife spoke.

"It grows darker, and darker," she said, "How those gulls and sea-birds cry, and fly in towards the land. There is something awful in the roll of the waves."

"What is that?" asked Julian abruptly, and heedless of his wife's words—"What is that?" He pointed to a dark speck. It was a considerable distance off, beyond that sand bank. Snatching his telescope quickly from Anna's hands, Julian pronounced it in a minute after his first observation, to be a boat laboring with the waves, and wind, and in spite of the best efforts of her rowers, likely to be stranded. "They will be lost!" exclaimed Kate, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, for the danger was too apparent to need further explanation.

"Now God help them!" ejaculated Julian solemnly, and on the whole party fell that awful feeling of bitter danger and sure death near, and themselves powerless to save, or to assist.

It was but, as it were, a few yards of water. But those few yards separated life from almost death. There remains for them but a short time—a short time of living despair.

Strugglers with death! could you have known how hearts on shore yearned to give you safety, could you have known how many hearts, besides those in Julian's dwelling, were wrung to agony as the thoughts of *their* husbands—*their* children—*their* parents rose within—and one thought more of *their* unfitness to meet that moment which was seen approaching you—had you known this, your efforts might have been greater even than they were.

It was life's last hazard.

Now, would that they could have known that they were watched for—prayed for—cared for—would that their closing eyes could have seen the light on the good monk's hill—that their strained and sharpened sense could

have heard the gladdening sound of that chapel bell—that the rising breeze could have borne them *hope*. But no, those days were gone, their's was the worst bitterness of death.

Was there no hope?

"Save them!" exclaimed Anna, and falling on her knees, she again said "Save them!" Who heard her?—Not her parents, she had only spoken their own secret prayer, and they scarcely knew that the bursting thought had found a voice. But another was there—Harold—He rushed from the room. The beach, the cliffs, were in a moment, as it seemed, alive with human beings.

Some strong hearts, who felt it more sweet to share danger, than to look upon it in inactivity, brought out, and manned a boat. Among these men was Harold, the first proposer, the eager hastener of the enterprise. Suddenly there was a cry, and it was passed on from the watchers on the high lands, "there are more in distress—the boat surely belongs to a vessel, on this lower side of the Dead-man's point. If she breaks from her moorings she must be lost. Any moment the rising breeze may tear her away."

Then there were further cries of direction, for two or three small fishing boats, to be brought on men's shoulders to the top of the cliff, and down the other side by a winding path, to put out to sea, for the small distance between the shore and the vessel, which was almost a wreck, to bring the crew to land. And these directions were followed valiantly. The women worked like men, and the men like giants, in strength and activity. But still, the chief interest was fixed on the small number of brave men who had gone out to help the boat; but small as their number was, more than life for life was offering.

On hearing of this vessel, Mr. Seaforth had hastened to the height from which she was observed, and Julian had instinctively followed his steps. There lay a vessel, hardly kept from dashing on the rocks, her masts gone, and her whole appearance wreck-like.

"The *Sarah*!" cried Mr. Seaforth. And a hundred voices repeated the word.

"How was she discovered?" "Who first observed her?" Were questions eagerly asked as preparations for relief went forward.

Lyas Norwood, attracted to the sea coast by its threatening appearance, had diverged from his usual route to the town, and had come suddenly on the sight of the *Sarah*, just as the more restless of the watchers on the beach

had climbed the height which united the ridge of rock called the Dead-man's point with the land.

Below the Dead-man's point, there was a dreary looking little bay of water, formed, it would seem, by the constant, and unavailing efforts of the waves to surmount that steep and rocky boundary, which, jutting out so far into the ocean, had earned for itself its threatening name. It was in this little bay, that the *Sarah* was anchored. Only those who knew well, that dangerous mooring, could have ventured on so bold a measure.

Mr. Seaforth was full of activity; John Julian stood in tranquil wonder; but amid the bustle, his absorbed contemplative state, was not observed.

Suddenly Lyas Norwood was at Mr. Seaforth's side. "There is another," he said.

Another? Another?—What mean you?

"Another vessel. She has tried to turn the point and failed. She is on the rocks, and cannot last much longer. Come to the height and see. There are a few poor fellows clinging to the masts; but the tide is going out, and strongly too. She cannot last. She is going to pieces now. Every wave tells upon her."

"See, see, some of the men are washed off! Are we then to see death before our eyes, and be unable to send succor? Again, again—They cannot battle with their fate. They are worn out. Another, and another is washed off—Holy angels, what a sight. It is maddening, to behold it. Ah! a cry—what a note of agony!"

With such exclamations the beholders pressed their hands to their eyes, to shut out the terror they could not lessen, and some ran away a few steps, and others turned their backs on the awful woe, and stamped the ground in agony of mind, and a few fell upon their knees, and here and there, were seen on stern rough faces, hard-wrung tears.

Meanwhile, life was being given back to all on board the *Sarah*. Boat after boat safely gave in its living cargo, and such arrangements were being made, as would put the vessel in a position of safety, until she could be brought into the port.

The joyful proceedings now brought crowds from the beach to the scene of landing; all came but a few; those few whose hearts were with the adventurous in charity, whose fate was not yet sure.

Among those who had collected on the

highest ridges was Ralph Seaforth. He was the only one who felt no gladness at the sight of the *Sarah*. He stood angry, disappointed, revengeful; all that had occurred was as plain to Ralph Seaforth as if, there before him, the history of the last few months had been spread out.

The *Sarah* had captured a Spanish vessel, and Mr. Seaforth had just learned that the Spanish vessel was conveying an enormous amount of gold.

Let us leave the bustle and excitement of saving the half-dead creatures from the vessels on the rocks. All is doing for them that human effort can accomplish. Let us leave them, and turn to the beach, where multitudes are gathered, to welcome the boat which has just brought its burthen to the shore.

There was Anna Julian, and there her good mother also. And there was every woman and child who had seen husband, son, or father embark on board the *Sarah*.

Of those brought from the wrecks, few could climb the steep way to the town without assistance. It was all going on steadily and with quiet arrangements, and purposely with as little excitement and noise as possible. It was well to avoid the trial which loud grief and lamentation might prove to some, whose spirits seemed hovering between this world and the next. As silently then as possible, and with all speed the sufferers were taken to the places prepared for them; and they were conveyed to the town, not by the beach, on which so many were gathered, but by another, rather longer, but more quiet road, through a ravine in the cliff.

Anna had never moved from the beach on which she still stood, and where at last her mother joined her. She had heard of the vessel jammed in among the rocks, beyond the Dead-man's point. She had known of the multitude swerving that way; of some returning; of others gathering about them; of the sands being again filled with watchers. But what the senses took in, the heart never responded to. It was the boat and its fate that occupied her. The thing doing she knew to be full of danger, but that it was *right*, and that it *must* be done, she also knew—not once for an instant, did she wish they had never gone. But out with them had gone her heart—she was standing on the sands, but there—far off on the sea—there, where her eyes are fixed, there is her heart, there is her sense of being, there is her better part, as if for a time the soul had left the body, yet given it not up

to death, but left it waiting till it should return.

It was cold, and the wind was rough and boisterous, and the people about her were looking up with anxious faces to the threatening skies. But Anna felt no cold, nor heard the wind, nor thought of where she was.

Every now and then it was thought that the laboring boat had sunk. Shrieks told the heart's dread. But Anna uttered no sound, no, not a sigh; she felt neither fear nor hope; the heart was still—quite still—no passion heaved it—it seemed to have left her—it was out on the sea, where the dark speck on the waters told of the laboring charities of the devoted few.

Some standing by were calculating the time. They were saying how long in fair weather it would take to row that distance. Some said that the rowers had been long, too long, that they had made no way, that they would never reach the perilled boat in time, that they would themselves be cast upon the bar, that they had better never have gone, and that they wished that they had some one with them who would say "turn back."

But not one anxiety passed through Anna's mind. There, there was no sense of time, no calculation of danger, no desire to change the past. In a trance-like state of waiting she stood, and still her fixed eyes were on the boat. She scarcely knew where she was, she scarcely heard what passed: she had no thought of her life past, or her life to come; no sense of anything but of the moment then with her—and not till those brave men had gained their perilled brothers side not till the words pealed forth around her; "They return, they return"—not till assurances passed about that the tide would help them; that they were nearing fast; that they were coming on bravely; that danger was over; that they were safe, they were safe—not till then did she hear and feel; and not till they were near enough, for her to see *one* who was called the best and bravest of all, did she tremble; and not till his feet touched the sand, amid the ringing cheers of those around did she drop against a friendly rock, and weep tears that would not cease till they had left the long pent-up fountain dry.

The women wept, and the men ceased their loud cheers, to grasp Harold's hand, and tell him that the brave deed was his, for that he had put the thought into hearts that would never have dared to attempt what they had accomplished, but for him. The five men

saved, were all men of Watermouth ; fathers, husbands, and sons. The other sufferers were almost forgotten. In that moment of success, they would carry the men home in the boat that had saved them. The thought was no sooner spoken, than the thing was done. Immediately the boat was raised on men's shoulders, and with cheers and cries of joy, surrounded by almost all the persons who had collected on the beach, the men so bravely saved, were borne off triumphantly. But Harold stayed, and looked at Anna. He turned from her to her mother. Kate Julian's bright eyes were running over with gladness, love, and admiration. Harold put his hand in her's ; she pressed it, raised it to her lips, left a mother's kiss upon it, and said ; "Heaven will reward you !"

There was a deep glow on the young man's cheek, and his eyes dilated with a soft and peculiar light. "Let us go home," he said, "Anna, let us go home, Anna !" He dwelt upon the name. It seemed to have a sound upon it, that it had never borne before. He did not try to suppress its music, he said it again—"Anna !" She looked up. He saw that she had heard it.

That night Mr. Seaforth had said to Julian that he was rich. "Any position purchasable by wealth is yours, Mr. Julian. I am glad that such singular good fortune should have fallen on one of such distinguished integrity of character. Not a creature in Watermouth but will rejoice at your success, sir—success ! Yes, indeed—great, quite unparalleled success. For myself, I really can scarcely yet believe it. Good night—bear my congratulations to Mrs. Julian—and think of your son ! Dear me," continued the kind merchant—"it could not have occurred to a better man. Just the very person to do credit to it. All things in a good train for its right using ; I heartily rejoice !" And there, just where Mr. Seaforth had first heard the secret of Julian's store, did they now take leave. Mr. Seaforth made this a time for insisting on his brother accepting a sum of money, enough to secure his future independence. He bestowed ten thousand pounds on Ralph. But when pressed to allow him to take the command of his next vessel, he hesitated, avoided an answer, and when obliged to reply said ; "that Ralph had so much lost him the respect and confidence of many whose good opinion he valued, that, he would not promise to employ him again, till there was an improvement in his character and habits.

Ralph heard in silence ; he heard, and as he heard he determined in his mind that it was John Julian's respect and confidence that his brother disliked the thought of losing.

He looked upon him more surely than ever as his enemy, and hated him accordingly. Many and bitter were the promises he made that day in his heart against him. And, forgetting that he had no proof to go upon, he murmured to himself ; "well, if I am his enemy, he made me so ; he must take the consequences. If he cuts me out of my share of the wealth which he gathers in so richly for himself, he must not be surprised to find my hand in his treasures, helping myself in my own way." And then the thought of Anna Julian rose to his mind, and he went away with the stirring of all evil passions in his breast.

At John Julian's, better thoughts were working in a better mind. Harold was thinking that the time was come for him to say that he loved Anna Julian. And at Lullingstone, Lord Westrey heard of the arrival of the *Sarah*, and was very glad. Lady Westrey and Mary were in London. Lord Westrey had only come to Lullingstone for a few days, on business. On hearing the news he rode to Watermouth to congratulate Mr. Seaforth. Mr. Seaforth mentioned John Julian to Lord Westrey, and Lord Westrey felt that it was one of those emergencies in a man's life when he wants a friend.

He was soon seated in the quiet little parlor with the low window looking out upon the sea.

That cheerful little chamber, with its antique furniture, its chair from old Dyrbington, and its now emptied iron chest. How often had Julian sat just where Lord Westrey now was sitting, gazing on the sea, with eyes, as it were, enchained, and his whole self stilled, oppressed by a feeling prophetic of what had now come to pass. And now that it had come ; now that he was rich, and certain of being richer, there was in his heart a want unsupplied, which money could not purchase. He wanted to be relieved of impertinent gossiping assiduities. He wanted to rise quietly, without any noise, and rude wondering congratulations. All that verged on loud mob-clamor was dreadful to him, even in idea. To him it was nothing astonishing that John Julian should be a rich man. It was that of which he had thought from youth to age. He had expected it. Yes, for long years he had looked out for the time that had now come ; the present was

but the realization of the expectations of the past. And he had prepared for it. He had placed his son where he might have education equal to his fortune. He had brought up his daughter with a care which could not be exceeded. He had kept her always by his, or by her mother's side. He had guarded her from all acquaintances, and he had given her so much education as to make it an easy thing for her to advance to greater things. Had he ever, in any transaction of life, in any calculation that bore upon the future, forgotten for a moment that he must one day be rich—*must* be rich? He heard Lord Westrey's voice, and his heart beat quickly, and freely, relieved immediately of half its load. "Anything I can do for you? Julian, you know how sincere are our feelings of regard for you and your wife, and"—

"Lord Westrey—thank you—hear me"—interrupted Julian "I am rich, very rich, I never wanted a friend before, but to have one now—and such a one as yourself—is surely all that I want to crown my good fortune. But have you time to spare, for I have much to say?" Lord Westrey smiled. He thought that he had never heard Julian speak so directly to the point in his life before. "The whole day is at your service, if you please," he answered.

"Less than that will do, my lord. But you must hear a long story. First, however, I am rich. Lord Westrey, I am worth seventy thousand pounds, and expect to be worth much more."

Lord Westrey uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had thought of two or three thousand at the utmost. This announcement perfectly astonished him.

"How glad I am that I called," he exclaimed immediately. "Trust to *me* Julian—keep out of the way of all vulgar harpies. Think of your children—your charming girl, and that fine boy, your dear excellent Edward—seventy thousand!—what a situation for you to be in—I know not what to say, but that I am glad, very, very glad"—and Lord Westrey grasped Julian's hand with true-hearted warmth.

"Lord Westrey, you can be everything to me and the children that we want," said Julian.

"I will then," said Lord Westrey emphatically.

"But I have always been rich," continued Julian musingly.

"You, rich, always, what?" Lord Westrey's

manner roused Julian from the reverie into which he seemed to be sinking.

"Yes, always," he repeated with animation. "And this is the story I want you to hear—but Kate must come, she has never known of this store, she"—

"Mrs. Julian never known? A secret store of money, all these years, and your wife never known?—Julian?"

"Its true, my Lord; she knows no more of what I am going to tell, than you do."

"What did you do with it—where did you keep it—how long have you had it—this is the most extraordinary thing certainly, that ever occurred!"

"I kept it in that small iron chest," said Julian, quietly pointing to where it stood in its usual place. "And I have had it ever since my father died, and his father gave it to him, and so from generation to generation it came on; but the world is different in some things to what it has been—Edward is different to me—things pressed it upon me that the time for the gold lying quiet in its old place was over. And, somehow, I always knew that it would bring riches. I always knew that when sent out it would come back—and so it has. But here comes Kate."

In half-an-hour's time Kate, in Lord Westrey's presence, had heard her husband's story. She heard with astonishment, and a sensation almost amounting to fear. Kate could only weep and wring her hands and sob forth that she did not like this wealth. So, Lord Westrey, having sent away her husband, was obliged to put some facts before her eyes with rather remarkable plainness. They were, that her husband was decidedly what the world would call an odd man; that, nevertheless, his children were now raised to a position in which they would be remarked upon by the world—not always the kindest in its judgments; and that the happiness and success of her offspring depended upon herself. Kate heard, and felt that all she heard was true. It was not a case in which there was any choice allowed to her. The thing had come—the time had arrived—certain responsibilities were her's, and she was lifted to a place which she must fill, and on the discharge of her duties depended her children's happiness, almost their respectability. "Perhaps," Lord Westrey had added, on saying this, "perhaps this is putting the case in its utmost strength; Edward could no doubt get on by himself, and Anna, might be driven to assert her rights; but let me say, that you will teach your children a bad lesson if you

teach them to do without you. Great as the exertion may be, you are capable of being all that they will require, and that is what you must set yourself to be. Lady Westrey will be all that an affectionate friend can be, but *you* must be *yourself*—not what you have been, but what you now are; and let me add one thing more, and I say it without flattery, there never was a woman better calculated to meet the responsibilities of an elevated position. You have but to think of how much depends upon you, to accomplish it all with admirable ability and grace. There never was any nonsense or pretence about you. You have quietness of mind, and courage, and a plain straightforward way of seeing things—” Mrs. Julian was smiling through her tears. “There,” continued his lordship, “there, you will have accustomed your mind to all these changes in half-an-hour, and by to-morrow morning no one will know by Mrs. Julian’s manner that her husband had ever a less balance at his bankers than he has at present. You must think of telling your boy now,” said Lord Westrey, when Julian returned.

“I do not wish my lord that he should know all that I have been telling you, about that old gold in the chest. It is, I think, sufficient for Edward to know that I had money, and used it, and that it has multiplied to that which I now possess. The secret of the long-descended store is safe with you, my wife, and Mr. Seaforth. And I think it had better never go any further.”

“You are right,” said Lord Westrey, after a moment’s thought. “Yes, you are right. I think that it will be best to tell Edward in this way. You continue your connections with Mr. Seaforth?”

“Yes,” said Julian, “I reserve thirty thousand pounds for my wife and children, and the rest, with the exception of two thousand, to meet the expenses of my change of position, is to remain in Mr. Seaforth’s hands, to be used again. This was his own suggestion.”

“Very well; quite right and judicious,” said Lord Westrey. “Now let me advise you about Edward. Let me send Mr. Parker to Oxford. He can take a note from you, and another from me. Edward must be told that you have made a beginning of unexpected success. So much so, that you are going to leave your present abode and commence another style of living. By the by, where will you go? Edward ought to be told all at once, I think.”

“Your father’s favorite spot, Mayfield, is

empty,” said Julian. “Your steward told me a short time since that you wanted a tenant.”

“The very thing for you,” exclaimed Lord Westrey. “I shall like extremely to have you there. And a prudent choice too,” he continued smiling, “you may do the place justice on eight hundred a year.”

Mayfield stood immediately on the outskirts of the town, on the road to Dyrbington.

“Then,” continued Lord Westrey, “Mr. Parker is to tell your son that you are going into Mayfield immediately, and that, on his return in summer, he will find that place his home; and,” — Lord Westrey paused and laughed—“and *if you can afford it*, a horse for him to ride will be in the stables. Ah!” he said, and laughed again, “we have to be very careful with these youths; they know so little of money that they are led to believe what the first extravagant fellow they meet with tells them, and half ruin us before we know that they have ever dared to change a guinea without a sigh. Ah! Mrs. Julian does not believe a word I say. Well, but I shall do as I have said; and now let us leave Edward; he will do well enough I dare say, and speak about the other—about Anna.”

Mrs. Julian’s face was lighted up by a sweet tender smile; but over Julian’s countenance there passed quickly an expression of vehement interest which only by a strong effort he controlled. “She is almost sixteen,” Julian went on in answer to Lord Westrey’s enquiries. “She has had some pains taken with her; not that she has been to any school, I was afraid of her making acquaintances. She writes an excellent hand, and as to reading—you know the books that Lady Westrey has, at various times, bestowed upon her; history, and biographies: well, the volumes are not many, but she knows them almost by heart—I think that there will not be much trouble about her English education.”

“You must let me tell this to Lady Westrey, and when you have heard what she advises, you must agree between yourselves whether or not you will abide by her decision.”

“No fear of that!” ejaculated Julian.

“Then,” said Lord Westrey, “we have now got full instructions for Parker; and as soon as I get back to town I will send him down to Oxford. Do you want me to do anything more for you. Have you told Anna?”

“I shall tell her to-night,” said Julian. And then, after more thanks, and more assurances of kindness, Lord Westrey departed. Julian feeling that his visit to them had not been the

least wonderful of the events that had occurred, for it had led to the education of his darling Anna being placed in the hands of the very family into which—the whispering voice within never quite pronounced the thing that might be.

The evening came; a calm, still evening; for the late storms had spent their strength, and had left nature again to her repose. Within the house the mother's quiet step was heard as she went about her household work.

As yet there was only the knowledge of change in that mother's breast, there was no visible token of that which had come upon them. As it had been a month before, so was it then. The same neat, matronly figure, in the sad-colored gown and fair white apron, laid the neatly-spread table, for their usual meal. And still the slight graceful figure of a young girl, came and went, passed and re-passed, assisting in the household work. That fair girl, in the dark winter dress lit the fire in the grate, which her own hands had that morning brightened, then ran down to the kitchen, and brought thence the steaming kettle, and having, with her mother, concluded the usual arrangements, disappeared to come again, with washed hands, and blooming face, and glossy ringlets parted on her fair young brow, to wait her father's entrance.

Perhaps the operations had been conducted rather more silently than usual, and perhaps the mother's eye had oftener wandered to her daughter's form, and had longer rested there. We dwell purposely on this evening, because there were hearts from which its memory never passed away. We like to think of Anna in her humble, but not degrading toil; we like to follow her to her small chamber, and see her as she made her simple adornments, because we are soon to take leave of such things, and to see them again no more.

When she returned to her mother, Harold was in the room. Four days had passed since the shipwreck, and to all they had been days of less labor than usual. Anna and Harold had been a good deal together, and to their mutual pleasure. It was not that Harold talked, and made himself what is commonly called an agreeable companion to Anna, for he said very little; neither was it that Anna talked to him, for she was seldom inclined to speak, when he was by. But it was that, in his presence there was an influence which she felt, and in which she rejoiced; an influence

which produced pleasure, that was called forth by nothing else. And now that she saw Harold, her cheek blushed brightly, yet she advanced to him with a radiant smile. "I have not seen you all day," she said.

"I have been with my father," he replied.

They were simple words, yet Kate looked up anxiously. She looked at Harold. He was standing, gazing with a frank smile on Anna. A sudden sense fell on Kate's mind of his uncommon beauty, and of the charm with which his peculiar manner invested him. She had always known, as she afterwards said, that "he was not in anything like a common youth." One moment told Mrs. Julian the truth. One look at her dear Anna's blushing cheek as she met Harold's eye a second time; one other look at Harold, over whose face each feeling of the heart passed always in the unchecked freedom of the innocence which dares be bold, and where she had never seen the passage of a thought that required rebuke, and Mrs. Julian knew all.

The door opened, but no one saw it—Julian entered, but no one observed him.

"Harold!" exclaimed Mrs. Julian—there was a nervous tremor in the tone, and it thrilled through Anna's heart with a terror hitherto unknown—"Harold!"

"Yes, yes," he answered, and advanced to her, "you too have loved, and you know"—

"Hush," said a voice deep and low, stifled in its strength by the very intensity of the feelings that produced it. "Hush" cried the same voice, but all ungovernably loud, and more terrible than if it had gathered power from anger, for it was the cry of a heart troublingly gazing into the depths of despair—"Hush!"

It was Julian who spoke. All were silent—he advanced slowly, and as if a sudden palsy had robbed him of his strength. Anna and her mother looked and trembled; but Harold knew no fear, but spoke again: "I ask," he said, now addressing Julian—But again came that one word "Hush!"—as if Julian could say no more. There was a moment of terrible silence. Anna stood, the picture of meek stillness; her hands clasped, her figure drooping, her slow tears falling without sob or other sound.

Harold with anxious gestures advanced to Julian. He evidently knew not what was meant. He looked at him most lovingly; gently grasped his hand, and in soft, and tender, yet enquiring accents said: "My

friend?" The words recalled Julian to himself, and to a recollection of the character with which he had to deal.

"Yes, Harold," he answered "but *her* friend too!"

The youth gave a start, and then answered with a look of joyful acquiescence.

"Her friend too," repeated Julian; and still holding Harold's hand, he advanced to his daughter's side. "Anna," he went on, "I had something to tell you to night, and when I entered the room just now, I had come to tell it. I will tell it now, before Harold, for it concerns us all. It is a matter of great moment, Anna; unknown to your mother till this morning: when I told her before Lord Westrey."

Anna looked up into her father's face. Her interest was awakened, but on her gently-tinged cheek the large tears still lay.

"I have become, my child, unexpectedly rich; yes Anna rich, *very* rich, with expectations of being yet richer; so that my children must take their place among the higher ranks of life. Mr. Parker is to be sent to Oxford by Lord Westrey's kindness, to tell your brother. It will be necessary for us to act consistently, and we shall immediately leave this house; we are going to live at Mayfield. Lady Westrey will point out the best way of fitting you for your future station in life. At your age the ways of cultivated society are soon learnt, and such accomplishments as are required will not be difficult of attainment. I should have told your mother and yourself what your possible position would be before, had not the affairs in which I have been engaged been attended with such risk."

Anna turned her still pale face away from him, and fixed her eyes, which had lost all expression on Harold. He answered her look, with one of earnest steadfastness. All trace of the open ardor of unconcealed affection had passed away; and in its stead there was that which spoke of long endurance, and patient hope. Not a word did he speak; but he never took his eyes from the object of his powerful love. Still he looked at her, as if the longer he looked, the surer he was to see her again, and never lose her more; still he looked, as if the feeling of certainty grew upon his soul as he gazed.

Then, for a moment, he turned to Julian and extended his hand; it was grasped with a pressure intended to convey something of the mingled emotions in Julian's breast. Then to that good mother Harold turned, and his

heart of honest courage trembled, as he looked at her. But quickly he grew strong again. It is the knowledge of faithlessness that makes man fear. Harold knew not what faithlessness was. His heart was only conscious of fidelity. He did not offer his hand to Kate Julian—he saw her mother's face of tears and smiles, of love and sorrow blended, and he laid his head for one moment on her shoulder, and threw his arms around her with a son's embrace. In another moment he was at the door, and stopping for one last look.

Still Anna's full sad eye was upon him with the calm gaze of a statue. But at that very moment there were rushing thoughts within her breast, as if another self was imprisoned there.

"Stop him! He must not go," said those agitated thoughts. "Give him one glance; speak but a word; advance a single step; Oh! stretch forth your hand only, and all will be done," urged wildly that imprisoned self; and still went on: He goes; the time is passing; another moment, and it will be for ever too late; the wealth that raises you might it not raise him? The influences that are to fit you for another station, would they be powerless upon him? Now—this instant—he goes—Oh! one effort!

But though Anna's eyes were fixed where Harold stood she did not see him. The rushing thoughts and wild enquiries within were answered by a vision which seemed to hide him from her sight. There was the log-hut in the forest; and Lyas Norwood; and there was a mazy sense of something that had conveyed her far, far, far away from it all. Between her and them there was a sense as of boundless space. The sound of work and toil had died away; the ear could no longer catch the voices it had known before. But suddenly that vision passed, dispelled by a short sound. Anna started—saw things in their reality once more—it was the closing of the door that she had heard, and Harold was gone.

And long years afterwards she was glad that it had been so. With a fervent thankfulness, impossible to describe, she was glad that that involuntary whirlwind of passion had found no vent—she was glad that he had departed without a word, look, or sign—with no other encouragement than that which his own brave heart afforded to itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"When city-burgers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to use the land as 'a commodity' were angrily repressed. * * * The old English organization maintained its full activity; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights."

All this, our readers will see, is in direct contrast with that precious maxim of modern days, that the only possible motive allowed by common sense in buying land or anything else, is that of getting the fullest return for one's money. But let us hear Mr. Froude on that vexed question, the tenure of land. He states, as the "one broad principle which bore equally on every class, that the land of England must provide for the defence of England." It was a realization in matters political, of St. Paul's injunction that every man should look, not only on his own things, but on those of others; of his frequent enforcement of the truth, that every society worth the name must consist of members indissolubly knit together in affections, principles, and interests, so that no one should deem it possible to have to say to another, 'I have no need of thee,'—far less, with the first murderer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' This condition of things is well described by Mr. Froude, who has sufficient sense to perceive its excellencies, although inconsistently enough, he is an advocate of what destroyed it. He tells us that

"Land was never private property in that personal sense in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please: very few things in England were then property in any such sense; for duty to the state was supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen who took advantage of the fluctuations of the markets were rebuked by parliament for 'their greedy and covetous minds, as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit, than the commonweal of the Realm.' All land was held on a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and every man took rank in the army of the State according to the nature of his connexion with it. *Every man was regimented somewhere*; and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed their own choice of masters, the restrictions on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice a connexion presumed to be permanent. Every man should have his definite place and duty, and no human being be at liberty to lead an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to social life, and issued in a chivalrous perception of the meaning of the word duty, and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty?"

Our historian leans to "a peasant proprietary;" the advocates for which "tell us truly that a landed monopoly is dangerous; that the

possession of a spot of ground though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty."

He gives us also the arguments for large estates, but regards those arguments as "scarcely compatible with experience. What is meant is more true; that without the system of large estates no aristocracy of a permanent kind can be supported."

The effects of the ancient and modern systems nowhere better appear than in their respective effects on social habits.

Before the Reformation,—

"While the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. When great persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them."

The secret, indeed, of the superiority of the old system in all these respects is, that it was one of principle, and not of expediency. Flowing from a fixed and certain faith in God, it had a fixed and certain principle of truth between man and man.

"Fidelity of man to man, is among the rarest excellencies of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Men were then held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations; and we cannot but see we have lost in exchanging those ties, for the harsher links of mutual self-interest."

"Labor was not looked upon as a market commodity; the government attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes by the rule, not of economy, but of equity."

The effect, he further remarks, of the superseding of these truly Christian and benevolent principles by those of the modern economists, has been the withdrawing of state-protection from those who most need it, and for whom, being so much the larger number, government is principally wanted.

"When the state relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborer, being left to the market-chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital."

What does this show but that the ancient system vindicates itself as the truly Christian one by its care for the poor? So plainly indeed, did the two systems shew themselves by their fruits, that even our Protestant author is obliged by main force of truth, to call the reign of Edward VI. a "discreditable interlude," during which the government, from the infusion of the new leaven, could not hold its ground, or maintain the prosperity of the

working classes. Those who have read the works of Cobbett, indeed, will find nothing to surprise them in these volumes, on the present subject; for it was the professed aim of that able writer to shew that the Reformation was the greatest curse that ever fell upon the poor of this country. Still it is something to see a learned Oxonian arriving at the same conclusions by a different path; and the only wonder is, (if one can wonder at anything,) to see two such men continue Protestants after so triumphantly showing the social evils of the new system. One of them, indeed, and he by far the more strenuous advocate of the ancient system, *died* a Protestant; may God forbid the same should be said of our present learned and elegant historian!

He concludes this branch of his subject with two pithy sentences:—

"If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances we should not have failed to hear of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, *under the Somerset-protectorate.*"

This Christian mode of treating the poor, so different from the modern, had its effect in making them cheerful supporters of the state which was their kind mother:

"The people generally were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a conviction that they were bound to think first of England and but secondly of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors."

Compare next, the expenses of the monarchy, when it deserved that name, with those of the present time.

"Under Henry VIII, of whose extravagance we have heard so much, and whose court was the most magnificent in the world, these were £19,894 16s. 8d. a small sum when compared with the present royal establishment, even if we adopt the relative estimate of twelve to one, and suppose it equal to £240,000 a year of our present money. But indeed it was not; for, though the proportion held in articles of common consumption, articles of luxury were very dear indeed."

This was quite in keeping with the incomes of the gentry, and parochial clergy.

"The income qualifying a country gentleman to be justice of the peace was £20 a year; and, by the 2d of the 2d of Henry V. 'the wages' of a parish priest were limited to £5 6s. 8d., except where there was special licence from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep differences in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived."

Few people, says Mr. Froude, now care to inquire into the purposes, value, and causes of wealth, of these London companies, whose gilt barges, and other tokens of honor astonish the passing cockney.

"Trade and traders have no dignity any more except what money lends to them; and yet these companies were something more than names. They are all which remain of a vast organization which penetrated the trading life of England—set on foot to realize that most necessary condition of commercial excellence under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale should honestly be what they pretend. In London a central council sat for every branch of trade, and was in communication with the chancellor and the crown. Its office was to determine prices, fix wages, arrange the rules of apprenticeship, and discuss details on which legislation might be required. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity."

It was in this way alone that the country obtained what is now clamored for in vain—"the right man in the right place;" it dispensed with the necessity for a "circumlocution office" and left no place for a generation of Barnacles and Stiltstalkings. No man had then dreamt of any such problem as "How not to do it."

The object of a Christian government as next stated by our author, was

"To enable as many persons as possible to earn in their own homes their separate independent living. The parliament was aware that by pursuing this policy the cost of production was somewhat increased. It considered, however, that the loss was compensated to the nation by retaining its people in the condition not of 'hands,' but of men; by rendering them independent of masters, who only sought to make their own advantage at the expense of labor, and enabling them to continue to maintain themselves in manly freedom."

Now that we have Protestant and Infidel Parliaments instead of Christian, all this is of course changed. Workmen are accounted mere "hands," created to labor for mill-owners, whose vocation it is to keep them down in hopeless serfdom. "The greatest misfortune," says a journalist of the South of Europe, "which could befall that beautiful country, [Italy] would be to possess such civilization as now exists in England."

The following passage is a favorable specimen of the author's style and manner.

"A change was coming on the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten cen-

turies were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, and convictions, of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the Western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of space; and the firm earth, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the Cathedrals, only as we gaze on the silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were; and perhaps in the sound of church-bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval ages, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world."

He appreciates, as might be expected from such a man, the *mysteries* of the middle ages.

"Such pageants, were but the most splendid expression of a taste which was national and universal. To us, who can measure the effect of such scenes only by the impression they would produce on ourselves, they seem profane; they were not profane when received as they were given. Out of the mystery-plays arose the English drama, represented in its completeness by the creations of a poet who, it now begins to be supposed, stands alone among mankind. We allow ourselves to think of Shakespeare or Raphael or Phidias as having accomplished their work by the power of their individual genius; but greatness like theirs is the highest degree of an excellence which prevails widely around it. No great general ever rose out of a nation of cowards, statesman out of fools, artist out of materialists, dramatist except when the drama was the passion of the people."

Our readers will by this time have begun to look on Mr. Froude as one of those singular Protestants from whose concessions we prove all we wish; they will soon however, see him in a somewhat different light. Before, however, we get him into the broad stream of his history, where he can no longer afford to be quite so liberal, we will quote from him the glorious confession that "Charity has ever been the especial virtue of Catholic States," a confession, indeed, which is enough of itself to decide the question. For if charity, as St. Paul tells us, is the fulfilling of the law, and if fulfilling the law is the test of truth, then truth and Catholicism, according to our author, are convertible terms. And what was the political law, which charity fulfilled so far as the necessary defects in every thing human would permit it? Hear it in the almost concluding words of his first chapter:

"To the question, if ever it was asked, 'May I not do what I like with my own?' there was the brief answer, 'No man may do what is wrong, either with what is his own or with what is another's.'"

Such an answer can be given only where the Catholic Church is present to tell men authoritatively what things are right and what wrong, what to believe, and what to practice.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Flemish Interiors. By the writer of *A Glance behind the Grilles*. 1 vol. London: LONGMAN and Co.

We have no knowledge whatever of the writer of this remarkable book. When some months since the *Glance behind the Grilles* was noticed in this journal, a feeling of surprise was expressed that the observant traveller could believe so much and still remain without. In the work before us, there is so much of the same right perception and Catholic feeling, that if—as we find no small difficulty in supposing,—the author has not actually passed the confines, we cannot doubt he has finally come out of the chilling atmosphere of unbelief, and stands on the verge of a warmer and more congenial clime.

Flemish Interiors is a very complete guide book to the places of Catholic interest in Belgium, and is a work of much industry and care. Whether or not we be right in claiming for it a high place in current literature, we may at least express our esteem for two qualities which it undoubtedly possesses:—the power of observing, and the determination to be impartial. The work is in fact crammed with details, which, though cleverly arranged and brought forward in not ungraceful language, might have been wearisome had they not been gathered together in a spirit of so uncommon fairness, and described with so much knowledge of, and friendship for, each subject, as to leave almost nothing to be desired. There is a calmness over the whole which must please every reader, and an air of striking but healthy seriousness. The work commences with a few judicious prefatory remarks which set us wondering at the outset whether they could possibly come from the pen of an alien. Before narrating the slight incentive which prompted the author to undertake this industrious pilgrimage, he swiftly glances over "what is doing in Belgium" in an introductory chapter, where the following contrast occurs:—it is worth extracting, as well

on account of the pleasing style, as because of the conclusion which must follow.

"Then the churches.—What shall we say of them? Will not fancy befriend us here too, and with ready alacrity sweeping away the barbarisms of later centuries, leave them what they once were, the types of all that is beautiful, and holy, and devotional—the very embodying of the spirit of Christian architecture.... And the worshippers whom we see scattered here and there, in mute adoration, over the broad stone floor. Some close to us—some almost lost in the dusky shades of the dim vastness. How like beings of another age they look to the English eye, untrained to such a sight:—for this is *reality*,—we are not imagining now."

"An old man is prostrated beyond—his crutch leans against the rush chair beside him: his rosary passes through his withered, palsied hands, as he draws hope and comfort, such alone as he can know in this world, from each contemplation that accompanies the falling bead. A mother enters with her child: as the door swings behind her, it reveals the basket which has served her in her daily toil, deposited outside, and left behind her, with her worldly cares, while she enters the house of God to praise Him and seek His protection for the night, before turning her steps homewards; she signs the young child with holy water, places him by her side, and joins his little hands, while offering up her own devotions to the throne of God. He is silent and disturbs her not, for, young as he is, habit has taught him reverence for the holy spot which is his daily haunt."

"We can scarcely realize "Rotten Row," with its mounted dandies, killing their superfluous and ill-appreciated time; the "ring," teeming with gay equipages, and their frivolous occupants; or more incongruous still, smart young men measuring out ribbons and muslins in Regent Street!—Above all, we find it most difficult to believe that all the church-doors in Protestant England are fast locked, so that the penitent, the suffering, and the weary could not enter if they had been taught to wish it."

In the next chapter we learn how the author was first prompted to this expedition, and felt anxious to form a correct opinion as to the number, peculiarities, and importance of the religious orders in Belgium;—"so abundant in extent and variety that, like that of the celestial luminaries, their number is bewildering to the unpractised eye." Setting out—a judicious and sensible traveller; determined to think and observe for himself, he disregarded "Murray;" and with regard to hand-books in general, very justly remarks

"He and those who walk whither they lead, pass on their way; they haste from *redoute* to *promenade*, and from theatre to park; they enter a venerable church to stare at a pulpit, or to gaze at a picture, of which nine times out of ten, they mistake the copy for the original; or gaze at a town-hall or a crypt, of which they are alike regardless of the history; and all the while, they are not even conscious that within that high, silent wall, or behind that closed gateway,

works of mercy, of penance, and of charity, are sending their noiseless perfumes up to heaven. Angels are gazing on those soul-inspiring scenes: the giddy world heeds them not, sees them not; and if it did, who knows but that some might mock and jeer, some might turn away, unwilling to behold that of which they feel themselves incapable; some might pass them by, in stupid apathy, and, unweaned from things of earth, might fail to be impressed even by the sight of that pure, unselfish holiness."

We often meet with pointed remarks which prove a sensible candor untainted with bitterness: frequently too we see the author condemn English prejudice against Catholic doctrine and practice, but yet often praises some national peculiarities. He would, however, improve the latter also, if he could.

"After mass, as I walked round the apse, I observed, appended to the first column of the choir-aisle on either side, large printed boards, to the effect that persons were not to 'walk about the church, converse, or otherwise misconduct themselves, during divine service.' To this must be added the significant fact that, although those who drew up the notice had the good taste to publish the intimation in three languages, the English translation came first; and in order that—for obvious reasons—those for whom it was intended, might not fail to see it and take the hint, it was expressed in characters about four times as large as those in French and Flemish. Pretty conclusive evidence, thought I, of the reputation my respected Protestant countrymen have earned for themselves here. Equally characteristic, however, was a small board which hung near, forbidding persons "*an de vloer te spouwen*" (!) This was not translated."

But "the times" are somewhat degenerate even in this Catholic land, and our author does not hesitate to say so. The following is forcible and true:—

"It is true, that whereas in early days the wanderer's staff and the pilgrim's shell were warranty sufficient to procure for him instant admission, it is now necessary that the applicant should be furnished with a printed document, signed by the mayor of the town he last visited, to authenticate the declaration of his necessities.

This is a precaution, of which none will question the prudence; but it affords a tacit evidence of the degeneracy of the times in which we live. Even as certain ages have been characterized by the appellations of "golden," "silver," and "iron," the nineteenth century might be qualified as the *respectable* age; respectability is decidedly the order of the day. Christianity has had its golden age, as well as Paganism, and, notwithstanding the jaundiced aspect its bright tints have assumed in the retrospect eyes of those to whom it seems "dark," it is something to say of it, that whereas poverty was then the magic password which opened men's hearts and gates to the appeal of the stranger and the houseless, it is now the bar which forbids his entrance, and he must begin by proving the claims of "respectability" before they will "enquire into his case." We do not read that St. Martin asked the shivering suppliant, though he was, to all appearance, only a "common beggar."

for his "name and address," and "recommendation," previously to sharing his own cloak with him; and it was happy for him that he did not."

To remove false impressions, however, and to soften down prejudice, seem the worthy aim of this volume. The writer has brought to his task large reading and respectable attainments; and his remarks often give proof of the extensive knowledge he has acquired. Catholic feeling throughout impregnates his views: thus he remarks of a Trappist monk:

"There was a *bonhomme* and a gentlemanly ease of manner about him, which gained upon me immediately; and I found his conversation not only animated and interesting, but concise and full of information."

And speaking of St. Benedict he says:—

"The stability of his order is alone a sufficient evidence of the mental powers which conceived it. Of him, Gregory the Great has well said, that he was '*scienter nesciens et sapienter indoctus*.'"

Again; noticing that the Capuchin friars were to the lower classes, what the Jesuits were to the higher, he eloquently concludes:—

"Strangers to the refinements of an easy and luxurious life, they wrapped themselves as it were in their poverty, that, so drawing near in the most effectual manner to those whom they wished to approach, they at once removed that bar which is so often a restraint between a penitent and a priest of contrasted rank, and drew from them those unreserved and guileless communications which can only pass between a man and one he feels to be his friend."

One of the most striking, and by no means least valuable merits of this book, is that it gives a swift sketch of the chief orders as they are brought forward, glancing over the agency of circumstances through which it may have been scattered or revived, he also notices its numbers and importance at the present time; thus of the Redemptorist Fathers he correctly states:—

"They are now once more appreciated as well in France as in Belgium, and in England no less than in Ireland. There is, in Bruges, a house of seven *Peres Redemptoristes* de Saint Trond, carrying on their quiet unobtrusive missions, but drawing crowds of hearers wherever they bear their tidings. One of their *œuvres* seems to be, to induce as many as they can of the lower orders to become members of that unique and valuable society called by the name of *La Sainte Famille*."

The following eloquent passage prompted by the memory of St. Alphonsus, leaves us unable to further doubt the convictions of this graceful writer:—

"When we read the lives of saints who have long since passed away from the earth, and gaze upon their acts through the dim perspective of subsequent centuries, we seem to see them surrounded with an illusory halo, through the mists of which they appear to us something more than men; and instead of saying,

with St. Augustine, 'What *they* have done, *we* may do,' we give up the attempt in despair, — forgetting that the spring whence issued their gifts of grace is exhaustless,—and say, hopelessly, 'Ah, these were saints; how can I expect to attain to their perfection.'"

Or when describing *L' Hospice des incurables*, he says:—

"This is altogether a most satisfactory institution, and one of those practical results which seems capable of emanating from the Catholic system only."

The services it requires are such as would only be suggested, much less performed, through a spirit of self-devotion and true charity, which, as far as experience goes, none but the Catholic religion has sufficed to produce."

"I speak neither unadvisedly nor yet bitterly, but merely as an observer of known facts; and if any one disputes my assertion, I shall be most willing to accept his challenge: The only condition I impose is, that he shall show me a Protestant '*incurable*' hospital served, as is this, by Protestant Sisters, not hirelings, whose lives are voluntarily and irrevocably given to this most unattractive labor of love."

"I do not mean that blame attaches to the component individuals of Protestant communities, who have never looked beyond the narrow creed within which their more generous sympathies are restrained; for I doubt whether the Protestant system ever gave any of its adherents the remotest notion of the responsibilities attached to a right appreciation of the 'spiritual and corporal works of mercy.' I confess I never so much as heard of the obligations they imply, until I saw them set out in a Catholic book."

But now to migrate to another merit distinguishing this valuable guide-book, and which the pleasing style we have noticed might have led us to expect: there are very many pleasant anecdotes and gossipings jotted down by this observant traveller; we have space, however, but for one of these, and select one told of M. Conscience, an author, doubtless, well known to our readers:—

"Speaking of Dumas and his plagiarisms on Scott and others, he, (Conscience) told me that one of his latest works, *Conscience l'Innocent*, was a remarkable instance of the freedom with which he appropriated the produce of the brains of others."

"This story was Conscience's own, and he had brought it out, some years back, in Flemish, under the name of "*Le Conserit*." Dumas, taking "French leave," and knowing doubtless that books written in Flemish are not likely to be read anywhere out of Belgium, got it translated, enlarged it, pursued the plot, finished it off with a different *dénouement*, and, with consummate coolness, gave to his hero the name of the author to whom he was indebted for the tale."

If we have not exactly followed the Ettrick Shepherd's recommendation to the critic—to give "lang, lang extracts," we have at least rifled these pages sufficiently to denote their spirit and value. Of the apparent aim we cannot speak too highly. Always with kindness indeed, and often with warmth, yet

calmly and without enthusiasm, the shining truth is picked out from surrounding details, and must, thus brought forward, secure at least some notice from others, while so full information regarding it gladdens ourselves. The beautiful writing and picturesque description materially contribute to lighten the work, as do also the forcible remarks naturally rising out of the text, and the surmises or conclusions occasionally tipped with pleasantry. On one point we fancy all will agree:—however the mistaken views of the writer's former work might lead one to doubt his ultimate conviction, on a perusal of *Flemish Interiors* we can doubt no more.

Clare Maitland, a tale. 1 vol. London: BURNS and LAMBERT.

We have authority for stating that this sprightly story is the first of a series, intended for our younger friends; and this purpose of itself might be sufficient to secure for it our encouragement and support. The volume has however claims of its own, and may well lead us to congratulate our time on so worthily supplanting the less commendable "literature of childhood" of former days.

We cannot indeed too warmly urge the value of such a series upon those, whose duty it may be to profit by the acquisition. It is now a common-place doctrine, that after life is materially affected by the memory of the inscriptions on the fresh page of childhood. And while now-a-days the various modes of education are anxiously discussed, for every grade, by every fireside; and its interests are acknowledged to be materially concerned in the tendency of such recreative reading as may attract the young mind, truly the guardians of the latter should have a care that this worthy effort for their assistance shall not have been made in vain. Nor should literary success blind us to the far superior merit of this writer, in preferring the cause of childhood to the more remunerative pursuits, which from the evidence of this volume, we feel sure she might follow: it is not only unwise to overlook her efforts because they are devoted to the young, but moreover unjust not to acknowledge their superior merit because of the very cause she has chosen. We fancy a few extracts will show that she is well fitted for her dear office, and even deserving of no small attention from riper years.

Clare Maitland loses her mother at an early age, and is necessarily separated from her father, being sent to a convent in France.

Of course the poor child suffers from this separation, and her meek spirit is sorely afflicted by unnecessary rudeness. The following extracts are an index both to the volume and its heroine.

"It was Clare's first Sunday at the convent; and, consequently the first time she had been to Vespers, and heard the nun's sweet chaunting. It was a thrilling sound; those many voices all in unison—such perfect unison, that it was as though all those hearts sent but one cry to the throne of God. Clare felt it; and while her eyes filled with tears, there was a sensation of peace in her heart; and the longing for her earthly home, and for earthly happiness seemed almost fading in the longing for heaven, and for the happiness that could not be taken from her. She prayed for all she loved—so far, far off. She prayed for those here who were kind in her troubles, and for the one, whose unkindness had made the troubles harder to bear: and she prayed for strength to bear all, and to trust all to God.

"Just then a ray of sunlight beamed in through the colored windows of the Chapel; it fell upon the dark oak floor, in a streak as of tessellated pavement: it lighted up the pure white marble altar, and gilded the statues of the saints in their pinnacled niches; it touched the silver head of the priest, and made the rich cope which he wore, look like one mass of precious stones, set in burnished gold; it tinted the wreathes of incense as they rose, with purple, and red, and blue. And as the child looked up and followed with her eyes the soft rainbow-like cloud, which seemed slowly ascending to heaven, involuntary the words came into her mind: 'May my prayer ascend, Oh Lord, like incense in thy sight.'"

"No one knew the sorrow of the child's heart, as the days went on, and she vainly longed for her father. So intense, sometimes, was this longing, that it might have degenerated into pining, had it not been for a certain strength in her character which helped her to keep up, and in the moments when it came upon her most overpoweringly, she would pray for courage to bear it as she ought, and she tried hard to be cheerful and contented, even if she could not be quite happy yet. To some this may seem, perhaps, quite unnatural in a child so young. But feeling that is deep and strong, overpasses the barrier of years; and the heart of a child may be old in suffering, and old in virtue. Alas, that it should ever be old in sin!"

Of course we do not estimate this volume so highly as not to feel that study and practice must improve the writer artistically, and impart a greater air of reality to her pages. The child in reading this book will, however, be carried along by her sympathies; and the volume as a whole is a present with which we may worthily secure the bright gleam of pleasure so dear from childhood. In conclusion, the author has here, so to speak, opened an account with her readers; might she not do well to show us the after blessing of that virtue which we have seen the fine little heart acquire in the French convent.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SAMARITAN WOMAN'S

"Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw."—St. John IV. 24.

LORD, whose side a fountain poured
Which the world to life restored!
Give me still this living wave;
That my soul no more may crave
Earthly streams which cannot last,
Vain supplies which ebb so fast.

Long, by varying fancies brought,
Has my spirit vainly sought
From these streams to quench its thirst.—
Pleasure showed its beauties first:
Wine-cups mantled, woman smiled,
Music's charms my heart beguiled:
Now the healthy *chase* invited;
Now the joys of hearts united
By the links of friendship's chain;
But, alas! they all were vain.
Each a void within me left:
From my cups I rose bereft
Of the worth a man should show;
Woman failed, and then came woe.
Mid the chase's madd'ning joys,
Thoughts outspeaking all its noise
Still would ask within my breast,
"Whence dost thou expect thy rest?
Feel'st thou not this stirring din
Cannot fill the void within?
As the light of tropic-clime
Glorious is while lasts its time,
But no soothing twilight leaving,
Sudden sinks, the heart deceiving:"

Hence, then, have I drawn in vain;
Hither will not come again.

Honor next his power essayed,
And his promise bright displayed;
Taught to mount the steep of fame,
Spoke of an immortal name;—
But too soon his victim found
How the steep with thorns was crowned;
How the many's breath is vile,
How the few in envy smile;
How to gain the flatt'ring prize
And to shine in mortal eyes,
Souls must stoop, and lose to view
Tints of a celestial hue.

Hence, then, too, I've drawn in vain;
Hither will not come again.

Age came on, and *wealth* began
Last to engross the busy man.
Wealth alone the tempter said,
Placed the happy souls it led
High above the reach of care;
Poured around them pleasures rare;
Gained them honor; nor in vain
Bade them, more secure, regain
What they'd sought and lost before.
"Seek to increase thy golden store
If thou wouldst fancy and rapture find."
Soon alas! the weary mind

Gladly took the glitt'ring bait.—
Ah! what sad reverses wait
All who to *this* well repair
Tedium to escape and care!
Haunting fears unquiet dreams,
Deadness to all noble themes;
Base desires of earthly pelf,
Centring all in wretched self;
Hearts shut up, and hands denied,
Friends betrayed, and God defied.

Hence, then, have I drawn in vain,
Hither will not come again.

Life's last sands are ebbing now:
Still Thy mercies vast allow
Time to seek a truer stream
And the years misspent redeem.
Where but in Thy flowing side,
Saviour, who for men hast died;
Shall the rest and peace be sought
Neither gain nor fame has brought,
Nor in earthly joys I've found?
Here the living streams abound.
Truest honor, lasting treasures,
And unfailing heavenly pleasures,
Wait the soul who cleaves to Thee:
Here, then, let my portion be.

Hence I cannot draw in vain,
Here will drink and drink again.

LITERARY ITEMS.

It is stated that Mr. Macaulay has undertaken to write a *Life of Johnson* for the forthcoming volume of Messrs. Black's *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*—The well-known full-length portrait of the great lexicographer, one of the historian's earliest efforts, would entitle us to expect great things from him now.

The *furor* created by the performances of Madame Ristori has been taken advantage of by Count Arrivabene, who has lately delivered two lectures in the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Dante and Alfieri; a contemporary remarks that some passages were so touchingly recited as almost to draw tears from the crowded audience.

M. Thierry, the distinguished author of the *Norman Conquest*, and several other valuable historical works, died during the past month.

The appearance of Herr Carl Sontag—brother of the gifted Henrietta—is announced at Berlin.

We observe a vindication of the first Lord Dartmouth against the aspersions of Mr. Macaulay, has been published by Mr. Frederick Devon, we believe on the part of the Dartmouth Family.

DEATH.

Mother, Sisters, come around me,
Stand not there in speechless pain,
Come once more, and close surround me,
Lay your hands on mine again.

Hear you not sweet voices calling,
Soft like swallows from the eaves,
See you not bright shadows falling,
Like the shade of golden leaves.

Think no more of Grief and sorrow,
Weep no more that we must part,
Think but of the bright to-morrow,
Share with me my joy of heart.

No dark journey lies before me,
Guardian angels beckon on,
White-robed saints, all bending o'er me,
Point the way they once have gone.

And with smiles of sweetest meaning,
God's own Virgin Mother stands,
God's own Mother fondly leaning
Towards her child with open hands.

Ah, you love me far too dearly,
You would never bid me stay,
From the bliss that lies so near me,
From my soul's sweet wedding day.

This, to you, and all I cherish,
My last message I would give,
Think not that our love shall perish,
Heart may die, but love shall live.

There was sounds of stifled sobbing
Round about the little bed,
Mothers, Sisters, hearts were throbbing,
Ere the gentle spirit fled.

Softly through the tones of mourning,
Like a captive's sweet release,
Came the priest's low solemn warning,
Christian soul depart in peace.

H. S. B.

PASSING EVENTS.

On the 21st ultimo, the young men connected with the Institute were entertained at the residence of a Catholic gentleman, some distance from town. Such thoughtful kindness demands a passing word, though we would not feel justified in publishing his name.

The Pope is actively promoting extensive works for draining the marshes, in the neighborhood of Ostia—a district once renowned for its fertility.

Although, not twelve months have elapsed, since the Capuchin Fathers commenced to gather together the Catholics of Peckham, in a stable, which was made made to serve both as a chapel and school, so great as been their success, that, not only have they been able to open a new and substantial church, but they have purchased land for the purpose of building a monastery.

The Pope has contributed 15,000 francs to the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

A certain Hugh Stowell, not however the notorious possessor of that name, *preaches*, we suppose we must say, on Sunday at the Park Theatre. His *text* on a recent occasion was taken from Hamlet, "To be, or not to be."

The first stone of St. Joseph's Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Cabra, near Dublin, was laid on the 9th ultimo, by his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin. It will be remembered that it was in aid of this institution that the Very Rev. Dr. Yore presented his extensive library as the prize of a raffle.

At the Carlisle Burial Board, a motion to provide a chapel in that portion of the Carlisle Cemetery which has been allotted to the Catholic body, was, as might have been expected, defeated; but the discussion on the subject is worthy of record, for the generous liberality which characterized the speech of Mr. R. Perring, a Protestant gentleman who brought forward the motion.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—The College Irish Grammar; Adventures of Jean Paul Choppart; Essay on Wolséy and Fisher; the Waverley Pamphlet.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

A letter dated in May, has reached us amongst our correspondence for this month—in which some expressions in a late article on poetry in this journal are rather severely criticised. So far as the matter is one of opinion we lean to that of our correspondent; but, with reference to his graver caution, beg to inform him that we have perfect confidence in our contributor.

Florence.—Our fair correspondent in a tiny note simply asks us—"who was Junius,"—we feel tempted to reply as shortly, "we don't know." Whether however the question is put seriously or in pleasantry, we may refer Florence to a well known essay on Warren Hastings, for very forcible reasoning in support of the Franciscan theory.

Geraldine.—We have read your tale with much pleasure. The incidents are striking and worthy of more careful treatment: as they are now strung together, the story is flimsy and improbable—however, we feel study and practice may do much good: pray try again.

E.M. Neufchatel.—The approval from afar, is very gratifying; we recommend you to get the Numbers through a bookseller from London.

Blackheath.—We have arranged as you desire: we thank you for your kind approval.—Can you induce others to follow your example?

A.G., Guernsey.—The MS. came to hand, and shall be inserted. Pray do not fancy we underrate your valuable assistance; we hope soon to hear from you.

J.M..—Read the article in the present number on the subject you treat of, and let us hear from you again. The coincidence in the choice of illustrations is curious, but we fear you are in error.

O'C. A. R.S., S.M. Frank. S. and J.T., received

Dyrbington.—We await your address.

Contributions, Books for Review, and all Communications for the Editor, to be sent to the Printer, until further notice.

Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.

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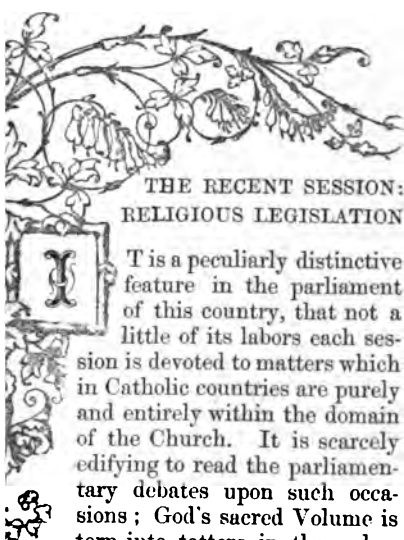
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CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

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THE RECENT SESSION: RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION

It is a peculiarly distinctive feature in the parliament of this country, that not a little of its labors each session is devoted to matters which in Catholic countries are purely and entirely within the domain of the Church. It is scarcely edifying to read the parliamentary debates upon such occasions; God's sacred Volume is torn into tatters in the endeavor to bring it to Whig or Tory side of the house. Yet it is, a state of things rendered necessary and inevitable by the relative position of mind and state in this country. When we consider how much the House of Commons do with the introduction of the new system, how much to uphold and how much to introduce, we cannot wonder when introduced, we cannot wonder when religion is in England so mixed up with so much a thing of acts, statutes, and proclamations. Indeed so utterly does it seem to Englishmen, so entirely does it seem to Englishmen, that it should be so, that they have scarcely recovered from the paroxysm of indignation into which they are thrown by a simple act of a Catholic of a Catholic people placing the administration, as it might be, above and beyond all trammel or control of the power in his dominions.

The Session just terminated affords an illustration of the principle. Two bishops are about to lay down their croziers, incapacitated by old age from discharging the duties of their position; a proceeding purely and entirely concerning the domestic affairs of their Church. How is the change effected? Not by synod, or council, or conclave—by an act of parliament. It is then in no way inconsistent or extraordinary that the application of Mr. Hayter's whip, one way or another, is to decide the truth or falsehood of the Bible, as it stands at present translated; or that the vote of some *blase* member of parliament is to settle the amount of *ennui* a man shall endure with a wife before he put her away. Amongst the subjects of religious legislation during the past session was one thus affecting the institution of marriage; Mr. Heywood is bringing forward the other, startling enough in its way;—the Bible is to be altered by act of parliament!

This distinction must be confessed between these two subjects: the latter, all truly religious minds will regard as one with which the legislature is incompetent to deal; the former is one with which it is necessary that a legislature should deal to a certain extent. That extent ought to be the recognition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in its regard—no more, no less. Matrimony is justly held to be at once a religious obligation and a civil contract; hence it is necessary for the civil power to legislate upon the subject; but, wherever legislation has set out with the assumption that the civil contract is superior to or independent of the religious; wherever, in fact, it has attempted to ignore or set aside the essentially spiritual character of the vow, there ruin and rot have set in upon the social fabric. In England do we not see a striking and memorable example of the working of a

religious system that abdicates its functions, and abandons to the civil power all jurisdiction and control over this, the most important of all the institutions by which religion has strengthened and spiritualized the social state. Not more inevitably do decay and corruption seize upon the body when life has fled than have they followed, in this instance, upon the act which deprived the marriage bond of its life and essence—its sacramental character. For a long time it was saved from the fate of the other Catholic sacraments, placed by false teaching before the people as merely religious ceremonies or pious customs, right to be observed, but how far binding or essential quite dependent on each individual's opinion of how far they were so commanded in the Scriptures.

The observance of religious form, nay, reverence and regard for it as a solemn religious covenant, clung to it longest of all. It was not merely, a doctrinal question; not a simple belief and profession of a particular dogma; it was an ethical question, one within the scope of that moral theology which may be found intact even where the faith has been lost—that moral purity and truth which the more pious and virtuous among non-Catholics, are not unfrequently found to possess. Consequently though various sects, revolting from the original secession, took up new and extravagant positions upon other points, such as Baptism &c., none were found, until recently, to pursue to its logical termination the new theory upon Matrimony. Only within our day has Protestantism given birth to that monstrosity called Mormonism; boldly and impudently appealing, in true Anglican style, to the Bible in support of polygamy, and declaring the institution of Matrimony, as hitherto observed among christians, to be a Popish interpolation, a corruption of the dark ages. Unwilling as we have been to occupy our pages with any notice of this sect, their growing strength in America, fed from England and Wales, taken in connection with the fact that this town is the rendezvous from whence, fleets sail laden with Protestant men women and children bound for Utah, brings the subject directly and unavoidably in our path when dealing with our present topic. Surely if ever there was a case where "he that runs may read" it is here. If this sect had sprung from the Catholic; if it were recruited from a Catholic country, and if in no other country it could find a foothold or a follower, surely *men would not be slow to read the lesson such*

facts conveyed. But, if, moreover, the sect were found justifying their secession from that church by one of its own favorite principles, Catholicism would not unjustly be held responsible for their sin and crime. Though polygamist principles are of recent promulgation in England, it is a question how far the restraint of the civil power alone prevents their rapid spread amongst that portion of the community with which social and moral considerations upon the point do not weigh. With them the religious ceremonial had long since ceased to be regarded as essential: this is proved, by the significant fact that the civil administration having established a formula of a purely legal character, thousands avail themselves of its powers. They are, we are satisfied to believe, unconscious of any moral criminality in their proceedings: it is, of course, regarded as "law" in the social sense, but certainly not criminal in a religious sense; except, we are happy to remind our readers, among Catholics. Catholics are taught that Matrimony is a Sacrament; and one which is to be religiously and solemnly approached, and cannot be administered by an official behind a desk in a government office. Not an empty form, not merely a pious custom, but an outward and visible sign of an inward grace.

And as in binding so in loosing. Because there were certain rights secured on the one part and responsibilities undertaken on the other, in the civil contract of Matrimony, so is it only just and requisite that the civil power should take cognizance of the divorce. But, a merely legal act is, in a religious sense, a divorce as little as the signing of the Registrar's book is a marriage—thus with Catholics at least. And are we not safe in asserting that did the laws of the land afford as cheap and ready means of dissolving as they have done of contracting the marriage tie, so called, the same results would follow; thousands daily would sign the book that made them free. This is the secret of the opposition so strenuously but vainly offered by the Protestant bishops to the divorce bill in the late session. The facilities for contracting legal marriages have been the means of exposing the utter disregard of clerical functions, once the people had been left free to decide for themselves whether such were essential or not; so the bishops know that in proportion as facilities for divorce are afforded, so will a like result follow. Keenly must they feel the humiliation of a church, bond-slave to the civil power.

The subject which Mr. Heywood has introduced is, indeed, a grave and important one; and the fact of such a motion being made in such a place, and by such a man, is one of the most instructive lessons presented to a Catholic mind within our generation.

The subject of Bible translation touches the key-stone of the Anglican system, or at least the phase of it presented in the professed principle of Dissenters. To raise the scornful taunt against Catholics that they blindly bow in belief to the decision of mortal fallible men; to tickle the whimsical fancy by the idea that Protestants trust nothing to man, and have an infallible rule in "the Bible alone;" and while placing this Book in the hands of simple persons and telling them they have the happy freedom of not being required to take mortal man's word for anything in faith, to require them, at the same time, to believe fallible man's assurance that it is a copy of words said to have been written eighteen hundred years ago on a manuscript which no one can produce; not a translation from a Greek or Hebrew copy of doubtful authenticity, or a corrupt translation of an authentic copy—not an imperfect translation, not a doubtful or fallible translation—but a safe, sure, perfect, and infallible guide, without note or comment, direction, or instruction, from fallible man; this, surely, is incomprehensible to a dispassionate mind. But when, after years of this kind of teaching, with plenteous sneer at councils of the Catholic Church and their decisions, we see these men declare their infallible rule in need of alteration, and alteration, of course, by the hands of fallible men, then, indeed, we begin to ask if self-delusion and fatuity are never to have an end.

This subject of translation leads to the natural questions, what is to be translated, and who is to translate it. By the manner in which non-Catholics talk of translations, good or imperfect, anyone would think that translation alone was the difficulty; that the originals were as easy of access for the purposes of consultation and comparison, as a document in Doctors Commons. But is it so? No. From what then, is this translation to be made, should parliament pass Mr. Heywood's motion? Will a select committee seek attested copies of the Divine originals not forthcoming? Will Mr. Spooner trace any one, even the oldest of the parchments that can be had, and tell the House who copied it out, and whether he did so faithfully? Can the honorable member declare them infallibly copied and transla-

ted by the "monkish ignorance and superstition" of the dark ages? Will he state that considering the number of times each copy was copied again and multiplied by the labor of Catholic hands, and the consequent liability to err, if not inclination to corrupt, on the part of those engaged in the task, no manuscript extant can be received without a certain share of caution, doubt, distrust? Where there is doubt, there cannot be faith, since faith is the very essence of a belief that rejects the possibility of doubt under any shape or circumstance whatsoever. Honorable members know that to stir this question is to raise a cloud of doubt around the alpha and omega of their belief, and so we may expect some curious speeches in the debate. Most probably some honorable member will declare that the incorrectness of the old manuscripts is immaterial—that the third Person of the Trinity will reveal to prayerful seekers that which is true, and that which is not; upon which another honorable member will, doubtless, retort, that, in that case the question before the house is unnecessary, as the same prayerful seeker must detect the alleged inaccuracies in King James' Bible as well as in the monkish manuscript. Perhaps some scoffer at all religion—for there are some such in the house, the oaths exclude Jews, but not infidels; it is necessary to swear that Popery is damnable and idolatrous, but not that Christianity is the salvation of man—perhaps, we say, some rationalist member will remark that this is reducing to every-day, to momentary occurrence, that manifestation of God's miraculous interference which is sneered at so largely in the case of Catholic miracles. All this is probably matter of debate. But there is another important branch of the subject, apart from the absence of originals or copies not taken on Catholic testimony. Will the new translation be received on the assurance of mortal fallible man that it is faithful and correct? Who is to decide whether King James' bishops or Queen Victoria's are to be the more trusted; will a vote of the House—ayes to right, noes to the left, majority, one—decide the question? Will some honorable member move that the word *munera* (gifts) be read *monere* (to admonish) on the grounds that in the original Hebrew text there were no points to express vowels, and that in placing them the aforesaid error crept in? Will some other honorable member move that it be read *minora* (less things) on the same grounds? Will Lord Palmerston declare that her Majesty's government are resolved to stand or fall

by *munera* and call on all who desire to see the Queen's government carried on, to vote against both amendments. All this, we submit, is fair subject for conjecture; all this is the result of a religious system that sneers at councils of men consecrated to God, and prefers, instead, the legislation of congregated political factions and conflicting creeds.

What is essential to such translation as this the subject proposed for legislation? Not learning alone; not sanctity alone. Who would commit to the most learned Atheists in Europe such a task? Who would depute it to the most pious ladies of Exeter Hall, innocent of Hebrew or Greek, but trusting to miraculous guidance to learn from the old manuscripts, the intentions of the inspired writers of the originals? What let us ask, has been the history of Protestant translations? Zuinglius the "Reformer" declares of Luther's first translation that in it the translator had shewn himself to be "a horrible falsifier of God's word—a common corrupter and perverter of the holy Scriptures." Those who have read his books" says Bellarmin, "bear witness that in the New Testament alone he has changed above a thousand places." Zuinglius himself undertook a translation, of which Luther says, "its translators were antichrist's deceiver's—of an ass-like understanding." The Basilian translation of Ecolampadius was to have been a great one; Beza, however, assailed it as being "in many places wicked, and altogether differing from the mind of the Holy Ghost." He also applies the following pretty headroll of descriptive epithets to the highly-lauded translation of Castalio: "sacrilegious, foolish, bold, unskilful, blasphemous, vicious, ridiculous, cursed, erroneous, perverse!" Such is, exclusively, Protestant opinion of Protestant translations.

Into the history of English translations our space just now will not permit us to enter: at a future day we may return to the subject in connection with the new Bible being compiled by the American Bible Union. Enough has been shown to make us tremble at the idea of staking one's salvation on such a cast;—upon a translator and a compositor rejecting all instruction, all exposition explanatory or commentary, by those to whom God committed the sacred task.

How can we wonder at the unstable and shapeless opinions on Christianity and revealed religion, that shock us so much in many of our non-Catholic youthful friends? It is only by the incorporation of Catholic princi-

ples or a reliance upon Catholic truth to a greater or lesser degree, that this perilous, this fatal theory is restrained from developing more startling results. Even as it is, Neology has seized upon the seminaries in Germany; Materialism is carrying all before it in England; and here in Liverpool we have seen the promulgation of curious theories on inspiration. In Parliament—in the session just closed—we have seen Protestant bishops unable to make the voice of religion heard or respected; next session will probably see it despised, and the measures we have noticed pass into law. For us to indulge in any unseemly taunt or uncharitable reproach, on these events, would be to forget the teachings of that Mother and Monitor but for whose protecting care—the channel of God's mercy and grace—we too might be among those whose groping and stumbling we may sorrow over, but not exult in.

PAINTING OR MUSIC.

It has often occurred to us, as a curious subject for speculation, to compare the arts of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music with one another; and especially Painting with Music. The conclusion we have arrived at is that of all these arts, Music is the most intellectual, and less dependent than any of them on material existence.

PAINTING, as it seems to us, even in its highest, and most intellectual departments, speaks to the eye; is limited by the range of that organ; depends for the endurance of its works on the perishable materials of wood, or canvas, and an artful mixture of colors. At a few yards distance, or if light fail, a masterpiece of genius is a blank; totally ineffective. SCULPTURE, in a similar manner, addresses itself to the eye, in a way still more limited, inasmuch as it is generally confined to the delineations of form and outline alone, without color. Its materials, indeed, are more lasting than those with which Painting has to deal; but they are subject to accident; and must be defended from violence, weather, and the rest, if the ideas of the sculptor are to last. How few of the great works of art have descended to our day, when compared with those which have perished. ARCHITECTURE, also, has to deal with what perishes in the using; frost and heat, and wind, and rain, war or popular violence, threaten its noblest works; undermine, weaken, and at length overthrow them; they may stand for centuries, but time will at last corrode them; generations which grow

up, around their ruins may be unable to restore them; even to comprehend them.

But Music, seems of a nature wholly different. It is more nearly allied to that of a noble language, than any of the arts. It subsists in symbols, which represent the ideas of the Master; it lives among the affections of a nation more extensively even than the ability of deciphering those symbols. To convey, indeed, to the million a conception of the Master's ideas, you require material instruments of complicated construction; just as to perceive the full meaning and power of a great writer of Tragedy, you must hear and see a Garrick, or a Kemble. But, adepts in the alphabet of music require no material aids; they can drink in the beauty of the Master's conceptions in the silence of their own privacy. His mind communicates with theirs, through those simple signs. Or if his ideas are clothed in sound, for the gratification of the multitude, the range of their power far exceeds that of the human eye, in its appreciation of a picture. A hundred thousand persons may be thrilled as one man, at the same instant, by the majesty of the Master's work. Darkness and light are equally indifferent to their appreciation of his genius.

At this stage of our argument, however, we are reminded that a painting has this great advantage and superiority over a good piece of music, that it is always there; visit it when you choose, it is always ready to charm you, to instruct you. To which we reply, that a musical composition is equally ever ready to refresh you; either in the symbols which stand on paper, for the Master's ideas, if you have wit enough to understand them, without hearing them; or in the capacity of an instrument, or a collection of instruments, to translate those symbols to your ear, whenever you desire it. Every thought of every master, whose works survive is slumbering in our piano-forte, or violin; touch the instrument, and the Master speaks to your ear, as promptly, as unfailingly as the lines and colours of the Master of Painting address your imagination through your eye.

A wonderful ability is that of an orchestra to evoke the ideas of a master from dead matter, guided by the symbolic language of this beautiful art. Air, set in motion by the vibration of strings, pipes, parchment, becomes instinct with vital expression. No matter how long after the Master himself may have taken farewell of this material frame of things. The nation of which he was once an ornament may have long since perished; its com-

merce, arts, religion may have died out from its degenerate representatives; provided only one copy of his symbols has survived, the memory of his genius has not for ever passed away. It may be an old worn-out neglected manuscript, which had been transported by some emigrant, long ago, to a distant region of the earth; where under other skies, among a new people, arts and civilization may have taken root. It may have been, that while the Master wrote for the inhabitants of the old world, the occupiers of this new colony were painted and tattooed savages. But the wheels of time have run on; the bush and the morass once divided between the human and four-footed savages, are now the seat of agricultural and commercial enterprise; of smiling farms, of populous cities, and busy sea-ports; literature, the arts and sciences are cultivated, as in the old world. The brown manuscript of the Master is found, deciphered, appreciated, multiplied, studied; his ideas once more find utterance from instruments of construction perhaps unequalled in his experience; the orchestra assembles to translate his thoughts to an audience, to whom the very sound of his name is strange; and suddenly the genius of the old Master stands revealed, as fresh, as full of power, as centuries ago, on his own soil. Creations of sound, melting melodies, bursts of massive, transcendent harmonies, science, taste, feeling, imagination, in rapid and unwearied succession, lead thousands captive as one man. The lapse of time has taken nothing from the Master; has not even dimmed the lustre of his power. The achievements of his art are fresh in the bloom of unfading youth. The legacy he left to his own country has been appreciated, entire and unchanged, by the heirs of another race; while his genius suffers no disparagement; its vigor and its sweetness are as conspicuous as they ever were. He is again awake, among the instruments that convey his thoughts; his mind reigns supreme over the feelings and affections of his thousand auditors; ideas, thoughts, which have slumbered for centuries, are revived in their original force, and achieve new conquests for the fame of their author. As long as the symbols which they used remain extant in the world, MOZART will speak to the hearts of men, ten thousand years hence, as when he himself presided over the vocal and instrumental translation of his ideas; BEETHOVEN will hold communion, for centuries to come, with the great intelligences, and subtle thoughts of generations yet unborn; as when his un-

rivalled musical intellect compelled the sympathy of his contemporaries. The *Last Supper* of DA VINCI is already half effaced from the walls of the Italian convent; neither time nor neglect has impaired the least significant idea of PALESTRINA. When the picture fades, will a genius arise, to restore, or to surpass it? It is an isolated work; which all but the Master himself must be content to admire from afar, while it survives; to remember and deplore with unavailing regret, when it perishes.

Music, on the contrary, is a language, in which few indeed can compose, but to which many can give worthy utterance. It has few authors worth naming; but many auditors and translators. If the world lasts long enough, it is certain that the great schools of painting, in whose works we delight, will be known to later generations, only as the Greek painters are known to us; every vestige of whose works has disappeared. There is no reason why the compositions of the great Master-musicians of all time may not be heard and relished, till the latest period of the world's existence; so long as the symbolic alphabet of their noble language is known and understood. In this, they seem to us much to resemble the gifted authors of written language; Plato, Aquinas, a Kempis, Joseph Butler, Homer, Dante, Shakspeare will live as long as the languages in which they thought, and to which they committed their immortal conceptions. There may be a music of the Future, which shall surpass our present conception of what the art is capable of reaching, though that is difficult to imagine; as Dante soared higher than Homer, and our Shakspeare excelled Aristophanes and Sophocles at once, in his perception of the light and shade of human character. But to surpass is not to supersede; otherwise the history of literature would be an idle and unprofitable study. Hence we can never believe that any development of Musical resources will ever make the study of the works of past genius superfluous or unprofitable.

But here the spirit of objection whispers that the destruction of the manuscript is equivalent to effacing the picture; is equally fatal to the longevity of the Master's work. To which we answer, Not so; to remember the sounds represented in that manuscript, is to recover it. Mozart reproduced, at two hearings, the score of ALLEGRI's *Miserere*; what equivalent to such a feat was ever done for a picture?

Perhaps, at some future time, we may be tempted to draw out a contrast between Music and Painting, in regard to the circumscribed range of the one, in opposition to the prolonged effects of the other. A picture can represent no more than a moment of time; the upraised arm of the warrior never falls; the painted ship never moves. Music, on the other hand, is a growth, a progress; the history of a life, of an age, may be represented by its winding harmonies, its involved progressions; its endless suspensions and resolutions of dissonance and concord. It flows on like thought; it makes thought flow in strange and unwonted channels. But having said thus much, we must refrain from this interesting branch of the enquiry.

In the longevity of musical genius, of which we spoke, there is more than at first sight appears. Are not mind and thought immortal? And what resembles thought more nearly than the mysterious web of harmonies, and flow of melody, concealed under their written musical symbols? Is not the song of the blessed to be the perpetual voice of the upper sanctuary? They need no artificial portraiture there; in the unchanging presence of all they care, or desire to remember. In that eternal city, the disciple of love perceived no material temple; for the Lord God and the Lamb are its temple. But they still require the eloquent majesty of choral song, to give worthy utterance to their ever-gushing sentiments of joy, and gratitude, and praise. As music, then, of all the arts, seems destined to a pre-eminence similar to that assigned by St. Paul to Charity over Faith and Hope; it is no more than might have been expected that, even here, it should contrast favorably with its sister-arts, in spirituality, in its superiority to material trammels; in its ability to survive what is, at best, evanescent and perishing. Because it depends less than they on what is material, it has a corresponding exception from the casualties and disabilities of all material things: being itself more spiritual in its own nature, than other arts, it addresses itself more promptly and more intimately to our spirits. Its majesty stirs, and moves, and sways the minds of assembled thousands, as no other art can do; filling a vaster space than any other; surviving the decay and death of every other; with a future destiny commensurate with the unimagined glories of the celestial city, with the everlasting duration of the Beatific Vision.

CLEVERNESS AND SUCCESS.

It is one thing to be a clever man, and another thing to be a successful man. To be clever may only imply that a person has natural quickness of perception, a power of seeing the combinations of things, or, on the other hand, their differences: or a rapid analysis, a retentive memory, a ready expression, a knack of words, a sense of the ludicrous, or a mere assurance in stating and defending his opinions. Any one of these qualities may win for its possessor the character of being a clever man; much more, when two or several of them are combined. A mere union, for example, of readiness with accuracy, or accuracy with assurance, or memory with the gift of language, or keenness in distinguishing with a satirical turn, will furnish a man at once with that sometimes unenviable, often superficial, attribute. But for a man to be *successful*, in any undertaking, and in any department of labor that shall indeed be worthy the efforts of a reasonable being, there must always be a combination of valuable qualities, and these quickened by energy and crowned with perseverance. Short of these, he might be the pleasant companion of an hour, the literary trifler, the man of wit and *bon-mots*, celebrated as a diner-out, or a contributor of fugitive pieces to the periodicals of the day. He might evidence just so much of powers uncultured and running to waste, as to disappoint his friends, and make them pity him. "How much more he might have done;" they will say: "Nay, what has he ever done, that was worth the doing? There is his cousin Richard, without half his talents; a mere well-conducted pains-taking lad, who never threw himself away, and see what *he* is now, and what *he* has done! a credit to all his family, and on the way to better things yet; while poor Eutrapeles will remain on our hands to the end of the chapter."

The world is full of such incomplete, half-formed existences, floating about in all directions, without aim or use; mere intellectual tadpoles, who have stopped midway in their growth, and darken the pool they cannot stir.

We do not mean to say that the name we are now going to quote is an instance of a man whose want of the more solid qualities prevented him from doing *anything* in his day. On the contrary, he did much, and could not but do much, in leading the minds of his cotemporaries, and of the succeeding generation, into peculiar channels of thought.

He gave an intellectual impetus which has been sensibly felt, has been caught up, and is still working. But all this he did, merely because such force of intellect as he owned must needs, by the very law of its existence, work, and rise above the surface. All that he effected was spontaneous, and, as it were, involuntary: it was not the result of the will, and had not the merit of self-discipline or self-sacrifice. And in consequence, his powers, great as they actually were, gigantic indeed, as they might have become, were shorn of their glories, dwarfed in their legitimate proportions, from the want of a laborious overmastering conscientiousness, directing, harmonizing, energizing the whole. We speak of Coleridge, the intellectually great, the greatly unfortunate. What has he left behind him? A mere fragment of his true self, an abortion of what he was intended to be in the creating mind and will of God. With an intellect powerful, subtle, comprehensive, discriminating: with a knowledge of books and subjects approaching to the universal; with a heart alive and thrilling to the purest, to the tenderest emotions; with a perception of external natural beauty keen and high—we had almost said holy;—with the eye of a philosophic poet, gazing upon the seen and therein reading the unseen and spiritual; and finally, with a force, precision, and harmony of language which seemed to wrap every subject he handled in spontaneous fire and clothe it with vigorous bloom—the actual tangible result of all this rare combination of powers is to the powers themselves almost in the ratio of nothing to something. That all-but-nothing is very striking, we acknowledge, and very engaging; it fills the mind with a remarkable portrait of the man as he *was*, and shadows forth in larger outline what he *might* have been. His blank verse is among the finest in the language; his ballads among the most vivid and masterly; his prose graspings after dim truth—too dim and vague, alas! for his own happiness—have set inferior but more concentrated minds to work with something of a result, even as the wayward and aimless impulse of a water-course turns the more ignoble but more practical machinery of a mill. Yet after all, Coleridge, as a literary power, must be ranked rather among what theologians call possible creatures than among actual. *Non omnis moriar*, he might justly claim as the motto to distinguish him among his intellectual compeers. At the same time it must be acknowledged

that from misuse of his own mental powers he came as near as man could well come, to an intellectual suicide; and sank, if not into death, into a dreamy lethargy which was akin to death.

Place him now for a moment in contrast with his friend and cotemporary, Wordsworth. The admirers of the latter poet, (and he has many, highly-gifted, enthusiastic admirers,) would hardly claim for him, we imagine, an equality with the other in natural gifts, whether of the poetic or philosophic stamp. But what a difference between the two men in the *conscientiousness* of their self-cultivation! The one has done little more than fling from his lyre "loose fragments" of wild song, of marvellous beauty, but incoherent, if not aimless. The other has been indeed a *vates sacer*, a holy bard; going forth upon a steadfast crusade against other minds, more powerful, more brilliant than his own, who had debased the sacred functions of poetry to the cause of licentiousness and irreligion. His cause was just, and though late, yet securely, it triumphed. He won his hard-earned laurels, not because he sought them for their own sake, but because it was impossible that the champion of Truth and Purity should remain uncrowned to the last. In intellectual stature, we hold him to be a good head and shoulders beneath his friend; but in moral grandeur, in the holy and effective *use* of powers to their full extent, in diligent trading with his talents and the interest with which he rendered them back to the Giver, the last of these two men is first, and the first last.

It is but fair to say, that Coleridge was himself keenly conscious of this. He has left a noble poem, addressed to Wordsworth, and recording his feelings of self-reproach on hearing the latter read to him portions of his "Excursion." Well might he reproach himself with great powers spent upon little else but dreams. Peace be with him. We judge him not; and have only used his name as affording a notable illustration of our thesis, that talent is a very different thing to success. We have been simply concerned in proving that a man may possess great powers and yet fail to use them to the high and beneficial ends for which they were entrusted to him; and that perseverance, energy, self-denial, in a word *conscientiousness*, in the employment of our talents, whether fewer or more, is the quality demanded of us by the Dispenser of all good gifts, and the one true condition for making those powers tell for good upon our fellow men, and upon our own probation for eternity.

RISTORI IN LIVERPOOL.

The circumstance of our having already adorned our pages with the name of this gifted woman may naturally prompt us to notice her appearance amongst us. To say that whatever expectations we had formed, from the glowing accounts of her representations elsewhere, of the excessive gratification in store for us were fully realized; that we witnessed a degree of perfection in histrionic art which at once fascinated, startled, and appalled us; in short, that we were provided with something to think of, on which it will be long ere we can think calmly, would be to describe very feebly, the effect of these wondrous representations upon ourselves.

And it is singular that while this incomparable actress has achieved her greatest triumphs in representing the most appalling forms of human wickedness and woe, and that while the wonderful perfection she has attained, whirls us along with her in manifesting so vividly the passions which rage in her stormy bosom, yet we never recoil from Ristori; no feeling of dislike towards her beautiful self, ever lingers: we hear of no attempt to identify herself with any of her characters, nor has any sensitive writer criticised her as Mrs. Jameson has Rachel. Fascinated with the sustained energy and vast physical power with which true interpretation of her part has endowed her; surprised at the degree of artistic perfection, which, for the time being, absorbs our every thought and feeling, we are indeed carried along with her so completely as to forget the actress altogether in our terror of the wronged wife or insulted queen. But when the beautiful creature, still royal in gesture, and graceful in fatigue, comes forward to greet us at the end, we, at once, feel that our painful sympathy with the suffering *Medea*, or our horror at the horrible *Rosmunda*, were but evidences of the genius of the actress, and of the long perseverance, labor, and care of the patient woman.

It is useless to attempt a description of Madame Ristori, for those who have not seen her; and needless to further muse over her powers, with those whom she has astonished and delighted. The voice rich with the music of Italy; the eye sparkling like a diamond—with many lights from within; the gesture in suffering how fearful! in passion how descriptive! in command how splendid! must imprint those wondrous impersonations on memory where they will linger like an era in one's life-time.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. IX.

A NEW WORLD.

There was much to be done. Lord Westrey put Mayfield into what would be called in these days, "ornamental repair." Lady Westrey wrote long letters about Anna; and Mrs. Seaforth having volunteered the assistance of her experience, had been admitted to the family councils. It was determined that Anna should go to a lady living in France, with whom Lord Westrey had placed two wards of his, for their education. Julian was sorry to lose his child, even for a time. Mrs. Julian's heart trembled at the thought of a foreign country, but Anna herself seemed to like the plan.

In the house at Mayfield there was noise from workmen's tools. Painting had been done, papering was going forward—the busy sounds of polishing bright floors were heard, and the luxurious carpets were ready to put down. Yet, notwithstanding all this bustle, one part of the house was already inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Julian, their daughter and their servants.

The old house had not been left without a pang. Mrs. Julian had shown that she felt more than the others. When the moment came for her to go, to leave that place, not as one who is to return again, she paused by the door, and stepped back involuntarily, and placed her feet again within its threshold.—The possible contrast of the unkind future and the kindly past shot through her soul with lightning vividness.

The week passed on. Lady Westrey proposed that Mrs. Herbert—a friend of hers, who lived in Watermouth—should bring Anna to London, to meet Madame Lefranc. This offer was gladly accepted. No time was to be lost. Anna and Mrs. Herbert arrived at Lord Westrey's—and what a new world opened to her! Her father had done a good thing for her. It was a fine thing to have such happiness within reach. But in her heart there always lay an unanswered question—Where was Harold?

The voice was never strong enough to urge Anna to do anything to get that question answered. It never suggested to her to ask her father, or speak to her mother. She had the strongest feeling that she would rather not do either of these things. She did not wish Harold to be spoken of. She did not

wish to be obliged to speak of him herself. She dreaded the record of an opinion, or the expression of a feeling on either side.

Anna and Madame Lefranc were charmed with each other. Such feelings of sorrow as had come over her when parting with her parents all fled away when she became known to her future instructress and friend. And when Lord Westrey told her they had sent for her brother to spend a couple of days with them, before her departure, her happiness was at its height.

She had so often been to Lullingstone Court with her mother, and had so often played on the lawn with her foster-brother and his sister, that as a little child she had not felt the difference in their respective positions, and now that she had passed childhood, something had happened:—the effect appeared to be a sudden disappearance of the space dividing the families, as much by Lord Westrey's will, as by her father's good fortune.

The days were fresh in Anna's recollection, when her mother had very often lectured her on the impropriety of speaking to her play-fellows as if they were her equals, and calling them simply by their christian names,—days, when she was very small indeed, and when Lord Westrey had often interrupted her mother by saying "never mind, never mind, good Mrs. Julian—there's time enough for that!" Those days were fresh in Anna's mind, and the intervening time seemed to have dropped out of remembrance. Again, in the simplicity of childhood, she seemed to be their equal; and she looked on her foster-brother Lullingstone as if some real relationship existed between them; "I wonder," said Lullingstone one day, "I wonder if I am as clever as your brother Edward was at sixteen. What do you think, Anna?"

"Indeed I cannot tell—you know I cannot possibly be able to tell you; I don't know anything about Latin."

"Of course you can't—I wish all girls learnt Latin. I'm so glad that Edward is coming. Edward often comes to see us—does he tell you, Anna?"

"Yes, he always mentions Lord Westrey's favors when he writes to my father."

"That's a very formal speech, Anna. Do you really think Edward's coming here a *favor*? You know that he is getting on wonderfully—shall you think it a *favor* if he takes the highest honors?"

"I don't know," said Anna.

"If he had been stupid, and vulgar, and conceited, and—and ugly, perhaps that would have made a difference—what would it have been then, Anna?"

"Oh, a great favor I am sure," laughing.

"No, not a favor at all—only a piece of folly in papa, that's all—a piece of inexcusable folly; that's what I think."

"Well, perhaps so—yes, I think so too."

"It's always folly to have anything to do voluntarily with anybody you are ashamed of. That's a rule," said Lullingstone boldly.

Anna said nothing. Presently Lullingstone began again: "Anna, how much older are you than me?"

"Five weeks, I think."

"Oh!"

"What are you going to learn at Madame Lefranc's?"

"All that I am capable of learning."

"Oh! Do you like learning?"

"Yes, very much."

"What languages are you going to learn?"

"Only French at present, at Madame Lefranc's; but I shall not give up learning when I leave there."

"That's right; but why only French?"

"Lady Westrey says that I shall not have time for more."

"Mary says that you have a beautiful voice."

"Madame Lefranc thinks that I may sing well if I be taught."

"Do you know Caroline and Jane Eastner?"

"No."

"They can't do anything."

"Oh! Don't say so—neither can I."

"But they can't learn."

"Perhaps you'll say the same of me when I come here with them at Midsummer."

"No, you are Edward's sister."

"Well?"

"He knows you, and he said you had great abilities."

"When?—to whom?"

"To Mr. Parker, when papa sent Mr. Parker to Oxford the other day. Did not Edward begin to teach you Mathematics?"

"Is Edward anxious that I should get on?"

"Yes, very."

Anna was silent; she meditated and was pleased.

"I will never marry any one but a clever woman," was Lullingstone's parting remark.

The day fixed for Edward's arrival came, and he came with it. Anna had not seen him for several months; he was grown, and improved in person and manner.

Anna was delighted with him. She thought him the handsomest—except Harold—the handsomest person she had ever seen. But this exception was made to herself, she never uttered Harold's name and was very glad that Edward did not ask after him, or make any mention of Lyas.

Edward had not spent Christmas at Watermouth, and so he had not seen Harold as an inmate of his father's house. He had heard of his father taking him, and had felt glad of it at the time; but other things had removed the remembrance of Harold from his mind, and now he did not ask about him because he did not think of him.

The moment of Edward's arrival was one of general joy in the house. Mr. Parker and Lullingstone had been expecting him for full half an hour, and the stopping of a hackney coach at the door had made Lullingstone exclaim: "There he is: there's Edward—it must be him," and forthwith rushed to meet him. Lady Westrey smiled, and looked in her sweet placid way towards Anna, who was standing up irresolute, and listening. Then came another cry from Lullingstone, "Yes, yes; here he is—it is Edward—here he comes." And then Anna bounded out to meet him, and embrace him, in the anti-room.

The brother and sister had never met more fondly, and never so admiringly; and one at least, felt the full importance of the prospects opening around them. Edward had had a short, but a sufficient acquaintance with the world, and he well knew the value of the wealth his father had gained for him. He had felt that the life of a struggling man was before him; and though, full of youth, vigor, and spirit, he had always assured himself that the struggle would be successful, he yet had known enough of pain, and enough of ambition to feel how sweet it was to be thus carried on by a high unexpected wave to fortune. When thoughtful and alone it had wrung tears from his boy's heart to think of this happiness. And now he was again in his kind patron's house, with, if possible, a freer smile, and a firmer foot than before. He was no longer the being toiling for bread, but one who pursued distinction for distinction's sake, and loved learning for itself.

"Don't you think your brother very much improved Anna," said Mary Westrey to her that morning.

"I admire Edward so much, how bright-looking he is," said Anna frankly.

Mary raised her large dark soft eyes slowly from her work; they fell on Anna for a moment, and were again withdrawn. "He is very handsome," said Mary.

"Oh Mary," said Anna; and the roses were very bright in her cheek.

"Is'n't he?" asked the other, again speaking in that quiet way.

"Well, yes, I suppose he is."

The next morning the two girls were assembled in what was called the inner drawing room; Lord Westrey was there reading the newspaper; Lady Westrey was in her dressing-room writing letters. The two boys and Mr. Parker had not been seen since breakfast. It was raining heavily, and the atmosphere was so dense that a lamp had been lighted. At last Lullingstone came in, all excitement, with some papers in his hand. "Look here Papa. See—Edward has done this beautiful passage of Shakespeare into Latin, which Mr. Parker says is splendid. I proposed his doing it in joke, because I thought he couldn't do it, and he did it directly. Mr. Parker is quite delighted, I assure you as is Papa." Lullingstone was most energetic in his manner, and Lord Westrey, smiling, took the paper from him; but Lullingstone had more to say: "And see here Papa I brought this to show you, here's that pretty song that Mary sings—is'n't it a wonderful translation?" Lord Westrey took that too, and was just murmuring: "extraordinary—really very clever—the most interesting youth together, that ever was met with"—when the boy in question entered.

"You young rogue, you've run off with my property!" he cried, springing over certain intervening sofas and chairs, and pouncing upon Lullingstone, who laughed heartily and made signs to his father to secure the papers.

"Catch him and punish him, Edward: I allow no thieves here," said Lord Westrey pocketing the manuscripts, and rising to effect a safe retreat. "Punish him as he deserves Edward, I leave him to your mercy," and so saying, Lord Westrey left the room; and Lullingstone, having escaped from Edward's hands, tried to go after him, but was turned aside at the first bound, upon which followed a game of flight and pursuit, first about the room, which made the girls laugh heartily notwithstanding the peril with which it seemed to be attended, and afterwards still further continued into remote regions, till Lullingstone throwing his arms round his friend announced, with a triumphant laugh, that his father had had the papers all the time.

"Please to forgive me for having taken such a liberty with your song," said Edward Julian to Mary Westrey that evening.

"Did you like it very much?—I don't recollect you ever saying that you admired it."

"Possibly not," said Edward. He spoke the words in an odd dry sort of way, which made Mary look at him.

"But you did like it—and very much?"

"Yes, very much; more than I ever liked a song before. I liked it all, words, and music, and—and—everything."

"I will sing it this evening," said Mary.

"No—no, thank you,—don't sing it," said Edward abruptly. Mary again looked up into his face.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because Lord Westrey has that paper, and if you sing the original it might bring notice upon us—I beg your pardon—upon me."

"Yes, yes," said Mary.

Edward knew what he was doing perfectly well. He had known it a long time. He was in love with Mary Westrey. He knew that she was already admired in that great world on which he could only look from the threshold which, as yet, he had not crossed. As yet—he said the words to himself emphatically. He who would marry Mary Westrey must not look to bring her down from her own station, but must, like a conqueror, win his way to her side, and of his own right meet her and win her as an equal. Edward had thought it all over again and again, and he knew that it was this that he was doing. He knew that his life was wrapped up in the hope before him. He knew that for it he lived, and for it had developed in mind and feeling. He knew that it was in obedience to it that he had toiled, and that to it he owed such success as he had already had, and should owe all that was to come. He knew also that he might be disappointed—that he might be simply too late; or that he might speak and be rejected, be told that his love—surely love so strong, so sure, so true, and so courageous, should meet a better fate—that his love could never be returned; and he felt that such an end would break him down, ruin him, perhaps be his death. Well? He could not change his views, or moderate his hopes. He loved; he loved with all his soul; with an energy that united the ardor of youth to the strength of a man. It was the fruit of the man's mind and the boy's heart that belonged to him. The time came for him to go, and he went,

leaving Anna, who was to remain two days longer. Edward looked upon Anna's visit to the Westreys as the first acknowledgment that had occurred of the power of wealth. It had been a great happiness to him. As to Anna she liked to be a gentlewoman, and to look forward to the ten thousand delights that life seemed to offer her. New thoughts and expectations crowded upon her when alone—when the day was over—when the time for thought was come—when all was quiet and she was alone with recollections of the past. And always, in those peaceful hours, that unanswered thought would arise of *Where is he?* and mingle with the new ideas which occupied her mind.

CHAP. X.

ABSENCE AND MEETING AGAIN.

Neither Julian or his wife had forgotten Harold. Unknown to their daughter they had each been at different times to Lyas Norwood's house. But they had not seen Harold either time. Julian had been the first to visit them; he had gone the day after Harold's departure. As he neared the dwelling he had looked out anxiously hoping to see him; but only Lyas stood outside the house, and he, not a little to Julian's relief of mind, advanced to meet him.

"Never mind it; never mind it Julian. I try not to mind it myself—why should you care?"

"I loved the youth," said Julian.

"Yes, I believe you did; I believe you do; but not as his father loves him, Julian, and yet I—I tell you not to mind."

"Where is Harold?" asked Julian.

"Gone," replied Lyas, abruptly. "Gone." He seemed suddenly affected.

"But where," repeated Julian. "Tell me where he is. Tell me something about the youth, Lyas. Tell me, or I shall be miserable. I loved Harold, but I could not give her to him; think Lyas!"

Lyas started. "He did not ask her of you, did he?"

"No; but had our circumstances been as he supposed, he would have looked forward to the day when he might have asked for her. I told her how things were before him, and he went away."

"And departed in friendship?"

"Yes more; God knows,—in love."

"Then all is right," said Lyas.

"He must hope no more," said Julian with solemn emphasis.

Lyas bent his bright black laughing eyes on Julian, and gave him a moment's silent gaze, as if he would carry his scrutiny to the farthest depths of his heart, and bear that independent merriment along with it.

"He must not hope! *you* tell *him*, tell *me*, tell *any* man that he must not hope! Tell the glorious sun to warm us no longer with his beams. Tell him as he now pursues his way to the summer's highest point to go back in his career, to sink again to his lowest state, to rise no more; never again to gild our days and warm our bodies and rejoice our hearts; and when *he* obeys you then tell *man* not to hope."

Julian repeated his question concerning the youth.

"He is gone," repeated Lyas in answer to the request. "He is not here; you cannot see him—he is gone."

"But where? Where is he gone?" urged Julian.

"He is gone," said Lyas; "far off—away into the world; away into the midst of that teeming chaldron of life; away in the strength, Oh Julian, in the strength of his *Hope*!"

"You have done wrong," exclaimed Julian hastily. "That youth gone, and alone! You don't know what may happen to him! And you will not tell me where he is?" urged Julian for the last time.

"I don't know," said Lyas; and turning from his interrogator he walked slowly towards his house. Julian returned to Mayfield.

Julian and his wife worked busily at Mayfield. They were to see their children in July and desired to finish their arrangements before receiving them. The Westreys had remained in London for masters for Mary. They were returning to Lullingstone the first week in August, and it had been arranged that Anna and Edward were to meet again in London at their house, and that Anna was to return to Watermouth with them.

As the time approached Edward felt full of home thoughts. Over and over again he read his father's and mother's letters. They seemed so happy in their improved fortune, and all things belonging to their new station seemed, from the first, to have come so naturally to them. This thought could not but have occurred to Edward, and he entertained it willingly, as a strong proof of the natural superiority of those he loved.

His mother told him that a horse had been provided for Anna, and another for himself. He already had heard from Anna of her having a riding-master. He thought often of the pleasure he should have in riding about with her. Then he heard that his father had hired a groom, a young man highly recommended by his last employer, and all the more acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Julian, because he was the son of one of Lord Westrey's grooms, and one of the Wyches who were formerly of Dyrington. And many other things were said, and many additions to their comfort were recorded; but all was said—and this did not escape Edward's quick mind—with such modesty and simplicity, and with so deep a sense of the pleasure and advantage that would arise to their children, that, as Edward read, and re-read, it was always with increased admiration.

"Oh blessed home! Oh happy Mayfield!" he would exclaim, "your's are the thoughts and associations to live among. How easy it seems to be grateful, good, and happy, when I think of you!"

At the appointed time Anna Julian arrived again in London; Jane and Caroline Eastner were with her, and they were escorted by Madame Lefranc, who was not a little proud of her last pupil. There was such a welcome, with such scarcely suppressed astonishment at Anna's improvement in every way and congratulations such as only very tender friends can venture upon, that the young object of so much interest could only answer by tears. She stifled such demonstrations of joy and gratitude as well as she was able, and succeeded pretty well for some time; but it is on record that, in the evening, when she sang her last song to Madame Lefranc's accompaniment, and Mary Westrey, overpowered by surprise and pleasure, exclaimed: "Indeed mamma, it is wonderful!" such a torrent of tears burst forth as could not be suppressed; and that Lady Westrey carried her off to her dressing-room, and praised her, and fondled her, and bid her weep as long as she liked, and kissed her very often, and finally shed tears for company. Then there came a night of peace, and a morning of brightness, and Anna rose early, thankful and happy.

It was quite true that Anna was greatly improved. Not five months had elapsed since Anna had left the friends who had now welcomed her, but it seemed as if a full year's work of change had been wrought upon her.

Edward was delighted. She submitted

very readily to be catechised on what she knew, and took all criticisms in good part. It was pronounced that Anna could not draw, and that to devote any more time to that accomplishment would be only wasting it. But this was the only thing in which she had not succeeded. She was declared to have a decided genius for languages, and her singing was singularly delightful. It is not surprising then that Edward was delighted. Even Lullingstone put her through a species of examination, conducted with all his boyish quickness, and tenacity of purpose, and at the conclusion knew not which to admire most, her good humor, or her knowledge of such things as she had studied.

All looked forward to the time of leaving London, and seeing Old Court Lullingstone again. At last the day of departure came, and the journey was accomplished, and all arrived at Lullingstone. Lady Westrey had asked Mrs. Julian by letter whether she would like to be at Lullingstone to receive her daughter; but the alternative that had been offered was accepted, and the morning after Anna arrived, she was sent to Mayfield under a promise that when her parents could part with her she should return.

And now it was Anna's turn to be surprised and delighted. Her father and mother looked the same as ever, only her mother's dress was richer in texture than it had been before. Perhaps some change had come upon her father in this respect, but if so, it was so slight as scarcely to be observed. He was, compared with Mayfield, very much what he had been compared with his old home, and Anna thought that she loved him much better for it.

As to Mayfield itself, the most fastidious could not have found much to blame in it. There is no describing the joy that Julian and his wife had in beholding their children at this time. Such feelings are perhaps the nearest to perfect happiness that are allowed to earth. That tall, great, ungainly-figured man would limp about near Anna. The power of speech seemed to be almost gone. It had never been his way to speak much when he was pleased, and the greater his happiness the less he could say about it. And thus in a state of silent jubilation he would follow his daughter about, and contemplate her as if she had been some rare thing never seen before.

"You must get a piano-forte for me, father," said Anna; "do you know that I can sing."

"You shall have it, my child—Do you sing *well* Anna;—are you admired, my child?"

Anna laughed, such a light happy gay musical laugh, and threw her arms round her father and held up her sweet face to him for a kiss, and said "Oh yes! dear father: but *you* must admire me. I can't be satisfied with anything else."

That evening Mrs. Herbert came in, "just for one hour," to see Anna after tea. And soon after her arrival Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth appeared, "just for a few minutes," and for the same purpose. Mrs. Herbert had been asking Anna some questions about her studies, then she asked her if she would sing to them, and Anna did so. The room was a very good room for music, and the exercise of the voice was easy in it, moreover Anna was in good voice and in high spirits, and she knew she had loving judges, and so, was not nervous; and she wished to please them, and so did her best. She sung a glad-sounding joy-inspiring melody. It stirred the souls of her listeners to drink in the rich full notes of her trained and flexible voice. And when she ceased there came a burst of praise, with which her light laugh mingled in all the unaffected joy which the easy exercise of an unfailing power gave to her. Only Julian did not praise, yet none had listened with such a hushed spirit as his. He murmured to Mrs. Herbert who sat beside him: "Does she do it well?" and when her soft answer came, "Beautifully, excellently, I am surprised and delighted;" she, only, saw the look on that father's face. How glad he was.

Then came another day, and Anna and Edward must try their new horses.

"Come Ned, get your sister on horseback, and mount yourself, I want to know how you like my choice. I used to think that I knew something about a horse. Will you take Michael Wyke with you?"

"Oh no," cried Edward "we will go by ourselves. But this is only our second day at home; you must not expect us to go far to-day. But we will try the horses. I do long rather to do that. And do you know, father, that often at college after receiving your and my mother's kind letters saying how much you had provided for us, I used to sit still, and fancy the delight of seeing you again, and of riding about with Anna, and feeling so proud of her, and so thankful to you. I used to think of these things, and believe, as I fully believe now, that they are the real happiness of life."

"Good boy, good dear boy," said Julian, stroking his son's head as he used to do when he was a child. "But there is more to come yet Edward. Our stores are not all opened yet I believe. But may heaven bless you my son, and now go; hasten your sister; I want to see you."

Edward and Anna were soon mounted.

"They are beautiful, beautiful," he murmured, as his glance followed them. His heart beat against his gaunt form, as they passed on to the entrance-gate. He could see them go through it. Some one outside opened the gate for them, and he heard Edward's voice thanking him, and Anna's head was bowed, and her face was turned so that her father could see it, and he felt almost jealous of the bright smile that dwelt upon it.

Julian hurried on to see who the person was on whom these recognitions had been bestowed. The person proved to be Ralph Seaforth; he advanced up the drive to meet Julian. Julian felt vexed and troubled.

"I came on to congratulate you on the sight that has passed by me," he said, in accents far more bland than his usually were. "Really, Mr. Julian, people may talk of money, if they please—but *they* are the things to be proud of. I consider your son Watermouth property. I always say that he is our show-boy. The school may well be proud of him. But strong wits and such a figure don't often go together. He is the handsomest young man I ever saw."

"I have no fault to find with Edward—a good boy, a fond affectionate dutiful boy, Captain Seaforth. He's an excellent boy; and his mother and I are thankful for him.

Julian had turned towards the house, and now, by the side of his slow-moving, shuffling figure walked the guest whose presence was certainly not desired, and whose strong, powerful, largely-developed and upright form, with a scarcely perceptible swagger in the gait—for Ralph was trying hard to do the gentlemanly—offered an extraordinary contrast to Julian's appearance. Julian, because he felt a little annoyed, bowed his head lower on his chest, and bent his knees more than ever. So they advanced, each in his way, till they reached the turf before the drawing-room window. There sat Mrs. Julian, very calmly busy at some household sewing. She spoke to the Captain and asked if he would come in. But Julian had seated himself, not very ceremoniously on a garden sofa, which stood by, and Captain Ralph chose to remain with him.

It was a sweet home-scene to look at. The sun's rays lit up all around them, but was screened off from themselves. There was the bright green close-cut turf, and some trees of majestic growth beyond. In places the turf had been removed, and large beds of flowers had been made, and there they now spread out their rain-bow colors, and gave forth that delicious scent only known to summer.

"How beautiful this place looks, now that it is kept in good order," said Seaforth.

"Yes," said Julian, growing very thoughtful.

"Though almost in the town, you seem, when here, to be quite in the country."

"Yes."

"And so quiet."

"Very."

"It looks so happy." (No answer.)

"You ought to be the happiest man in the world." (Silence.)

"I don't think that you have much to wish for."

"Ah?"

"What a glorious day this is!"

Julian looked up to the unclouded sky, and down again.

"I am thinking of buying a little property ; something like this."

Julian gave an excursive glance around him.

"I suppose my brother told you that he has given me two thousand?"

"No he didn't?"

"Well, he did. He does not want me to go to sea any more, I see that ; in fact he told me so ; but I must have a little more, and so must work a little longer. Besides, I am a lucky captain. I have been in a thousand dangers and never brought any loss to my employers in my life. That stupid milk-and-water fellow, Brown—he was a great loss to both of you, notwithstanding the gain."

"I can't help that—I am contented—the Browns come in here sometimes, we know them. I like the family—steady, quiet, people ; I like them very well."

"However, as I was saying, I want to buy some nice little place, and turn steady and quiet myself. People get tired of a wild life after a time. I am tired ; I think of settling down."

Julian gave an approving nod of his head.

"My sister, Mrs. Seaforth, encourages me greatly. She says I shall make a good fellow with a little more of her teaching ; what think you, Mrs. Julian?"

The window had been opened high, so that

Mrs. Julian had heard all that had passed. She had also heard before of the talked-of amendment, for Mrs. Seaforth, good kind woman, was a believer in it ; and looked forward with great satisfaction to its consummation. She argued with herself that, as her husband and herself had no children, it would be such a nice thing to see Ralph, who had long been nothing but a trouble to them, a reformed character, and steadily settled, and married to some nice woman, and having a family out of which they might choose an heir. She was such a loving, kind-hearted woman, that she could hope and believe anything that promised good, even to that most unpromising saying, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband."

Mrs. Julian made the best reply she could. And then after a rather prolonged silence, all at once Ralph made a sudden start in conversation, and began to say how he had seen such trees as one fine specimen from Japan growing in its native clime ; and then followed lively accounts of hair-breadth escapes, and droll adventures, so graphically told that, in spite of themselves, the listeners were interested. And this seemed to be all that he had in his mind to accomplish that day, for he then rose to go ; and Julian shook hands with him, and Mrs. Julian gave him a sweet gentle smile, which encouraged Seaforth a good deal, in more ideas than one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. GALLA.

Galla was a Roman maiden,
Daughter of patrician line,
Reared in a suburban palace
Trellised by the laughing vine.

Young and fair, a noble suitor,
Woody and won her for his wife.—
Twelve months had not run, before he
Passed into another life ;

Leaving her a youthful widow
In the opening of her days ;
Sweetness, grace, and queenly beauty
Filling all men with her praise.

Friends and kindred much desiring,
Galla should again be wed ;
All the while her heart declining
Other husband than the dead.

Gently from their counsel turning,
Not in anger or reproof,
Galla sought a life of penance
'Neath a convent's humble roof.—

Peacefully the years had glided
 Since that hallowed hour, away,
 Prayer and charity dividing
 Galla's life from day to day.

All those busy years expecting,
 Till the long-wished hour should come
 When her Lord, her toil rewarding,
 Should invite her spirit home.

Now a sharp disease assailed her
 Ravaging her tender breast,
 Night and day it preyed upon her,
 Robbing her of wonted rest.

On her pallet, watchful, tortured,
 All the weary night she lay;
 Brief repose she seldom tasted
 Till the breaking of the day.

Two clear lamps beside her burning
 Cheered her with their friendly light,
 Far all shadowy phantoms chasing
 Through the dark and silent night.

Once, when many months of anguish
 Weighed upon her aching head,
 Peter, Prince of the Apostles,
 Close appeared beside her bed.

Strong in love she straight addressed him,
 "What has brought thee here from heaven,
 Blessed Saint, pray deign to tell me,
 Are my many sins forgiven?"

Countenance of glorious aspect
 Smiled upon her, as she lay,
 Token meet of calm assurance,
 "All is pardoned; come away."

In the moment of deliverance
 Hovering, like a gentle dove,
 A dear Sister she remembered,
 Bound to her by mutual love.

"Humble thanks, O blest apostle,
 To thy Master and to thee;
 One more wish I would have granted,
 Let my sister come with me."—

"Tis not well, my dearest daughter,
 God deferreth thy request;
 Not thy friend, but yet another,
 Passest with thee into rest.

Three days hence, it is appointed
 Thou and she will reach the end;
 After thirty days, the angels
 Will return to claim thy friend."

Slow the vision faded, leaving
 An unutterable peace,
 In the thought of separation,
 From her Joy, so soon to cease.

Three days later, her companion
 And herself in Jesus slept;
 After thirty days, the convent
 Round a third dear sister wept.

Once a year,* the Roman office
 Bids recite her simple tale,
 How St. Galla and her sisters
 Past in peace within the veil.

J.A.S.

THE MOON DOES NOT ROTATE ON HER AXIS.*

The arguments on the moon's rotation in the July number of the Catholic Institute Magazine do not meet the point at issue. The whole attempted demonstration, in favor of the moon's rotation on her own axis rests upon the assumption that she does so rotate, whether the body itself be the centre or point upon which she turns, or whether, ceasing to be, or removed from, the point or centre, she moves round that very centre or point she herself previously formed or occupied. Or, because she rotates on an axis of her own when she herself is the point or centre, she also rotates on an axis of her own when she moves round a distant centre.

These two cases are widely different. A body turning round upon one spot, upon one point, rotates upon its own axis; a body moving upon a line, whether straight, crooked, serpentine, or circular, without rolling head over heels, or turning round itself once at least between one end of the line to the other, does not rotate upon its own axis, but simply glides or moves forward. The author of your last article on this subject unconsciously admits the difference. Page 295 he says: "Now, suppose that instead of *rotating upon the spot* on which he stands, *he walks* (not *rotates*) round a small circle of which M is the centre.

In your former article it is shown, how a body, changing from a linear, spiral, or orbital motion into centre axial rotation, must begin, at some time or other, to have an extreme eccentric rotation, ending by centre axial rotation. Beginning the spiral motion by parting from the centre, *ceasing to rotate* and beginning *to walk*, the motion becomes more and more eccentric as the spiral line advances, until finally the body parts altogether with the axis round which it originally rotated; but from that moment rotation has ceased, and the quiet *walk* or revolution round the now distant axis or centre commences. And this last is the case of the moon; she quietly advances on

* Our articles on this subject have brought us a vast number of contributions, arguing the question with much cleverness, and occasional bitterness. We have now concluded to publish but one more paper—in reply to the present; and apprehend we shall then have acted fairly towards both sides in inserting so much, and wisely towards the general reader in declining any more.

her orbit keeping her face steadily to the earth by which she is captivated, without ever turning her back upon it, because she does not rotate.

The arguments of F. B. D., and of the *Athenæum*, reduced to nought in your number for June, are but repeated in a different form in the number for July; the former begin with orbital revolution and finish by an easy method in centre axial rotation to prove their point; in the latter case the beginning is made with centre axial rotation, changing at a leap into an orbital walk, and yet said to preserve a rotating motion. It must surely be clear, that the moon's motion is not of the same kind as the man's motion No. 1; and this point settled, the rest naturally falls with the assumed foundation on which it is built.

It therefore, also remains true, that the motion of a body on a line when level is the same as when the line is formed in a circle. A man walking from Liverpool to London, from Moscow to Lisbon, no more turns round on his own axis, or turns head over heels, than when the line of his journey is prolonged until it forms a circle round the earth. The moon no more rotates on her own axis floating round the earth, than the man at the tread-mill, in the tread-wheel of a crane, or the horse coursing round the circus.

Exterior objects remain the same whether we look at them from a point on which we rotate, or whether we walk in a circle round such a point; the circular orbit is but an extension of the point equally in every direction, though a person forming such a point or centre, and a person walking round him, *form two different bodies*, of which the one *rotates*, and the other *circulates*.

Journey No. 2 is out of place, as there is no such movement in nature. The author has nevertheless proved by it, that a body may circulate without turning on its own axis, whilst all the time that body has only one object in view, that, in fact, to keep an object constantly in view, *requires the condition of non-rotation*, or, that, as long as an observer keeps an object uninterruptedly in sight, he does not rotate on his own axis.

In the case of journey No. 2 the person keeps only one side of the room in view; in the other, it is the earth only which is uninterruptedly looked at by the moon; the one looks at an object outside the circle of his motion, and the other at an object within the circle of her motion; let each one of the observing bodies rotate on its own axis, and

the objects observed will not constantly be kept in sight. Try the experiment by walking round a flower, a tree, etc. The motion of man and moon in the preceding instance is, however, different so far, that that of the latter is more easy than that of the former. The man must preserve his parallelism with one side of the room whilst moving in a circle, that is, to succeed in his object he must walk forward, sideward, backward, sideward, and forward again, whilst the moon with ease preserves her parallelism with the earth and with the line of her orbit, whilst the man is always at various angles with the line of his circular path. But, whether the circular motion No. 2 of the body be as described, about one fourth forward, one fourth sideward, one fourth backward, one fourth sideward, and forward again, or forward only, sideward only, backward only, the movement is all the same without rotation; and hence, the moon moving forward only, without turning over, or her face away from us at any time, without ever turning round to look back, as it were, upon the path she has left behind, at least once a month; *she does not rotate on her own axis*.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. VIII.—BRITAIN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

The events which take place on the face of the earth when represented to our minds in the pages of history, are, from their number, confused and crowded, like the towns and fields, and trees, and persons on a plain, when seen from a hill. But at times, when a ray of sunshine breaks out, the objects on which it falls are kindled into a distinct and beautiful pre-eminence, and there are grouping, and color, as well as form; and we wonder that we should have passed over, without notice, a spot now so superior to the rest of the landscape. Thus it is when we read the last chronicles of the British historians which describe Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table; the light which invests them is that of the departing glory of the Celts; and seldom does an earthly sunset invest the mountains of western Britain with such a brilliant splendor, as then illustrated the champions who fought for Christianity against the heathen invaders of Britain, and made their deeds the theme of poetry through the romantic ages. Arthur was born at the end of the fifth cen-

tury; he was Celtic by descent, and related to Caerwallon, the Celtic king of the Silures who possessed South Wales, and his chief capital was the ancient city of Caerlleon. He was born at the castle of Fintagel, on the north-western coast of Cornwall, and to this day its ruined keep excites awe and wonder by its position on a rock hollowed out by the billows of the Atlantic, and accessible from the precipitous coast only by a narrow path carved along the ridge of a rocky isthmus whose upright sides are washed incessantly by the waves. He was educated, as the poets say, by an aged sage, at the foot of the Anan mountain, in South Wales;

Under the foot of Rauran mossie hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver clear,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore;
There all my days he trained me up in virtuous lore.
Fairy Queen.

When his father had been poisoned at Winchester, in consequence of his crimes, the Celtic nobles met at Silchester, and proposed to Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerlleon, that he should consecrate Arthur to fill the vacant chiefship. Dubritius, with the other bishops, put the crown on Arthur's head, and so inaugurated him at that ancient city, whose ruins are yet shaded by huge oaks. Arthur was then only fifteen, and he was of so generous and sweet a temper as to be universally beloved. The Saxons again menaced war, and he led on the soldiers at once to attack the enemy in the north, but he was obliged to retreat to London.

There he assembled all the nobles in council, and ambassadors were sent to his nephew, Hoel, prince of Armorica to come over at once to the succor of his countrymen; and the Saxons were driven into the wood of Caldron. A battle was also fought in Somersetshire, and before it began Dubritius stood on the top of a hill, and cried aloud: "You who have the honor to profess the Christian faith remember the love you owe to your suffering country, and he that shall die for his brethren offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example; and to die in this glorious cause shall be the penance and absolution of his sins." The romantic legends of Christendom say that Arthur wore a royal coat of mail, and helmet on which was engraven the figure of a dragon, and on his shield was painted the image of the Blessed Mary, Mother of God, in order frequently to put him in mind of her; and both his shield and lance had a name, as well as his good sword, Caliburn, which he drew while he called on the name of the Blessed Virgin; and so great was the merit of his prayers, that when he rushed among the enemy, no one who felt his stroke escaped. He conquered the Saxons, and drove them to Thanet, in the south, and to Loch Lomond in the north. Then he attacked the Scots and Picts, and drove them to the rocks of Loch Lomond, and would have exterminated the race, had not the bishops and clergy come in procession bearing the relics and consecrated things of the Church, and pleaded for their miserable country. Arthur kept the feast of the Nativity at York, and beheld with grief the desolation of the churches, which had been half burned when the holy archbishop and his clergy had been expelled. The king held an assembly of the clergy and people, and appointed his chaplain to be Metropolitan; and he rebuilt the churches, and restored the country to peace and good government. He then married Greenever, celebrated for her beauty, and descended from a Roman family; and after conquering Ireland, he reigned twelve years in peace. He invited to his court all foreigners celebrated for valor; and such was the politeness which prevailed there, that foreign princes emulated him, and feared him and his chivalrous knights so much as to make preparations of war against him. It is recorded, and certainly it is not impossible, that Arthur conquered Norway and Dacia; and then, with the aid of Hoel, he made war on France and held his court in Paris, and having established peace and justice, he returned to Britain. It is believed, that at some period of his life, he visited the Holy Land. The Saxon king of this period was Cerdic, who, though often defeated, continued to attack the Britons, while Urien, king of Reged, opposed them in the north, and fought battles which were praised by Llywared Hen and the bards in that best age of Welsh poetry. Arthur waged war with Cerdic, along the southern frontier.

The British historians say that Arthur was twelve times chosen Pendragon, and won twelve victories over the Saxons: in one of these Arthur bore the image of the cross, and of Holy Mary, ever Virgin, and through the power of our Lord and Saviour, he won the victory. That cross had been made and blessed in Jerusalem, and the fragments of the image of the Blessed Virgin were preserved in Vallis Doloris, near the once noble monastery of Mailross, in Scotland. The twelfth and last of his battles was on the Baden-hills, near Bath, where, relying on an

image of the Virgin which he had affixed to his armor, the king, single-handed, attacked and routed the foe. After these victories Arthur kept the feast of Pentecost in 520, at Caerleon, and in order to show his joy, and do honor to the festival, he resolved to hold a magnificent festival at his coronation. Ambassadors were sent to invite the foreign sovereigns, as well as the kings of Scotland, and North Wales, South Wales and Cornwall. The three Archbishops of York, London, and Caerleon, among whom St. Dubritius was Apostolic legate, were there; and there were also the consuls of the chief cities, among which were Gloucester, Worcester, Bath, Salisbury, Leicester, and Oxford, with the officers of state; and there were the kings of Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and the Dacians; the princes of Gaul and the islands; the twelve peers of Gaul; Hoel duke of Armorica with his nobles and a train of mules and horses; and all the princes on this side of Spain. Arthur was invested with his royal robes, and led by two Archbishops to the metropolitan church, and four kings carried golden swords before him; while the queen was led by archbishops and bishops to the Church of the Virgins, four queens bearing before her four white doves. During the holy ceremonies the king and queen laid aside their crowns, and afterwards the king feasted with the men, and the queen with the women; for the Britons still preserved that custom of their Trojan ancestors: the Knights of the Round Table, whose chivalry formed the heroic character of the middle ages, were there in their splendid and uniform attire; while the women, who were equally celebrated for their wit, were dressed also in uniform apparel. The knights then fought a mock-battle in the fields, while the ladies looked on, and showed regard to the bravest, after which there was archery, and casting stones, and playing dice; the prizes being given by the king. The last day of the feast all vacant offices, and even archbishoprics and bishoprics were given away; but Dubritius desired to leave the world, and resigning his see, retired into solitude, and led a mortified life until he quitted the earth to take his place among the saints. Such was Britain in the days of Arthur, and when he fell in battle, fighting ingloriously against his unprincipled nephew, the Britons would not believe his death, and continued for many ages to expect his return from some unknown place of repose; so that Henry II found it necessary, after he had con-

quered Wales, to take up the stone coffin which lay deeply buried between two pyramids, in the church of Glastonbury, and when it was opened there were seen the bones of a gigantic man, and beside him the remains, doubtless, of Queen Greenever, whose beautiful yellow hair was still plaited, and appeared perfect, till at a touch it fell to dust. A leaden cross was on the stone and an inscription; *Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arturus in insula Avallonia.*

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT "PRIVATE JUDGMENT."

A century ago when Mr. Handel and Mr. Buononcini were rival composers in London, there were two rival parties of admirers, who filled the town with the noise of their disputes as to the relative excellencies of the respective *maestros*. Some caustic wit, wondering how people could quarrel so about mere sounds, wrote the well-known epigram ending with the lines:—

Strange such a difference should be
"Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

A great many people have arrived at the conclusion that the disputes of philosophers and divines are no more substantial than those of musicians; they will tell us that our quarrels are merely about words, and that the result of our arguments is words, and mere words, and nothing but words: that there is no truth, no substance on which they rest, and that one side is just as right and just as wrong as the other.

Now there is a great deal of truth in the saying that our disputes are often matters of words only; but not if you interpret it like the people alluded to; they mean that the words God, and soul, and heaven, and hell, are only words, that there is nothing in the world which answers to them, and that to speak of them, or to argue about them is merely a waste of words upon words. In this view our disputes are not concerning mere words, but concerning the great realities of the world. But our disputes, as disputes, are often, only, about words; if we understood words in the same sense we should be much nearer agreement. We have all the same human nature, with its hopes and fears, its rules of reason, its principles of conscience, and understanding; we should agree much more than we do if we could all be brought to use the same words in the same sense.

But it is the interest of the leaders of mankind that people should not all understand the same words in the same way. They invent party cries with the very intention of preventing this agreement. For instance, all must agree that in a certain, very true sense, liberty, equality, and fraternity are excellent things, and represent a free, noble, unreserved intercourse between all ranks, the fact of the common humanity outweighing all factitious differences of station and wealth. But however good the words may be in their proper sense, the French have become very tired of them, when they found that they meant, not my liberty to keep my own, and to do that which I had a right to do, but your liberty to make free with me and mine, whether I consented or not—that equality meant not only your right to rise to my rank, if you took the same pains, and had equal luck, but your right, without any trouble on your part, to take your seat by my side, to make use of my position, and to kick me out of it when it suited you. That fraternity meant not the unsuspicious intercourse of persons of one family, who love one another sincerely, though they adopt different habits, dresses, and homes; but the suspicious surveillance of man by man, wherein you arrogate the right to stuff all your theories, even to the cut of a cravat, and the color of a cockade, down my throat, and to cut it, if it manifests a repugnance to swallow the mess. Of course if I become the victim of such liberty, equality, and fraternity, I hate the words all my life afterwards, because I understand liberty to mean oppression, and fraternity some such love as Walter Palmer experienced from his brother. I cry out, and hiss when they are mentioned; and the party leaders on the opposite side exclaim, there is an aristocrat who hates liberty; a fellow who thinks himself of far too exalted a nature to be equal to such riff-raff as ourselves; who would rather cut his right hand off than salute us as brothers. That is, because I hate your exemplification of liberty, equality, and fraternity, you hold me up as an inhuman monster, who would destroy all liberty, equality, and fraternity from among men; a malignant supporter of despotic power, of feudal rank, of slavery and oppression of all kinds. This is the use of party cries; it clothes party vices in very pretty virtuous names, and makes all impugnors and resisters of these vices odious, as opposers of the virtues which they counterfeit.

When a party, therefore, puts on the externals of virtue, and claims our adherence as the champion of some dear right, or duty, let us examine it, not by a merely verbal criticism of its cries, but by an historical criticism of what meaning, it in fact, attaches to the words. Look not at what it says, but at what it does. Of course everybody uses good words; all cry out for right, truth, justice to all, liberty, and so on, even if they are attempting to tread all right and justice beneath their feet. Party morals, then, are not to be interpreted by the words but by the deeds of parties. The words of course are good, and have a good meaning, or they would have no hold on the reason and conscience of the masses; but they may be used as means of justifying acts which are the very reverse of good.

Now among religious party-cries, there is none that has been more used, none that has had greater effect in this country than the words "private judgment." We deny that the "private judgment" is the ultimate test of truth; that it is the highest tribunal for the public determination of what is the revealed doctrine of Christianity. And because in this restricted sense we deny the rights of private judgment, the assertion of it is made a war-cry: the dragoons of Protestantism ride at us shouting: "God and private judgment;" and we are proclaimed to be persons, who, in opposing private judgment deny the existence of the individual soul, or sacrifice it to the good of the society, deny all personal responsibility, and all the rights of the intellect and free-will. Yet it will not be difficult to show that when you understand "private judgment" in this respectable sense, as the responsibility of the individual soul, its superiority to all considerations of policy, and the sanctity of its rights, the Catholic Church is the champion and upholder of private judgment, while Protestantism tramples it under foot, and outrages it in the most extravagant manner. And that Protestants only tolerate private judgment just where it is intolerable, just where it is altogether out of place, just where in fine, the Catholic Church condemns it. And yet, though Protestants do outrage all the solid and legitimate rights of private judgment, by loudness of voice, they have managed to set themselves up as its champions against us, who maintain its rights where Protestants trample on them, and only disallow it where it is obviously unequal to the part claimed for it.

"After all," says the Protestant controversialist, "is it not the individual soul that has

to be saved? It is the peculiarity of our religion that it makes the individual the object of its address, of its immediate and final action. With you the Church, the Pope, and Hierarchy, are all in all; to the prosperity of this political association all considerations of persons are sacrificed: yet, after all, persons are responsible, not parties; or if parties are responsible, it is only as a number of individuals who have done the same things, and merited the same retribution. It will be no answer to the accusation of your Judge to say that you followed the multitude. Multitude cannot save you; then why bow down before it, and sacrifice yourself to its interest? No, be independent, stand by yourself, judge for yourself, and let not man cheat you out of your reward."

Such is the declamation which you may often hear from the orators of Protestantism; much of it is quite true, but very little to the purpose; the peculiarity of it being, that so far as it is true, it is Catholic, and not Protestant, practice and doctrine.

Is it peculiar to Protestantism to place the soul above the Church? Has ever any one been told that he should sacrifice his soul for the good of the Church? that he may commit sin even for the salvation of the whole world? The very notion is strange, and the proposition abominable to Catholic ears. The language of our Divines is that all Christians ought to choose rather, if possible, to lose heaven than to commit a venial sin.

But if this is the Catholic doctrine, the practice, if not theory of Protestants, is just the contrary.

Ask any of the numerous body of converts, especially those who have been Ministers in the Established Church, what their friends said about their "perversion." What have any of these persons done but follow the Protestant precept of obeying their individual convictions? Yet when they urge this consideration on their friends, when they say that they have only obeyed their conscience, and followed their private judgment, they have always been told that they are despicable perverts, turn-coats, deserters. "I despise the soldier who deserts his post," says the virtuously indignant moralist. Now what does this mean when you come to analyze it, but that as military service requires the soldier to sacrifice his life for discipline, for the army, its officers, or its Queen, so Protestantism requires its ministers to sacrifice their convictions, their conscience, their truth, their honor, and their souls, for the

good of their party, and their Establishment. Experience abundantly demonstrates that such is the general feeling in this country. First, a man has no business to incline to Popery at all—but next, if it unfortunately happens that he does so, let him keep his feelings to himself, and stay where he is; better stifle his convictions than be a turn-coat. A turn-coat is worse than a rogue. That is, party is superior to truth; that is, again, the Protestant doctrine, or rather practice, sets their "Church" above the individual soul. Therefore, so far as private judgment means care of the private interests of our soul before the public interests of the community, private judgment is a Catholic, but not a Protestant possession and practice.

It is not "the peculiarity of Protestantism that it makes the individual soul the object of its address," for this every one who aspires to teach his neighbors must do; Aristotle himself could not approach Tom's mind through Jack's brains; the peculiarity of Protestantism is that it encourages the individual to hear only himself, to let the soul address itself, and pooh-pooh any one else that attempts to talk to it; only reserving the right, when a person manifests a disposition to fly off to the borders of Popery, to address him with infinite disdain, and to try to compel him to relinquish his convictions for the supposed safety of the Protestant cause, and to deprive Catholics of the triumph of his conversion.

Again, they often speak of us, as if we denied the responsibility of each individual before God: they make us say that we leave it to our priests to tell us what to do, and that they will have to bear our delinquencies; that we, in fact, shuffle off our own guilt upon other men's consciences. But that in return for this we have to follow implicitly all that priest tells; that we have to take his advice what books to read, what trade to follow, what speculation to pursue, what person to marry, what school to send our children to, what acquaintances to cultivate, or what friends to disown. They represent us as fastening a chain round our necks, and politely giving the end to the priest, to whom we are thus bound body and soul, and who directs all our opinions and all our acts.

Now if this were the case, would it not be curious that so much political division and disunion exist among us? Look at other religious bodies—do we not see in all of them that a certain line of politics seems intimately connected with the religion? That, in fact,

the religion is a mere phase of politics? Read the history of the Church of England, and you will see that the doctrine for which she has suffered most, in fact the only dogma for which any of her children have suffered a martyrdom is a merely political tenet,—the Divine right of Kings. Orthodox Church of Englandism is essentially Toryism. So again, Dissenters are usually Whigs; Socinians usually Radicals—But what are Catholics? As a body they have absolutely no politics; And if the Church were a political body, as is pretended, and the priests her unscrupulous servants and organs, and the laity passive in obedience to the clergy, is it not certain that our great union would be political? Is it not evident that we should all hang together, vote for the same persons, organize ourselves into political societies, and learn somehow to show a united front to our enemies? We do not get much good by disunion; surely no one can grudge us the right to extract an argument from it. We ask, then, what is the reason that a certain definite line of politics almost invariably accompanies other religious professions; that the High Churchman and the Evangelical, the Baptist and the Quaker, the Socinian and the Infidel would be sent to Coventry by their companions, if they deserted their party politics. While the Catholic alone, as Catholic, has no politics, but may belong to any or no party? Is this like direction? Is this like bending on our knees to every Clergyman, to receive our rule of life from his lips? And those who know us, know that we act as independently in our religion as in our politics; the Catholic faith is known to the laity, not so extensively or so scientifically, but as well as to the clergy; the laity, are in their measure as jealous guardians of it as the hierarchy. A man who preached notorious heresy would be very soon reported to the bishop by the members of his flock: and with regard to a new definition, like that of the Immaculate Conception, it is the people that push forward the clergy quite as much as the clergy who drag on the people. And if this is the case in matters of faith, much more is it true in matters of morals. In confession, we judge ourselves before the priest judges us; for most persons we are sure the priest is more ready to extenuate their faults than they are themselves. Then, too, if we do not like the confessor's manner, or suspect him of rigor, or of Jansenism, do we not at once leave him for another? In other words do we not judge our confessor before he

judges us? Do we not go to him as a simple minister and functionary of God, a dispenser of certain forms and certificates, but not answerable for the genuineness of the coin which we tender in payment? Let not our Protestant readers pretend to misinterpret our figurative language; by *coin* we do not mean real money, but that whereas a tax collector is answerable to the government for all the false coins and forged notes which he accepts, our priests on the contrary, are not accountable for the feigned sorrow, repentance and faith which hypocrites produce as their title for absolution. A man goes to the priest, says he is sorry, promises amendment, and gets absolution as a matter of course.

Who then ever heard of Catholics pinning their faith on single men? Who ever heard among Catholics of any names like those among Puseyites, or Wesleyans, or Socinians? The old Tractarians used almost to worship Dr. Newman: make them Catholics, they still have the highest respect for the man, and the greatest admiration for his virtues and genius. But do they pin their faith on him, do they follow him about, as if they could only learn the truth from his mouth, do they ape his talk, his walk, and his manner, as they did while they were only Tractarians? No; all converts feel that their conversion was their emancipation from personal dependence, that they have become members of a body where no one is absolute, where tradition, and custom, and law, and the human reason and conscience are supreme, where no man dares be viewy, or startling, or novel, where no one can pretend to be a discoverer, or the founder of a school. No; we are emancipated from all that is merely human. We have nothing analogous to Luther, or to Calvin, or to Wesley; but it is the boast of Protestantism that it was moulded by human hands; that it received the Reformation from the mind of Luther, or adopted the platform that Calvin's criticism first forged as Biblical. It is the Protestant, not the Catholic, that pins his faith on another man's sleeve, who varies with his variations, sucks in each of his fresh interpretations of the Apocalypse, and reckons all persons reprobate who despise his claims to inspiration. Protestantism has no private judgment in this sense; no convictions emancipated from personal dependence; no independence of the preacher or party to which the individual is attached.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reviews.

The College Irish Grammar. 1 vol. Dublin: O'DALY.

The appearance of this handsome volume cannot fail to gratify the Irish readers of this Journal. In an introductory notice, itself very pleasing for its eloquent and worthy enthusiasm, the author clearly points out the necessity for some attention, on the part of her sons, to the time-honored national language, when, as we fondly hope, Ireland is herself at last rising to her long forbidden place amongst the nations. The time has happily passed away for ever, when our brothers of the sister island could carve out their fortunes, or rise to honorable fame, only at a distance from their native land. The genius that was so tardily acknowledged, and the industry which was so constantly denied, have made clear the Irishman's heritage of natural gifts, not alone in other lands. Irish talent and Irish taste, the lasting love of country and the warm true heart, surviving the terrible consequences of fierce party bitterness and excessive national suffering, may now taste prosperity in their home. The history and antiquities of this eldest child of Western Christianity are being lifted out of ages of oblivion; and as records of an interesting past, will be examined by many an enquiring stranger who may have never seen her face. The prejudice against her sons is, in their own energy and perseverance, being removed by a process which must bar its return; [the beauty and mental worth of her daughters is now being acknowledged where her name was a bye-word; and the religion which through vast wrong and terrible suffering she had ever fondly remembered, in choosing a locality for an University in these islands, has, with the approval of Catholic mankind, decided that she was the most worthy.

Nor should this revival of learning in Ireland be kept out of sight in noticing the volume before us: although coming from her elder sister, we feel sure that the impetus to the study of Irish literature which the new University must have already imparted, has had some share in the production of this Grammar. That the two colleges working together, so far as may be, in kindness and affection, will go on with the good work of promoting the study of the Irish language,

we have no doubt; and truly their being thus mindful of the old land, amid grave and important studies, proves themselves worthy of her in the opinion of every Catholic friend of Ireland.

A glance will show the most uninitiated that the grammatical rules are here full, clear, and well arranged; and that experience and anxious care are evidenced throughout. The collection of Irish proverbs, and specimens, and description of Irish poetry, are interesting and pleasing.

It but remains for us to express a hope that this laborious volume may secure attention from the studious Irishmen, who are necessarily separated from their native land. That the Irish language, history, and antiquities, can be less attractive here than elsewhere, at once seems unlikely, when we call to mind the treasures of antiquarian and historical importance, as yet unexplored, and remember the application and close attention we constantly see devoted to the Layard and other discoveries. It would truly appear both natural and wise, that this opportunity for readily acquiring an intimacy with the Irish language, should not be lost upon those who connect the Green Isle with the dearest memories of childhood, and even fondly hope to return to her to end their days.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey, to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES A. FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I and II. London: PARKER and SON.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 315.]

We now arrive at the more strictly historical part of the work before us, and must try to be more sparing of our quotations, in order that we may present our readers with a continued view of what we owe Mr. Froude, and the newly-discovered documents; premising that this theory represents the Church's recovery of her power, after the assaults on it in the fifteenth century, as a recovery of the form only, not the life; a theory, which he expresses, by saying that Henry VIII., though "saturated with theological prepossessions, and trained by theologians for a new Alfred, or Charlemagne, discovered that the church of the sixteenth century, as little resembled the church of the eleventh, as Leo X. resembled Hildebrand, or poor Warham resembled St. Anselm."

And here, perhaps, it will be as well, once for all, to state the conclusions at which Mr. Froude has arrived respecting the character of Henry. He considers him one of the ablest, most accomplished, and most virtuous princes of his time; as always regulating his conduct by what he owed to God and his subjects; as by no means deficient in the more tender excellencies of humanity, though unhappily wanting in delicacy towards the female sex; as most reluctantly giving in to the changes in religion after seven years' patient experience of the dilatoriness of Rome, in gratifying what she confessed to be a lawful wish; and after being disgusted with what was plainly proved of the necessity of the Reformation of the Church in England, and of the utterly hopelessness of her reforming herself. Such is his estimate, and we are excused from the necessity of any remarks upon it by his own promise to publish those authentic documents which have led him to differ so much from other, if not all, historians, both Catholic and Protestant.

Meanwhile, we must state in order the opinions which prevailed about the divorce, and thus show the footing on which that great occasion of the religious change appeared to have been placed. It is confessed, on all hands, that no anxiety appeared for a separation of Henry and Catherine till the failure of all hope of male children from that union. This, and the delicate health of the princess Mary, made men, with the recollection of the civil wars of the Roses fresh upon them, naturally look forward to similar commotions on the occasion of a demise of the crown. Besides the rival English claimants, there would be France and Scotland in a united attitude. So much was this felt, that in the year 1526-7 a treaty was in progress for the marriage of Mary to a son of France, in order to break that union, and secure the latter power on the side of England. And it is remarkable that the Bishop of Tarbès, in conducting the negotiations was the first to moot the question of the legitimacy of the princess; that is to say, of the validity of the dispensation granted by Julius II, to legalize Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur. The question, of course was, whether the Pope had not exceeded his powers, in pretending to dispense with a Divine law. It is certainly matter of astonishment to us how such a question took so long a time to settle; seeing that the Divine law had provided for the very case, by ordaining that where an inheritance

was at stake, a second brother was to marry his elder's widow, in order to provide for a regular succession in the family. In fact, it would seem that we can account for the difficulty and the delay, only by remembering the close connection which, unfortunately for religion, she at that time had with politics; a connexion which has so often worked her woe and sorrow. Had it not been for this, and for the complicated political relations of Europe at that time, we can easily believe the question would have been promptly decided. It was all very well for Clement to say that he was not the proper party to decide on the extent of his own jurisdiction, and that the question would be better reserved for a Council. But it may be said, in reply to this, that if the Church of each age does not show herself sufficient for every emergency of that age, she herself may be an occasion of scandal to the weak, and inject into their minds, as was the case in this instance, suspicions of her authority. Had a prompt negative been at first returned to Henry's request, instead of deferring it for so many years for fear of offending him or any one else, the matter might have dropped: but it was not likely that, after his own divines and the Universities of Europe had pronounced in his favor, he would be satisfied with a refusal which appeared dictated by resentment or by expediency, rather than by justice. Here, as every where, the honest and straightforward policy is the best; though it is very difficult to make priests or laymen believe this in certain circumstances.

At the same time, we must not allow ourselves to suppose, that what appears so clear to us on general principles had not its special complications, other than political. Henry, at his brother's death, was under the age at which he could legally sue; and dissatisfaction was expressed, even by Churchmen of the Council, as to the adequacy of the forms observed. This, of course, makes the matter more difficult, and must have struck Clement in that light. The betrothal, too, was cancelled by Henry, when he was fourteen, by his father's orders; and the recollection of this act, (we do not see why Mr. Froude should call it a *row*,) may well be supposed to have pampered him in later years, and assisted other causes to make him anxious to get rid of his queen. But surely this recollection, on one side, may well have been balanced by that, on the other, of what he had done, by the advice of his council, when he was *eighteen* years old. But Mr. Froude, with all his ad-

miration for Henry, admits that he "saw his duty through his wishes," which are the very worst spectacles in the world; while of Catherine he says that she "measured her steps by the letter of the law." Of two such parties, we need hardly ask any honest man which is the more likely to be right. But it is at this point of the story that Mr. Froude's want of religious faith so strongly breaks out: he considers the fears about the succession quite sufficient to justify Henry's desire, and has evidently no notion of what any Catholic child could tell him, viz: "that a sin must not be committed even to prevent the dissolution of the world.

We are happy to find, however, that his manly mind condemns the Puseyite "delusion—that it was possible for a national Church to separate itself from the unity of Christendom, and at the same time crush or prevent innovation of doctrine; a mere phantasm, a thing of words and paper—fictions, as Wolsey saw it to be. Wolsey knew well that an ecclesiastical revolt implied, as a certainty, innovation of doctrine; that plain men could not reverence the office of priesthood when the priests were treated as the paid officials of an earthly authority higher than their own," as is the case with the Anglican clergy at present. Mr. Froude, as he has not the grace of faith, has consistently dropped all dogma, and sometimes praises Christianity for its want of it. This, however, is a little too much. There are many strong assertions of dogma in the New Testament; and we know nothing more demoralizing than for a religious establishment, calling itself a Church, to clinch these dogmas with such damnable clauses as occur in the Athanasian creed, (which parsons and people must recite thirteen times a year,) and yet number among its members and ministers, perfect latitudinarians, if not pantheists; for Mr. Froude sometimes speaks of the heavenly and supernatural "powers" in a way worthy only of one who does not even believe in a personal God.

We need not wonder, then, that such a man should tell us that "the power of the See of Rome in England was a constitutional fiction, acknowledged only on condition that it should be inert." Religion knows of no such fictions. Her Author declares that, as the result of His advent, passion, and triumph, "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of God and of His Christ;" that is, that while in a political sense they continue *kingdoms*, in a spiritual they constitute *one kingdom*; and

what can this be but the papacy, the real fifth monarchy predicted by Daniel? This, however, the proud spirits of earthly monarchs will not endure; and therefore so often have they "stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against his Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yoke." But this psalm of Christ's triumph goes on to assure us that the decree has gone forth, and that they must either submit or be broken in pieces; the necessary result, in fact, of their throwing from them the only element that can secure and preserve their power.

It was the consciousness of this that made the bishops speak out so boldly in that answer of theirs (to the petitions of the Commons for reformation in 1529,) which Mr. Froude regards so contemptuously. Professing themselves willing, where abuses have crept in, to reform their own statutes according to Scripture and Holy Church, they naturally hope that the king and parliament will be equally ready to temper the national laws, where necessary, in the same direction. This, Mr. Froude thinks a great presumption. But why? Simply because he views everything from the natural and human point of vision, and entirely ignores the supernatural and divine. Reasoning with such authors is useless: they lack the gift of faith, and are as impervious to conviction as is a blind man to the sensation of color.

His estimate of Henry's logic, however, is just enough:

"He could see no justice on any side but his own, or understand that it was possible to disagree with him except through folly or ill-feeling. Starting always with a foregone conclusion, he arrived of course where he wished to arrive. He uses many words to prove what the pope would not have questioned, and either they conclude nothing, or the conclusion is assumed."

This may serve for the description of many a person besides Henry, and especially for such, in all ages, as set themselves up for reformers of religion. The success of such depends very much on the state of the church, as to purity, at the period of their attacks. A state-paper of the time, quoted by Mr. Froude, has these words: "shrink to the clergy, and they be lions: lay their faults roundly and charitably to them, and they be as sheep, and will lightly be reformed, *for their consciences will not suffer them to resist.*" It was the enormous abuses of the church-courts of those times that proved the occasion of the apostasy.

An attempt, on the part of a cook, to poison Bishop Fisher leads us to note the curious contrast between those times and ours as to the light in which such a crime was viewed; and the subject is of special interest just now, while the public mind is taken up with the subject of poisoning.

The crime was then new in England, and a new punishment was invented for it. *The poisoner was boiled alive.* We of the nineteenth century think hanging far too severe, familiarized as we are with the crime by the spread of Protestant principles, which, teaching as they do that poverty is a curse, instead of a blessing as the Gospel accounts it, naturally inspire them with all sorts of ingenious devices to get wealth, and to remove out of their way such persons as are obstacles to the acquisition.

Every now and then Mr. Froude gives utterance to maxims which lead us to hope that he will yet be a Catholic. Hear him on the "insight of faith."

"Those only read the world's future truly who have faith in principle, as opposed to faith in human dexterity, who feel that in human things there lies really and truly a spiritual nature, connexion, tendency, which the wisdom of the serpent cannot alter, and scarcely can feel."

Who can read this, and not send up a prayer for him to her who has crushed the serpent?
Maria sine labe concepta, ora pro nobis!

Again, what deep meaning and fine wisdom in the following:

The history of this, as of all other nations is the history of the battles it has fought and won with evil. To have beaten back, and even fought and stemmed those besetting basenesses of human nature, now held so invincible that the influences of them are assumed as the fundamental axioms of economic science; this appears to me a greater victory than Agincourt, a grander triumph than even the English constitution.

He is thoroughly honest as regards the character of Anne Boleyn, daring to stem the great tide of Protestant controvertists and historians. He insists that she had every justice. Among the commissioners appointed to try her accomplices were, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, her father, the lords chancellor and treasurer, and the nine judges. We must either allow her guilt, or charge all these, together with numbers of others of highest name who composed the grand juries, of a most wicked and atrocious conspiracy against her.

With the narrative of her execution and of its immediate results does the second of these volumes end, and we shall anxiously look for the appearance of the others, which cannot, if proportion be regarded, be fewer than eight, making ten in all. We feel that we have done but scant justice to the work, in consequence of our limited space; but we must now conclude with a Catholic estimate of it. It is, doubtless, one which in a Catholic country would immediately have a place in the index; and indeed we rejoice that its price will place it out of the reach of a great many Catholics. The author's want of a definite faith, his bold exposure of the corruptions of the Church in England before the Reformation, his honesty, and his insinuating style, all make the book dangerous to persons of weak faith, and for such as have not, by an earnest and practical love of the Divine law, attained that "much peace" against which the Psalmist assures us "there is no stumbling block." The consolation of such,—when they hear of, or find in their own path, heartlessness and tyranny in rulers and ministers of the Church is, that it has all been matter of forewarning; that "the foundation of God standeth firm;" and that He who cautioned His countrymen against imitating the scribes, commanded them, nevertheless, to obey their injunctions, because they sat in the chair of Moses.

AILEY MOORE, *a tale of the times. Showing how evictions, murder, and such-like pastimes are managed, and justice administered in Ireland, with many stirring incidents in other lands.* By FATHER BAPTIST. 1 vol. London: DOLMAN.

Ailey Moore has already received much commendation from many of our contemporaries, and we consequently sat down to its perusal with much expectation. By reason of its spirit and aim we would warmly praise it likewise, were these, in our opinion alone, to be considered.

But unfortunately for our good wishes towards this production, readers now-a-days very wisely look for more than merely praiseworthy spirit and purpose, ere they will enable a book to pay its expenses:—they expect to find interest excited, and ability displayed. We all know what sort is the competition among authors—and above all, among story-tellers—in these days; how determined and careful is the

struggle, and how numerous and powerful the competitors. And while the absence, from almost all of them, of the tone and feeling peculiarly grateful to the Catholic reader, causes us some regret, the absence, on the other hand, of their taste and artistic power from many of such works as those before us often causes us much pain.

Ailey Moore seems to have been originally intended for an Irish tale, and the "stirring incidents in other lands" thrown in to make up the volume. What connection London, Paris, and Rome can have with the heroine, or by any means need have had with the other numerous characters, we are altogether unable to perceive. The reader is knocked about between Ireland and those cities with marvellous rapidity; and though prompting some pleasing description and much sensible writing, this rapid change of scene, being very obviously resorted to by the author merely to find occasion for what he has to say, damages the production as a work of art. Nor does all this opportunity for description and remark suffice;—the "filling up" is moreover provided for by passages almost always common-place, and not seldom silly. We may contrast the following passages in justification of this opinion: the author very ably claims attention for his story:—

"We beg the reader to believe that we play not the nurse to his imagination, nor do we essay merely to adorn a tale, while we indite the dark history of human ruin and wrong. Far from it. Here we speak only that of which we are cognizant, from a thousand sources to which the trader in flimsy romance can never have access. We have laid our hand upon the heart of misery, and felt its burning throbs. We have watched the scalding tear of guilt and wretchedness, until it wore furrows in the cheek of youth, and dried up the life of premature old age. We have seen the conflict of passion and penitence, on the wet straw and hard floor to which legalized ferocity and robbery have condemned the last days of grey-haired men, and, alas! the last and first days of harmless innocence. And while we mingled our tears with the unhappy and doomed children of dependence, we blessed the providence of Him whose law so frequently shields tyranny from vengeance."

Compare with this the following:—

"Next door to a great gloomy archway—the remains of the old city gate—there is a poor shop, kept by a poor man, who sold bread, and breast buttons for shirts, and tapes, and threads, and pipes, and many things besides, which we have no need to mention. Indeed we mention these not from the importance of the things themselves, so much as to give an idea of the poor man's dwelling,—of course

he sold many things of which we make no record, but we are quite certain we enumerate every thing which appeared in the window, "A Wellington jug" remarkable for a huge nose, contained the pipes; and perhaps in honor of Waterloo, that important fact should be mentioned. Whether it be judged important or not we hereby note it, and leave all discussion regarding it to those who are fond of subtlety."

Again our reverend author seems nervously careful not to make use of words without acknowledgment, which, perchance, may have been used before in like combination. Thus every-day expressions, which are obviously every body's property are popped between commas so frequently, as to become jerking to the reader, and appear simply ridiculous.

We do not, however, attempt to deny that there are many excellences in this volume. Regarded as a story we apprehend it may not become popular for the reasons we have stated, and moreover, in the drawing of the chief characters there is not much that is very clever, and scarce anything that is very new. All the good people—at least all that we are shown of them, is perfection, while all on the other side are desperate criminals. *Ailey* and *Gerald Moore* are somewhat instrumental in the conversion of *Frank* and *Cicely Tyrrell*; the four are wonderfully handsome, and ultimately become very wealthy; there are two marriages, and the curtain falls upon the perfect happiness usual in novels. In some of the famine details in Ireland we however meet very ably described scenes, and good description, and well-written passages frequently occur,

"Far away in the mountains, about twenty miles from *Kinmacara*, is an old castle, one of those strongholds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which stand, like the milestone on *Time's* journey, marking the distance he has travelled. It is not all a ruin. The basement apartment, or whatever it may be called, is still protected from the elements by the massive floor, on which, in times of yore, the rude chieftain rioted in conscious strength, on feudal offering or rich rapine. The gateway crowned a ditch, still deep and often filled with water, and is built up with loose stone and mortar except one narrow entrance-hole, above the string course, window after window, or rather aperture after aperture, look down the eyeless socket of a monster skeleton upon the rude rocks below."

"It was in the twilight nearly night, the sheep started, paused, and ran; the oxen lowed; and the wild birds rose from their resting-places by the rocks, and screamed as the echo of footsteps disturbed their repose. A sharp strong wind hissed through the herbage, poor even in summer's richness, and heavy dark clouds hid the first glances of a young moon. A strong heart and head would feel solemn on such an evening, and in the midst of such a scene."

Again:—

"Ailey was her (Cecily's) angel, and she looked in imagination into those charming eyes, and on the face which bore the hue of Paradise, and on the figure round which a charmed atmosphere was ever diffused; and as her tapering finger listlessly passed over her neck, she touched her cameo. This was to her a ray from heaven; she seized and drew it forth, and a hundred times she kissed the ornament—it was Ailey's—and then her eyes rested on the figure for which its former owner loved it so well—the figure of Mary! Cecily's thoughts immediately took a new turn; heaven's light stole in to brighten, as well as to sanctify the stream of feeling that flowed through her soul. She looked at the mild maiden of Israel, the Virgin whom God loved from eternity, and whom he honored more singularly than all men, and all angels, and all things that have been or will be, and Cecily's heart opened, and tears found their way forth upon the image, and she whispered in the language she was devoted to, the words of the canticle:—

'Tutta bella sei mia amica.'

We would gladly close our notice here, but that we consider there is an error in this volume which should not be passed over. In the character of Shaun the author has sketched one of that misguided class whose misdeeds have entailed such terrible evil on Ireland, and so deeply stained her modern annals. The air of romance thrown around this wretch, and the wish apparently to extenuate his bloody thirst for vengeance should, we believe, be condemned by every friend of religion and order. We know very well that such *may* not have been the intention of the writer of *Ailey Moore*; but we yet think, that where he has graphically depicted the consequences of misdeeds; the terrible fruits of oppression, and even the punishment here below of crime, he might well have spared a page to denounce the hideous error of that lawless code which makes a hero of a revengeful assassin, and a duty of a cold-blooded murder.

Who wrote the Waverley Novels? London: EFFINGHAM WILSON.

This question, at first laughed at as an ingenious joke, has, through the earnestness and research of the author of this clever pamphlet, become a subject for serious thought. There is a clear air of probability about the investigation; and the spirit of fair play which it evinces will induce many to weigh carefully the pros and cons of this curious argument.

It is evident, that, Thomas Scott possessed the powers of an accomplished story-teller, with sufficient literary practice to roughly

work up excellent materials, in an attractive manner. It is certain, that, Mrs. Thomas Scott was a lady of considerable talents and acquirements, with habits of intense literary industry. All readers will remember the frequent assertions, in prefaces to different novels, that the "editor" had obtained parcels of papers and materials &c., of which he had constructed the story. The notorious fact, that, in the short intervals between the publication of some of his most elaborate works, Sir Walter was very greatly occupied with other matters, or, was in very imperfect health; must have puzzled most readers of his life. Admirers of the Great Unknown must remember, also, the painful impression left on their minds, by Sir Walter's repeated and solemn denials of the authorship of the *Scottish Novels*. With the supposition that such denials had *no* foundation in truth, Sir Walter's propensity for mystification, his delight in gammoning* his friends and the public—a prominent feature in his character—all the aforesaid argue the possibility; whilst the peculiar positions, wants, capabilities of the family argue the probability of many of the earlier and best *Waverley* novels being joint-stock productions. A goodly edifice may be raised; and the discovery and collection of materials,—the design and construction—the carving and gilding; plumbing, painting and glazing—the finishing and polishing—may have been the work of various heads and hands. The possibility and probability of Sir Walter having been aided, more or less, by Thomas and his gifted wife may readily be conceded.

How much of certainty can, at present, or at future time, be attained, must be sought for in the writings of the Pamphleteer and others, who will devote their labors to the subject. To do justice to the memory of the benefactors of mankind is the interest and desire of all good people. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JEAN PAUL CHOPPART. 1 vol. London: LAMBERT & Co.

"Jean Paul was we grieve to say greedy, saucy, stingy, spiteful, cowardly, sly."

"It was evident that it would take a long time and much suffering to make him quite what a little boy ought to be."

This jolly, but elegant-looking little volume

* Fastidious reader! Webster hath legitimized the verb-transitive "to gammon;" *vide* Dictionary wherein it meaneth "to humbug."

is a translation from the French, and while it contains much fun is all the more likely to become popular with boys in not attempting to cram them with good advice;—the following little bit may however be worth quoting :

"Wherefore dear reader avoid with care any imitation of them. Do not pretend to smoke little rolls of paper or bits of cane. It is by imitating such as these that many great boys whom we see smoking real cigars or long stinking pipes began their detestable apprenticeship."

Under a brilliant blue and gold cover are to be found the wonderful adventures of a naughty little boy. How he used to tie a dog's tail to the school-bell; squirt ink through keyholes; lock up babies; "prig" sweetmeats; until at last at the mature age of nine-and-a-half he ran away to go all round the world! Like the "Enfant trouve" he suffered and was reformed.

The literature of boyhood has truly been enriched of late years; and even with the delightful works of Captain Mayne Ried before us, we believe this nicely got-up little volume one of the most pleasing modern additions to the Boys' library. Should more sedate personages, however, look into these pages, we suspect their sparkle and humor will carry them on to the end.

Cardinals Wolsey and Fisher. London : J. SHEAN.

This little book purports to be the "substance of a lecture, delivered at the Metropolitan Catholic Library," and we heartily wish that the editor had left the lecture to its natural course. As such, it was well enough, an audience listens to a lecture, and carries therefrom a general impression, which impression in the present case would have been a just one; but, as a book, we reprobate its utter want of originality. It produces nothing in any way new, in augmentation of the undoubted claims of Wolsey to the admiration and gratitude of posterity; and, in its attempt to defend his reputation upon those points on which he has been, we think justly attacked, it contents itself with generalities instead of facts, with insinuations in the place of arguments.

We are anxious to encourage every little historical sketch by a Catholic author, as we feel that on such works we must greatly depend for the removal from the popular mind of the false impressions so fatally prevalent in this country; which are fostered and promoted by the ever accumulating mass

of tracts, pamphlets, and lectures, issued at almost nominal prices, and gratuitously distributed in thousands by our opponents; but we can by no means lend our approval to any attempt at misleading in an opposite direction. We are accustomed to see biographies of our great men of other days, in which every little error, every trifling defect is depicted in the brightest colors, and censured in the strongest terms, while the noblest virtues are briefly hurried over in half-a-dozen words, but we have no wish to see a corresponding wrong on the other side. Catholic biographies of Catholic personages are much to be desired, but while they point out for our admiration and imitation that which is good, they should also in justice show us in their proper lights the errors by which great virtue was dimmed, or the inconsistencies by which great abilities were impaired.

First Annual Report of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Dublin. COYNE.

We feel sure our brothers in Dublin will at once believe us sincere in expressing the very warm pleasure the receipt of this report has afforded us; we may truly add, there is an air of completeness and a business like finish about it, which to our thinking augur well for the stability of the association, whose aims and prospects, it so clearly explains. For us—who know so well the difficulties, and have also, thank God tasted the high ennobling pleasures which attend the early struggles of communities hostile to so many of the world's ways—it is surely unnecessary to urge our friendship on the belief of this new society. That it is *established*, a glance at the rules and statement of finances will show, and the names on the title page are a sufficient guarantee for its perseverance. May it appreciate the warm welcome which we now offer it, and feel as we do the absence of all rivalry.

Almighty God and His Perfections. By the Rev. J. FURNESS. Dublin; DUFFY.

Mothers and guardians send for this tiny volume. It is a collection of such tales as ye weave for little children, pleasing their fancy, while you try to rear in their beautiful minds the love of true beauty. We have known some who would learn off many of these, to retail them to others who would remember them long after. To glance over this publication is like prattling with a dear little child.

The Beleaguered Hearth.—A novel. 1 vol. London; DOLMAN.

The credit of good intentions must we presume be accorded to the anonymous author of the volume before us, but with such commendation as this acknowledgment may be considered to amount to, he must rest contented. Novel writing is very evidently not his vocation, and if our impression be correct, that he hoped by this work to advance the interests of the Church, we would most sincerely entreat him to exert himself in future in her service, in any way rather than with his pen. For a moment we had intended to criticize this book at length, but as the expression of strong censure is most distasteful to us, we rest satisfied with such brief remarks as are necessary to shew the motive for our advice.

Whom our author may be, we know not, but we hope that he is a foreigner, for he is evidently utterly ignorant of all that constitutes the beauty of English composition. His style is clumsy in the extreme, and while it shows a singular poverty in command of language, is rich enough in slang. His sentences are abruptly short, or overburdened with needless parentheses. His descriptions of scenery, evidently intended to be romantic, are such as might be expected in the letter of a schoolboy making an excursion in the holidays. His description of his heroine is vulgar and unintelligible and that of "a being" who "infested the country in the northern neighborhood of the villa Algorouki," when that remarkable individual appears on horseback, is very like nonsense. The dialogues are badly introduced, and still worse conducted, and in short the material of an interesting and exciting story is wasted on a tiresome stupid book.

A FEW WORDS FROM HUMBOLDT.

The following eloquent protest from the pen of the illustrious Humboldt, against a practice which the late controversy respecting the Montalembert translation has brought forward, may prove interesting to our readers. In a Berlin journal the great traveller says:

"Under the title *Essai Politique sur l'Isle de Cuba*, published in Paris in 1826, I collected together all that the large edition of my *Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent* contained upon the state of agricul-

ture and slavery in the Antilles. There appeared at the same time an English and a Spanish translation of this work, the latter entitled *Ensayo Politico sobre la Isla de Cuba*, neither of which omitted any of the frank and open remarks which feelings of humanity had inspired. But there appears just now, strangely enough, translated from the Spanish translation, and not from the French original, and published in New York, an octavo volume of four hundred pages, under the title of the *Island of Cuba*, by Alexander Von Humboldt, with notes and a preliminary essay by J. S. Thrasher. The translator, who has evidently lived a long time in that beautiful island, has enriched my work by more recent data on the subject of the numerical standing of the population, of the cultivation of the soil, and the state of trade, and, generally speaking, exhibited a charitable moderation in his discussion of conflicting opinions, I owe it, however, to a moral feeling, that is now as lively in me as it was in 1826, publicly to complain that in a work which bears my name the entire seventh chapter of the Spanish translation, with which my *Essai Politique* ended, has been arbitrarily omitted. To this very portion of my work I attach greater importance than to any astronomical observations, experiments of magnetic intensity, or statistical statements. A steady advocate as I am for the most unfettered expression of opinion in speech, or in writing, I should never have thought of complaining if I had been attacked on account of my statements; but I do think I am entitled to demand that in the free States of the Continent of America, people should be allowed to read what has been permitted to circulate from the first year of its appearance in a Spanish translation."

All rightly thinking men will at once perceive the force and truth of this protest, and its tone and moderation cannot fail to raise this eminent man, if possible, higher in the esteem of all who have ever heard his name. Now-a-days when literature is not the feeblest weapon in party conflict, it surely becomes its chiefs to put down finally and speedily every unprincipled attempt to distort their own views—brought forward with all the weight of noble services and well-earned fame—to far other and less worthy ends. This is not a solitary instance of this shameless and misleading practice; but we have brought it forward here as being connected with one whom mankind has admired so long, and loved so well.

LITERARY ITEMS.

In a very comprehensive and pleasing paper on the late Samuel Rogers, in the *Edinburgh*, we notice the following interesting anecdote of the Banker-poet's own version of his nearest approach to Matrimony:—"In early life he admired and had sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still thought, he had ever seen. At the end of a London season, at a ball, she said, 'I go to-morrow to Worthing, are you going there?' He did not go. Afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of everyone drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, 'you never came to Worthing.'"

Whatever may have been our political feelings of late towards Jonathan, we certainly are not very hard upon him in a literary sense;—a leading London journal a few days since in reviewing Mr. Olmsted's *Our Slave States* remarks with due seriousness apparently, that the work is written with a comprehensiveness, profoundness, and depth which could only be expected from a member of the Union!

We observe that a periodical devoted to the biographies of musical celebrities, has been started in Hesse Cassel. Amongst others, lives of Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Auber, and Beethoven, have already appeared.

A Chinese dictionary, in one hundred and thirty volumes, and a Chinese encyclopedia in ninety six volumes, are offered for sale in Paris.

The facility with which the "foreigners" make John Bull "hand out," is as notable as ever. Further proof has been brought forward, that the much admired, and much more abused *Paul Veronese*, lately added to the national gallery, at a cost of something like £3000, was as stated by Mr. Bowyer in the House of Commons, offered in Paris for £50!

Sir John Bowring has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, the King of Denmark is President of this society.

The chair of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the death of Sir William Hamilton, has been filled by the election of Professor A. C. Fraser, well known as a writer in the *North British*

Review. Professor Ferrier, son-in-law of "Christopher North" and editor of the collected edition of the latter's works, now publishing, was rejected by a majority of seventeen to fourteen.

We noticed some months back Madame Ida Pfeiffer's intention to set out for Madagascar, during the present summer. We hear she is now in London *en route* thither; and has a letter of introduction to the world in general, from the oldest of living travellers—Alexander Von Humboldt.

Mr. Thackeray has a new serial nearly ready for the press. This industrious author requires but twelve months to prepare one of his elaborate works; Mr. Dickens takes two years; while Mr. Lever generally has a new one ready, by the time the old one is completed.

We observe that some unpublished letters of Cowper are announced for sale during the month. Sales of pictures, and art collections of every sort, follow closely upon one another; if collectors are numerous in this Country, there seems truly no lack of material.

The Pope has provided for the completion of Tasso's monument from his privy purse. The monument is being erected in the Church of St. Onufrius, where the poet lies buried. His Holiness has also just presented the School of Cadets with a splendid work, containing designs of the military costumes of the various European powers.

We regret there seems no chance of our being enabled to judge for ourselves of the powers of Madlle. Johanna Wagner, of Lumley v. Gye notoriety. The criticisms of the London journals are so conflicting, as to render it almost impossible for people at a distance to form an opinion.

A grand Concert hall is about being erected in London, by a joint-stock company. The building is to be on a magnificent scale, and to cost £40,000.

We notice a new edition, *newly edited*, of Horace Walpole's letters, announced by Mr. Bentley.

Catherine Hayes, so long absent from this country, is on her way home from Australia.

We believe it to be generally understood that Covent Garden Theatre is to be rebuilt forthwith.

The article *The Police and the Thieves* in the new number of the *Quarterly* is a capital paper from a very clever series.

To our Subscribers.

As we are now looking forward to our second volume we find it necessary to urge upon our Subscribers that speedy payment of all Subscriptions is urgently needed. Our readers and the trade know very well that we have acted towards them on other terms than are usual in such cases, and it would well become all who are devoted to the cause and friendly to ourselves to promptly render us this assistance—no less just than necessary.

We then earnestly request that all amounts owing to the Magazine—and they are many in number and considerable in amount—be at once remitted. It cannot embarrass any one to forward so trifling an amount, while in the aggregate it would be to us a most valuable supply—without such assistance what resource have we? Why should the almost total surrender of every leisure moment not be sufficient without the excessive anxiety the carelessness of others entails?

PASSING EVENTS.

If "passing events" are to be considered as the faithful foreshadowing of those that are to come, their contemplation can afford but little satisfaction to the adherents of the modern theory of human perfectability. In England, day by day, the newspapers bring disheartening proof that crime is fearfully increasing, not only in amount, but in atrocity, while in Ireland, one of the most opposed of all the countries in Europe to that style of progress which these theorists advocate, they show the direct reverse. The notorious poisoner, Dove, has been found guilty, but with a recommendation to mercy, for which the only assignable reason seems to be the intense wickedness of his life, and the diabolical callousness that characterized the murder which will, we trust, bring to a close his horrible career.

The infamous "divorce bill" is for the present withdrawn, but Government is next session to introduce a new one, which Lord Palmerston pledges himself shall contain no clause to exclude a most abominable description of marriage, because the noble Lord considers that such a prohibition would be not only a cruel but an immoral prohibition.

For one year more, has been suspended the confiscatory operations on Catholic Charities of the "Charitable Trusts Act" to allow of that special legislation which, postponed now for the fourth year, seems to be as far as ever removed from probability.

The arrangements for the retirement of the Bishops of London and Durham are not yet completed but their discussion has dragged the "church as by law established" through a degree of degradation which renders it hard to believe that it can long continue the system of plunder on which it has so long flourished.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

We beg to refer several correspondents to the note on page 328.

G.M.—We regret the error in transcribing your initials in our last number. With reference to your enclosures, we have no doubt of your own sincerity, but for our belief in your views, assertion too largely preponderates over argument in their statement. You say you intend to break up the Newtonian theory, and we can but applaud your doughty resolution.

Frank, who turns out to be a lady, thinks we have not paid sufficient attention to a contribution acknowledged in our last number. The terms of her letter do not incline us to any very profound regret, even had such carelessness occurred,—in short, our fair correspondent is angry, and like most angry people, has said unkind things, which we feel sure she would not repeat now.

M.B. Southampton.—Pray hold us excused this month, your not having heard from us was occasioned by circumstances altogether unforeseen.


A.M.S.—Yours reached us too late; we regret our not having remembered your kindness, and acted spontaneously as you have now requested. You however, can excuse us.

R.M. London.—You can obtain the information which you are good enough to credit us with, from any classical dictionary, an article in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, will tell you something of Dr. Smith's Latin Dictionary.

Lisbon.—You have rightly estimated our feelings towards your friends. They are too kindly to permit us to insert the poem.

W.S.—A.—Philo-Junius—J.T.—Fitz and Sampson received.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Bridge's Ancient History: Life of St. Vincent of Paul. We have also to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Dolman, in regularly sending us *The Lamp*.

 We particularly request that Contributions, Books for Review, and all Communications for the Editor, be sent to the Printer, until further notice.

Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.

Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the soul of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry, who died on the 21st ultimo.

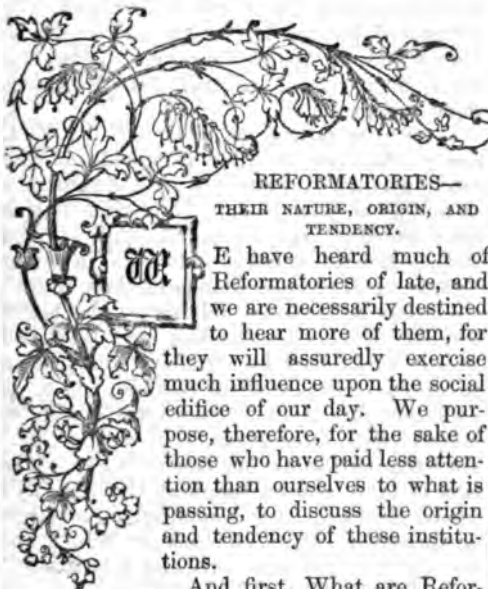
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VOL. 1.



REFORMATORIES—

THEIR NATURE, ORIGIN, AND
TENDENCY.

WE have heard much of Reformatories of late, and we are necessarily destined to hear more of them, for they will assuredly exercise much influence upon the social edifice of our day. We purpose, therefore, for the sake of those who have paid less attention than ourselves to what is passing, to discuss the origin and tendency of these institutions.

And first, What are Reformatories? They are establishments founded by private benevolence or associated charity, and maintained by the support of the state for the purpose of reforming the youthful criminals of the country. Hitherto, those youths who fell unhappily into criminal courses were abandoned to the tuition of rogues yet riper than themselves in those repertoires of crime—the gaols. Henceforth, in Reformatories, they will receive a corrective education; moral and religious instruction will be sedulously inculcated, and industrial knowledge enforced, to the end, that when again mingling with society, the sometime guilty shall become self-sustaining and virtuous members of the community. The principle of this new system is such as to deserve the utmost success. The system itself is one to which every Christian is bound to bid God speed. The objects it contemplates are the eradication of crime, and

the restoration of virtue, and no man should hesitate to contribute as much as in him lies to these most Christian purposes. It is true people say, pooh! pooh! what is the use of this? you cannot eradicate crime. Repression is necessary, or, at all events, inevitable—leave that in the hands of the law and the police, and for the rest, leave that to the dispositions of the Eternal. In the world, this sort of wisdom goes very far. It satisfies the careless, and suffices for the unfeeling; but it is as hollow and hard-hearted as they. Crime and sin, like poverty, “will never depart from off the land;” but we have never heard the latter admitted as a reason why charity should be neglected, or the multitude permitted to go unfed.

Wise men who made the law, and good men by whom it was administered have frequently lamented the absence of all provision for the restraint and instruction of erring youth. To send them to a prison was to commit them to a career of crime; to let them loose, was in most instances, to devote them to a like goal. The progress of the age had rendered some plans inevitable, which at least should propose a remedy for those evils, and the Reformatories are the development of those plans. It is for us whom a happier fortune and a more virtuous training have, with the Grace of Providence, kept in the straighter paths to manifest our thankfulness for such favors by the alacrity of our support to these new institutions.

And now let us state in as few words as may be, the method by which youths become amenable to the operations of the law which has constituted these Reformatories. At the outset we may explain that there are two conditions preliminary, though not absolute. The first, that the youths shall not have been previously convicts, and the other, that they shall not exceed sixteen years of age. A child or youth of either sex—let us say a boy—is ob-

served by a police-officer to commit a crime ; or a private citizen is cognizant of some criminality which he denounces to the authorities. The boy is brought before the magistrate, and the case inquired into. There is proof that the crime has been committed, but it is the first, and is perhaps attended with circumstances of temptation, or it arises from evil suggestions, or importunity, or direct seduction, or not unfrequently, the miserable delinquent is driven by threats to dishonesty. In any such cases, and they are of daily recurrence, the magistrate acting legally has heretofore had no alternative but to send the offender to a prison. And what was the result? The creature who entered the prison yet terrified by the horrors of crime, or trembling in that strange balance which holds the victim over the gulph of sin, into which a terrible curiosity impels him to plunge, emerged from the hideous domicile no longer a neophyte in iniquity, but a professor. This aspect of the question we are considering is so well known that we have all concluded a committal to a prison always makes a thief.

It frequently occurred, indeed, that a magistrate whose kindness of heart was in excess of his sense of legal obligation, refused to punish a youth for an offence, not of a grave character, when the offence was his first known transgression. He thought it safer, with a view to the future, to turn him out into the world, than into a prison. In some cases the decision was a fortunate one—in all, the act was influenced by a Christian benevolence, no less amiable than praiseworthy. But it often happened, that to send the child again into the world, was to subject him to the same influences, and with fewer means of combating them, and “the last state” of that child was indeed “worse than the first.” If he were without friends, then the consciousness of having fallen from the upright, was not mitigated by sympathy, or the necessity of reformation strengthened by counsel. In these circumstances he was but an easier prey and a more recognised mark for the designing. If again, the youth had evil friends—or worse still, wicked parents—and unhappily there are many such in Liverpool, the humanity of the magistrate was made a scoff, and the escape from punishment a lucky chance. Perhaps it was set down as the effect of some “dodge,” and the miserable tyro in crime, was taught to rely upon its repetition for another escape, but never to receive it as a warning and a mercy. The

inefficacy of the treatment was extremely galling. The disease was seldom mitigated, perhaps never eradicated, and not unfrequently such was the means of rendering it more malignant. But the practice was repeated, because the humane administrator of the law refused to abrogate a custom which was adorned by even a single retrieval. The beauty of virtue is so great, and the consolation of redeeming even one criminal so deep and lasting, that it could not be overborne by even a hundred failures.

Hence it is that the law was not rigidly enforced, when the law did not discriminate, and human benevolence, in setting aside the behests of human legislation, endeavored to compensate for its shortcomings. Now, the law is changed, and we shall state its provisions in some detail.

Under the provisions of 17 and 18 Vict. cap. 86, it is now possible to provide for the young who fall into crime, a place of penitence as well as of punishment. The title of this most excellent statute is “An Act for the Reformation of youthful offenders in Great Britain,” and the preamble is in these words: “Whereas Reformatory Schools for the better training of juvenile offenders have been and may be established by voluntary contribution in various parts of Great Britain, and it is expedient that more extensive use should be made of such institutions, be it enacted, &c.” And then follow the enacting clauses. The first of these clauses empowers Her Majesty’s Home Secretary “upon application, to direct an inspection of any Reformatory School and enquire into its conditions and regulations,” and if he certify under hand and seal his approbation of these, then the institution is constituted a Reformatory under the Act. The school is thenceforward authorised to receive youths as contemplated, and continues so until the certificate be withdrawn. We have already stated that youths who come under the contemplation of this statute shall be not more than sixteen years of age. We may add that they shall also be parties convicted before one or two magistrates, either summarily, or on indictment. And the provision is that the party shall *in addition* to his punishment, be sent to a Reformatory, for a period of “not less than two years, and not more than five.” The Treasury under the Act, is to defray the cost of the maintenance in the Reformatory, and the parties so committed are subject to punishment for absconding; of course, there are ample means of preserving discipline within the school.

By a subsequent statute, the 18 and 19 Vict. cap. 87, a provision of the former Act is made more operative and summary. The provision we speak of renders parents or step-parents liable for the support of their children or step-children, confined within Reformatories. The Home Secretary, in the first instance, orders payment for the maintenance of the youth from the consolidated fund; but the statute enables him to recover the sum expended, or a competent portion of it, from the parent or step-parent of the prisoner. A summons before two justices, and an order by the latter for such sum as the party can afford to pay, is the short proceeding necessary under the statute. And payment, if withheld after order made, can be recovered by summary sale of goods, and even by imprisonment. Thus the careless parent, or the wicked one, who flings or drives his child into temptation, will find the law prepared to make him do his duty. He must not hope to escape the only retribution such a person can be made to understand—a money payment. The honest man and the virtuous father, has the consolation of knowing that he is not to pay the penalty of the culpable abandonment of duty by his neighbor.

We have stated the principal provisions of these statutes, because we have recently had the Catholic community of our locality assembled, under the highest ecclesiastical sanction, and we rejoice to know, under the most brilliant auspices, to take steps to establish a Reformatory for the Catholics of Liverpool. In the success of that movement we take the deepest interest. We feel the interest which becomes us, we hope, as obedient subjects of the Bishop of Liverpool—a prelate who gains the love of those he governs, by the gentleness of his rule, and ensures respect and co-operation by the zeal with which he discharges his high and holy functions. We feel an interest in this subject as good citizens, desirous that crime should be repressed, and as philanthropists solicitous that the young should be withdrawn from those necessities which unhappily render them obnoxious to the provisions of the statute. And, we do this for another reason. Many of those who will inevitably—unhappily inevitably—be the objects with which Reformatories will have to deal, are of the faith we ourselves profess—and will prove children of a land in which we have many ties, that neither time can break, nor distance lessen. We therefore feel such an interest in this question, as justifies to ourselves, as we hope we do to the readers of this Magazine, the length at which we discuss this subject.

And now we shall be asked, whence this new zeal upon the question of reforming the criminal errors of youth, and whence the plan and system of Reformatories in England; what hopes should they stimulate and what support should they obtain from us? To what extent are they coincident with our wants, and accordant with our religious principles; and what are the promises they hold forth? Upon all these points we shall have a word to say, communicating what we know with as much brevity as possible.

The problem is one which has exercised the intellects of statesmen and philanthropists before the commencement of the present century. But the determination of transporting to Australia, which the colonists had protested against with an energy not to be mistaken, and which a few years since was reluctantly conceded to their demands, left it impossible any longer to postpone a solution of the difficulty. Our youth could be no more deported to mature under the more pastoral influences of society in Australasia, and prisons crowded to plethora with festering crime, left no access for those discriminating arrangements which provided a separation of the elements yet retaining somewhat of primeval purity, from those which were irretrievably corrupt. What was to be done then? Could our statesmen walk by the light of experience? Had no economist calculated the cost of the new condition? Had no statist arrayed in formidable figures its results? They cast about and found that the question was not new—that the idea had already been matured. And although those who were its originators had not stopped to count the cost, knew little of political economy and despised many of its received canons, yet had they demonstrated the practicability of that, which we in England had launched into a speculative sea to ascertain. And who was it that had practically dealt with this question? Who was it that had trained into the growth of virtue the saplings grafted upon the tree of vice? The Church had done all this. The Church which inherits the promises and on which devolves the obligations of the Gospel. The Church, whose privilege it is to tend the flock, and whose duty it is to bring back those who stray. It was no new path, therefore, on which English statesmen were about to venture. The Church had already trodden it, and her footsteps were broad and marked upon its surface. Science and system had taken the place of speculation, and that territory, to us an incognita, we found studded with the landmarks of those soldiers of the Church whose

privilege it is to subdue the stubborn, and make the desert fertile. The Church had walked that way with the zeal which becomes her mission, and with the efficacy born of that predominance which the promises of the Eternal bestow.

Before the present century then, there were Reformatories in France and Belgium. Hence we draw the models upon which to cast our new methods of reform; and England receives another lesson, that while in the Science of Government her knowledge is supreme, there are many social questions upon which her neighbours' knowledge is superior. Let us hope that in adopting those things in which others possess advantages, we are encouraging those others in the most effective way to follow our example in that in which we are superior. Let us not forget, that if we have triumphed through Representative Government as, Prince Albert notwithstanding, is we believe, the truth, other countries who know not its advantages, have had their triumphs also; and have not neglected the interests of the poor. Again, it is a wholesome lesson that England should be taught, amid her pride of power and place, that she must draw the remedy for her social evils, and learn the means of reforming her seething population, from the wisdom and beneficence of that Church, which repudiating, she has never ceased to persecute. These are retributions which solace the good; let us hope they may correct the proud.

The State, we should not hesitate to declare, has, in this matter of Reformatories, not only done its duty, but has incited the different religious communities to do theirs. The State in adopting the erring children of its citizens, provides for their maintainance, and abstaining from all interference with the religion of the adopted, affords the utmost facilities, consistent with this course, to each denomination to develop the advantages and principles of its own. This is a great advance. Hitherto all State support has been based upon the proselytism of all who dissented from it. The principle is now recognised—silently it is true, but significantly, that proselytism makes hypocrites, and no hypocrite can be reformed.

And Government has adopted an excellent method of avoiding or overthrowing the importunities of the zealots. The statute, as we have seen, enacts that before a Reformatory shall be declared, a suitable building shall be provided. The Government, in forbearing to have any property in the house foregoes all

power to interfere in its arrangements, and avoids all importunity by providing before-hand a declaration of no right. Catholics, for instance provide a receptacle for the fallen ones of their faith, and beyond the necessary inspection of the place and the inmates, no one can interfere with the regulations or discipline of the House. For Catholics nothing can be more important. We have so much connected with the ceremonies, inculcation and celebration of our religious observances, which others will not, or cannot comprehend, though we regard them as of the last importance—our system and discipline so harmonise, and each is so contributory to our great aim and purpose, that above all things in religious affairs we should be free. Here we shall have that freedom the moment we are prepared to claim it. Is there one Catholic who will refuse his contribution to provide for that conjuncture?

Nor are there wanting other motives why we should contribute to the establishment of a Reformatory. The system of Reformatories is, as we have said, of Catholic origin. We are bound to assist in the development of that which we invent. We are bound also, because, as we have already observed, we contribute more than our proportion to the objects of the Reformatories. It is sufficiently galling, but it is generally received that the most numerous, and the most troublesome, and not the least profligate of the criminals of this community, if they are not Catholics are unmistakably Irish, and not Protestant. There are many reasons for this. The best of the laboring classes do not emigrate. Those who do, are not treated on their coming, with kindness or consideration—very much the reverse. They must descend to the worst work, and accept the worst pay. They lose the restraints of home, and that admirable moral check which is supplied by the desire to deserve and retain the good opinion of those among whom we dwell—they are on all sides treated with disrespect, and in many cases, unfortunately, they fail to respect themselves. Their new circumstances suggest brutal habits, and equally brutal enjoyments. Their children are, what the children of such parents naturally become. Those men of course are not Catholics, but they are not Protestant, and they are Irish. Sufficient candidates for Reformatories were contributed, but of late years the circumstances of Ireland have flung into the vortex of Liverpool low-life, innumerable crea-

tures, without father, mother or friend. These are indeed, beings, whom to know, is to pity, and whom no Christian can desire to leave exposed to the temptations of the world. In their course of life, their normal condition is one of crime—and it is only in Reformatories they can, without the intervention of a special providence, become Christian. It is only thus these Arabs of society can be brought under the civilizing influences of citizenship. We must not allow what we here set forth, and what is indeed too notorious to be deemed the measure of our estimation of the humbler classes of the Irish in Liverpool. Nothing could be farther from our intention, as nothing could be farther from justice to our countrymen. The great majority of the Irish in humble life in Liverpool, are, as they are at home, patient, industrious, and resigned; discharging their duties both towards their employers and their families as becomes good members of the community. What we desire to impress upon our readers is, that in the matter of these Reformatories a duty special and beyond that which should guide others devolves on us, to contribute generously to their establishment and support.

And the Church is on its trial. She has to show that it is hers to fulfil the great duty of an infallible teacher, and to prove her mission by the success of her dealings, with those little ones of the world. We have no right to feel concerned for the result—we know she cannot fail in her mission, but we have no right to fail in ours. And it is our plain duty to afford the Church all those facilities which it is in our power to extend. We agree with Mr. Aspinall that the Church being here the same as the Church in France and Belgium, the Reformatories which there succeed so admirably, under her guidance, cannot fail with us. We concur with Mr. Shiel in his anticipations of the glorious success she will inevitably achieve, and that her superiority will proclaim her the truest teacher, and the most successful guide, as she is the most loving mother of the young. Finally, we hold with the generous Mr. Mansfield who, himself a Protestant, does not withhold from Catholics the meed of justice—we hold with him "that the disciplined organization of our religious orders, whether at military or camp hospitals stands in brilliant contrast, as regards efficiency, with the desultory enthusiasm of impulsive amateurs."

MUSIC OR PAINTING.

Pictor. Welcome, Harmonicus. You have arrived just in time to say a word in behalf of your own beautiful art, which Sophronia and I are almost agreed in placing second to mine.

Harmonicus. I don't know, Pictor, that I can add much to what you have already in your hands, in a very recent paper in *The Catholic Institute Magazine*. But will you have the goodness to mention the objections to my views, which occur to you.

Pictor. I must say, you have made out a very pretty case for your favorite Music: and one which I feel is almost sure to win most votes from your readers, because yours is the popular side. Still, I am convinced that there is a great deal to be said on my side too, and I will try to say it briefly. Sophronia and I think your strongest point, Harmonicus, the place of music among the Arts, compared with that of Charity among the graces; and although you may think that this is giving you the best of the argument at once, I don't think you can push it very far. The Song of the Blessed must surpass anything of harmony that we can even imagine here, where a perfect concord can never reach our ear. So that we may be speaking of two things totally distinct, when we speak of our present music continuing for ever in the choral Song of the Blessed. The spiritual ear will no doubt appreciate it, in some way; and yet for all that, it may be quite unlike anything that we call musical harmony. Indeed, have we not the highest authority for saying that neither eye has seen, *nor ear heard*, nor the heart of man conceived, the good things prepared by God for those who love him?

Sophronia. Then you must remember that the Vision of God, which is the essential bliss of heaven, is enjoyed not by the organs of spiritual hearing, but of sight; is beheld, in some way, by the spiritual eye; not by the ear. It is no longer a picture of reflected beauty, but is the reality of all that is beautiful; of all that everything beautiful, in nature and in art, faintly shadows forth. In this reality, then, the old earthly shadow of beauty is comprehended, and may be said to survive for ever; and thus our mental faculties to which painting speaks will be still actively engaged on the realities of what has delighted us here, "only in a glass in a dark manner."

Pictor. Besides that, I will strengthen

Sophronias's argument by reminding you that the Vision of God is the essence, but, as far as we know, the song of heaven is only an accident, of our future bliss.

Harmonicus. Two to one are rather too many for me, and Sophronia puts her case so well, that you have more than double the advantage of me. But you surely cannot say that, because the faculties to which painting addresses itself will survive for ever, and will be more worthily occupied then, with the vision of realities, whose faint shadow was earthly beauty,—you cannot say that the art of painting will survive too. It is precisely because painting is the representation of a shadow, that it must fail, when a shadow becomes impossible; when all is real, and all intimately present; just as Faith ends when sight begins; as Hope has its final termination in enjoyment. Who thinks of a portrait, when the beloved original is beside him? Then, as to the good things which are prepared for those who love God, eye hath not seen them, indeed, nor ear heard them; but eye will yet see them, and ear hear them; and they will therefore have something similar to what charms the eye, and satisfies the ear on earth; only the degree of their perfection surpasses our present comprehension. I therefore think I may argue that the Song of the Blessed is only many stages in advance of the music which refreshes us here, but is not so dissimilar to it as to be quite another thing.

Pictor. We think *Harmonicus*, that you have not done justice to the range of human vision, as compared with that of the organ of hearing. Only consider the apparently innumerable points of light which shine in the midnight sky; add to these the far more numerous clusters of such points, the nebulous "star-dust," revealed, and partially resolved by modern telescopes. The eye takes in all of them at once. It is already prepared to take in more distant points than any of these, as soon as the thrilling pulse of light, which left them at creation, shall have reached across the vast abyss of space that separates them from us. Nay it is quite possible, as you well know, that some of these points of brightness may have been long extinguished before the trembling impulse of light ceases to act on human vision; a thought which may well enlarge our conception of its range.

Harmonicus. I am glad to be reminded of those facts, which have always appeared to me to be nearly allied to the sublimest speculations of modern science. But, after all, my dear

Pictor, what has all this to do with the range of painting in its operations. Take the most colossal painting ever executed; say the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo; you can't see it a hundred feet off; and that is all I meant, when I said that the limit of painting is much narrower than that of sound. Distance or want of light actually effaces the finest picture; but a much greater distance is required to reduce an orchestra to silence. The accident of light or darkness does not affect its operations on our sense of hearing, in the very slightest decree.

Sophronia. *Harmonicus* ought in fairness to have contrasted the wonderful subtlety of light, with the slower, more material motions of air, or vibrations of wood, metal, and the rest, which produce our sensation of sound. The quivering light flashes through nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second of time; while in the same time the sluggish vibrations of sound creep over a poor space of some hundred feet; or while a thrill of light quivers through a million of miles, a sound has travelled only one mile. In like manner, if we count the number of vibrations which make what we call a color, and compare it with the number of vibrations which form a corresponding sound, we shall find that slow-moving sound counts its pulses by a few thousands in a second, at its very swiftest pace; while subtle light, in its slowest motions, is measured by many hundreds of millions.

Harmonicus. I am not surprised, *Sophronia*, at your urging this remarkable subtlety of light, in support of the intellectual and spiritual superiority of Painting over Music. There is no branch of Science better adapted than this to the study of persons of either sex, who are attracted to a pursuit at once refining and expanding in its influence on the mind. We are indebted to a lady, for many interesting facts connected with one particular department of light. It is therefore, natural that an argument drawn from so elegant a study should particularly recommend itself to *Sophronia*. But the love of a beautiful science will not, I am sure, hinder us from perceiving that all that comes of it as far as our argument is concerned, amounts to no more than this, that we really see a picture more rapidly than we take in a sound: but when we are speaking of a distance of only a few feet, the difference in rapidity between seeing and hearing, is too minute to be appreciated.

Sophronia. There is no chance of catching

you at fault, Harmonicus; you have an explanation ready for every difficulty. But I think I have one point to urge in behalf of Painting, which you will not easily get over. You know Campbell's beautiful lines on a portrait, in which he contrasts the effect produced on the mind by the sight of a lost friend's portrait, with the impression arising from hearing a well remembered air, last sung or played in his company. The recollections of the music are too overpowering; the sorrowing friend exclaims:—

"O hush that strain too deeply felt,
And cease that solace, too severe."

But the "serenely-silent art" of Painting is able to "give us back the dead even in the loveliest looks they wore."

Harmonicus. You have made common cause with Pictor, my dear Sophronia, to the injury of your own better judgment. Is it possible that you don't see, in this beautiful passage of the Scottish poet, a direct testimony to the fact that Music goes deeper, stirs the thoughts and affections of the heart far more profoundly than Painting? It is thus the poet describes its power:—

"What visions wake, to charm, to melt:
The loved, the lost, the dead are near."

No such illusion is within the range of Painting. It can give you reflection of what attracted you to him who is gone; but it does not possess the same power over the imagination; cannot pass with the same renovating influence over the mysterious tablets of the memory as it is given to Music to do.

Pictor. Now, Harmonicus, it is my turn. What do you say to this? Only think of the preparation necessary to an effective and correct representation of the Master's ideas, through the medium of an orchestra; the rehearsals, and repetitions, and pains that must precede the final performance. Contrast this with the ever-enduring beauty of a good picture. You leave it with its sweet influence on your mind; you return, and find it raining a shower of sweetness and gracefulness, as when you left it; it is company to you, in solitude; it is repose to you, in a crowd; in silence and from afar, it composes, harmonises, controls your whole being. How slight a cause is there for so great an effect; so slender the means in proportion to the result! A few colors; a few outlines of form; light and shade intermingled; and the thing is done. Surely there is something here of a spiri-

tual power, surpassing anything that we associate with the audible results of Music.

Harmonicus. I alluded to this before, in my recent paper; and reminded you that every effect produced by an orchestra is suggested, in the silence of his own chamber, to the mind of a musician, by the score of the Master. Still, I am not disputing merely for the prize of skill; and I will allow that a much greater number of people are constantly and invariably delighted by a good picture, than by a good musical score. The translation of its symbols into sounds, is a laborious and intricate business, and is soon over for the mass of people. Here you certainly have the advantage of me. And yet I could maintain that the inferiority lies not in the capabilities of Music, but in the incapacity of most men to understand them, without the medium of sound; or even when they are fully developed by instruments and voices. If some men have the power, many more might have it, if they took the trouble to acquire it. And after all, I suspect that the perception of beauty in painting is much more limited than you suppose. This I am sure of, that an artist's educated eye detects beauties, as completely concealed from the uneducated eye, as the Master's ideas are veiled under the crooked symbols of the musical score.—

Pictor. Tell me, Harmonicus. Is not the eye a nobler, more perfect organ than the ear. Is its office not a higher one? Do we not communicate with each other, through it; read each other's thoughts; reflect on our very souls to each other, as we are unable to do through any other sense, even through that of hearing.

Harmonicus. Well, Pictor, suppose I say I agree with you; what then?

Pictor. Why, this, if the eye is a nobler organ than the ear, the language of the eye is probably more perfect, more intellectual language than that of the ear; I mean that Painting is more likely to be superior to Music.

Harmonicus. If you can't prove it to be so, directly, your argument from probability won't go for much. Then, I think you magnify the organ of sight, rather unduly at the expense of that of hearing. I very much doubt whether the pleasure derived from the sound of a familiar voice, for example, does not very nearly, if not quite, equal the joy of seeing a long absent countenance, once again. Your argument is too indirect, Pictor, and assumes too much, to dispose me to pay much attention to it.—

Sophronia. You have said, somewhere in your paper, Harmonicus, that a picture is a solitary and isolated fact; while a piece of Music is a progressive growth. Surely you have never seen an artist at work. If ever there was a growing idea in any art, it is when a painter is developing his; touch after touch, line after line, till the poem is completed. The eye of an artist might almost detect its progress, by a minute examination of the picture, in its details.

Harmonicus. It may be a growth, a progress; it must be so, as far as the artist is concerned; but it is a coexistent whole, as far as relates to all other persons who see the finished picture. They take it all in, at once; unlike persons who are listening to a musical composition, who are carried on, at the pleasure of the composer, through every variety of emotion.

Sophronia. But now, Harmonicus, how can you imagine that pictures must be so short-lived? Have we not pictures of very great antiquity? and does not the Roman mosaic work promise to last as long as the fabric of the churches in which it is placed?

Harmonicus. I will answer your first question by a distinction. We have decorations of great antiquity; ornaments of dwelling-houses, and temples; but of pictures, representing high art, corresponding to the matchless productions of the classical chisel, we have not one, that I ever heard of. As to your second question: if copying pictures in mosaic represents your idea of painting a noble picture, the world might agree to make a bonfire, tomorrow, of all the original paintings which exist. But as it still continues to attach value, and a very high value, to those originals, I must suppose that they contain something precious, which no mosaic copy could ever acquire: which is precisely the perishable excellence, for the loss of which no copy, however perfect, could ever compensate; and which is the sure victim of the tooth of time.—

Pictor. Harmonicus; if your favorite Music is so transcendently intellectual, and spiritual, and so on, how comes it that Musical composers have been for the most part remarkable for their incapacity in every thing else?

Harmonicus. Genius is almost proverbially allied to madness. Surely Poetry is something intellectual and spiritual, yet what an array of eccentric cultivators does it exhibit! Mathe-

maticians are not always pre-eminently conspicuous for their common sense, or presence of mind. Even your favorite painters, with some few exceptions, like Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and others, were not very famous for practical accomplishments. Indeed, your objection is too much like a personality, and provokes recrimination. We must settle our question on higher grounds.—

Sophronia. I have nearly exhausted your patience, I fear, Harmonicus; but tell me this, please. You speak of the ideas of a Master of music living and reviving long after his own day. How do you know they are his ideas; how does any know what his ideas were? Take a symphony of Beethoven, for instance; how can any one say that the way it is played to-day, is the way in which its great composer intended it to be played? If so, his ideas may have died with the last traditions of his manner; what now passes under their name, is the creation of the conductor of the day.

Harmonicus. My subtle-minded Sophronia shall have such answer as the pleasure of replying to her capital objections may suggest. I can't altogether dispute the fact that the Master's ideas may have been, in part, at least, change, and so destroyed; though it is hardly possible to think that a cherished tradition should so entirely perish as you assume. But let it be as you say; perhaps the new ideas are better than the old; they form in fact, a new composition: the conductor is a genius, and has amended the Master. He will live in his amended work, till a new inventor improves upon him, in his turn. And all this may go on with the same musical symbols; for the score of the original Master is not touched or altered. Fancy a speech of Demosthenes, or a play of Shakespeare representing half a dozen fine speeches, or plays each one better than another! I have called Music a language; but it surpasses every known language; the value of its symbols is almost infinite; the same combination of them may be made to stand for almost as many varieties of idea as you please. A little faster or slower; a little louder or weaker; you have a new subject, a new theme, new treatment, new effects. What an illustration of the vast, intellectual resources of Music. In the Chinese language, every word is represented by a letter, or what is equivalent to one. In this language of Music, every letter represents a vast alphabet, on which changes may be rung, almost without end.— You smile, Sophronia; I fear I have not convinced you.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. XI.

POSSIBLE TRIALS IN SIGHT.

After a day or two there came an invitation from Lullingstone to Edward and Anna. Lady Westrey had written to Mrs. Julian and put it to her to decide whether or not the parents would accompany the children, and Mrs. Julian had answered Lady Westrey, that they would not now; "at present," said Mrs. Julian, "Anna is a child, and she cannot need my care: should she ever need it, I shall at that future time be perhaps better qualified to give it." So Edward and Anna were sent for from Old Court Lullingstone. Anna had got so accustomed to her friends in London, and there was so much love among them that this visit had no terrors. The carriage stopped, the grey-headed butler opened the house-door, the young folks bounded into the hall with a "How do you do, Thomas," and an answering "Very well thank you, Master Edward," and to Anna—"please Miss Julian, Histre is waiting to show you to her Ladyship's room." Then came dinner: and when all were previously assembled in the drawing-room it was found that Lepard Eastner had arrived, that he might see something of his sisters during the long vacation; and that there was another unexpected addition to the party in one who had hitherto been known to the Lullingstone family only by name. He was a young man of five-and-twenty, and of rather singular appearance. Tall and very slender, of a dark and pale complexion; every feature was handsome, but placed in that head each one wore the appearance of being larger than it ought to be. This made the singularity of his looks. The high-bridged nose was too prominent, the forehead too high: his eyes were too full, and too large, and his mouth too wide; he looked as if he had too many teeth in his head, and they were too long and too white. But about the mouth, and forehead and eyes there was great beauty of expression. It suggested a mental and moral beauty, and the expression was not false. There was thought on the forehead, feeling in the eye, and action about the mouth, and all good—but the whole man was very quiet; so quiet and still as to be felt, at first, as even too passionless. Such was Sir Giles Morton. He was the only child of one who had been Lord Westrey's friend. He had been for four years abroad, and had lately

returned to attend his father and mother on their death-beds. Now he had accepted Lord Westrey's invitation to Lullingstone, to make acquaintance with him and his family. When Anna and Mary entered the room Sir Giles Morton was talking to Lady Westrey. Lord Westrey took Mary's hand and introduced her, and Edward who was watching them, saw a sudden start, and a changed look which to his, a little jealous, heart said that Sir Giles admired her. This is set down as Edward's first pang—as his first *sight* of possible misery and disappointment. Lord Westrey's wards were also there.

The two girls were rather pretty, and Madame Lefranc's taste in dress being unimpeachable, they contrived to look better than other girls would have looked. Old family prophets of good had already said that they would be very handsome as women. Edward thought them beyond all calculation inferior to Mary Westrey. They seemed to be just like the rest of the world, and Mary was immeasurably above the world's standard. So Edward talked to his new acquaintance a short time, and felt himself by their side to be a man of very mature judgment, and of considerable discernment in those things which make up that often strange compound—an agreeable woman. But still, while he tried to do his best to those to whom Lady Westrey had introduced him, two things vexed him, made him hot, and nervous, and feverish, and kept his cheek warm, and his heart throbbing. They were, Sir Giles Morton, not talking to Mary, but looking at her, aside, furtively, again and again, and as he looked at nothing else; and Lepard Eastner in the midst of a grand career with his sister Anna.

To his relief dinner was announced. Sir Giles Morton gave Lady Westrey his arm, and then, Lord Westrey said "Now boys and girls run on before us, if you please," Lepard Eastner looked at Anna with a smile, as if he would have liked more ceremony, and to have given her his arm, and then shook his head, as if to say that it would not do to rob it, and this made Anna blush; and Edward, who hated Lepard's audacity at that moment, more than ever, felt very angry, and so the "boys and girls" with the passions and feelings of men and women struggling in their hearts, walked on as their host directed them.

But dinner was not so great a relief to Edward as he had expected it would be. It seemed to him that no one talked but Anna and Lepard Eastner, and Lepard talked very

loudly, and it seemed to Edward's sensibilities as if this manner of his drew attention disagreeably on Anna, and made her appear to be altogether unlike her natural self. Edward was nervously exaggerating things: but his misery was real. He felt as if every morsel was choking him; he was saying to himself that people would remark Anna as *not* being gentle, modest, retiring, and all that makes girlhood attractive; that Anna would get the character of being all that she was not. But dinner was over at last, and soon after the ladies retired. And after that Lord Westrey and Sir Giles Morton took a turn on the terrace; and Lepard, saying that he was going to the drawing room, disappeared; and Edward leaned back in a chair sorrowful—really suffering, so much had his delicacy of mind been wrought upon—and meditating on the possible trials of a rising man. After a time he heard his own name spoken close by the window. He started up. It was Lord Westrey's voice in conversation with Sir Giles. They passed by, and Edward jumped from the window to the ground, and stood out in the open air. He saw them turn back from the furthest end of the terrace, and then he turned away to enter the house by the door. Lord Westrey called after him, and Edward turned back. "Here," he said, "I have been telling Sir Giles your history. It is that which you need never be ashamed of." By this time Sir Giles and Edward had exchanged smiles; and Sir Giles followed up his smile by offering his hand, which Edward took very readily; then Lord Westrey said: "That's right; I should like you to be friends," and all the troubled thoughts that had lately oppressed his mind cleared quickly off. Sir Giles Morton's remarkable countenance wore a deepened expression as Lord Westrey spoke. He looked full on Edward, and it seemed as if every peculiarity passed away and his face grew gradually overspread with a wondrous beauty.

An exquisite sense of happiness thrilled to the bottom of Edward's boyish heart; he felt as if a sweet flattery, which he might believe, had been whispered in his ear, and as if the charmed accents still lingered in tender music on the air around, heard only by himself. He could not answer; he turned and walked by Sir Giles Morton's side. There was the thought in his mind of the power that dwelt in his companion. Suddenly came another thought—"What if he exercise it upon *her*?"

Edward could stay no longer with his

friends. He made some excuse, and passed quickly into the house. He rushed to his own room. He clasped his hands and looked upwards with a real agony in his heart.

He paced up and down, and tried to recover himself. The struggle was long, but his efforts were powerful and he succeeded. Again the boy stood calm and collected. The deep well-spring of passion was still again. He could gaze on its unruffled surface, and look into its farthest depths. He stood still, absorbed in this examination. Then, murmuring low, as if appealing to a higher power, and pleading his cause with it, he said: "If I deserve her?—If I bear up against *all* that may occur, and never lose hope?—If amid temptation I yet never take, for one instant, the thoughts of my heart away from her?—If I never try to win her love before the time when she may give it nobly?—If I keep firmly fixed in my soul the resolution that, should I lose my hopes, she shall never know of their having existed—If I walk thus circumspectly." Once more with regular beatings the work of life went on. Again the clear strong voice of early years issued in untrembling tones; and Edward, with a light step, was in the drawing room again. Anna and Jane Eastner were singing a duet, and Madame Lefranc was playing the accompaniment. There was silence in the room, all but the music. It was a song in which music and poetry had united to charm, and Anna was singing with remarkable feeling. Edward stood aside and studied this sister of his. There was more in her voice than any teaching could have infused into it. It was no more the voice of the timid child who plied her needle in her father's workshop and sung stories of woods and fields. It was the voice of that child, possessed of a woman's heart, and who had learnt a woman's lesson—to *feel*!

There was a burst of applause. "Our thanks must be offered to *you*," said Sir Giles Morton to Mary Westrey, "for having obtained us such a treat."

"I was sure you would like it," exclaimed Mary.

"You were very good about it," said Sir Giles to Anna, "for you evidently would rather not have sung that song, and yet, when *made* to sing it, you did your best."

"Oh yes," answered Anna, "Of course I would do my best, I should never deserve to sing here at all, if I did not do my *very* best; always, when asked to do anything here, I shall do my best."

"I should like one day to hear that song again, one day, when you don't feel any real disinclination to it, will you sing it again?"

"Oh yes!" cried Mary Westrey, answering for her, "I am sure that Anna will sing it any day. We will have a select party in mamma's room, shall it be to-morrow Anna?"

Anna made no reply.

"Anna!" exclaimed Lullingstone, in a peevish voice, a few minutes afterwards, as she passed a couch on which he was stretching himself.

"Well," she said, and stopped.

He raised himself, and said, "Here, come here. Sit by me Anna, I want to say something to you." Then with great energy, "and I *must* say it to you, I declare that I shall not be happy again till I have said it to you!"

Anna sat down by the impetuous Lullingstone's side, and asked what he had to say. There certainly was something in his face which spoke of a discomposed state of mind.

"So you have sung a very fine, difficult, wonderful song, and every body has admired your singing exceedingly?"

"I suppose so," said Anna, with a smile.

"Well, then *not* every body, Anna;" answered Lullingstone with very determined emphasis, "for I did not admire it. I can't bear that song; and if you ever sing it again;" and he started to an upright position, and looked at her fixedly; "If you ever sing it again Anna you must let me know before-hand, that I may go away. It will be bad enough to know that you are singing it, but to hear it—Oh Anna, I hate that song!"

"Don't go away," said Anna, very softly, and detaining him as he was going to rise, "Tell me a little more."

He shook his head vexedly.

"No, no," she said, still holding him, "I want to know more—what, perhaps, only you will tell me. Don't go I say."

Lullingstone looked at her. He sat down in a pacified and softened mood.

"Why don't you like me to sing that song? Tell me all that you feel."

"Because it is a theatrical song, and not fit for you."

"But so many songs are theatrical songs, and you like them."

"But this is not fit for you—you are doing yourself injustice when you sing it."

"But how? why? explain it to me."

"I can't explain it," said Lullingstone.

"But you can tell me what you feel—that

will be sufficient explanation for me," urged Anna.

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Yes."

"If you were to have ten guineas for it, I should have liked it very well."

"You are a provoking boy. It is impossible to understand you!"

"Well then listen to me. If you had been doing it for money, I should have believed that you were just only acting. To throw meaning into your song, and to *appear* to feel all you said and sung, would not *then* argue that you did feel it, but only that you were perfect in the profession which you had chosen. Do you know Anna," he said with great animation, "that no one on earth could have done that song better than you did it."

"And yet you did not like it?"

"No Anna, I hated it, because for you to do it so well, looked as if you felt it *really*; as if there could be no pretence about it; as if you realized all you sung; as if you were *in love*."

"You are a very dear, kind foster-brother," said Anna; "And now Lullingstone I promise you, in return for your kindness that I will never sing that song again—*never*, not even in idle amusement; and Lullingstone—I *am* very much obliged to you."

"I am happy again!" cried Lullingstone; "Do you know Anna," he went on "I have been thinking for the last half hour what it was best to do. Whether I should tell Mr. Parker, or try to make Edward understand me, or"—

"You have done the best thing of all," interrupted Anna; "You have told me yourself—always do as kindly by me, and then you will be my friend."

"What can you be talking about?" exclaimed Lepard Eastner seating himself by their side, "I heard something about friendship—are you offering friendship, Lullingstone? a very grave proposal from one of your years, I think. But," turning to Anna, "rather a treacherous gift is friendship sometimes. Ah?—do you understand now?"

Anna blushed, and Lepard laughed merrily, and Lullingstone got up slowly, and moved lazily off towards his father's chair.

Mary Westrey had been occupying a seat by her father's side. She had seen these last movements. When her brother approached she said: "Will you sit here Lullingstone," and rose up; "Are you going away?" asked the boy languidly.

"I am going to speak to Edward Julian," she said, glancing towards a distant part of the room where Edward was seated.

Lullingstone's eyes shot a sudden radiance, like that which now and then illumined the liquid depths of his beautiful sister's. She returned it with a sparkling look of love, and of woman's petting fondness. But in those beams there had been a language. The boy sat down in the offered seat, and watched his beautiful sister's stately steps as she passed down the room to where Edward sat; and then the usual expression came back to his face, and he began to talk to his father, and was again the same boy as usual.

"Anna looks well to-night," said Mary to Edward Julian.

Edward looked up enquiringly, for it was not usual for Mary to make common-place remarks.

"She is very animated to-night," said Mary again.

"She is happy where every one is kind to her," said Edward.

"Is Lepard Eastner kind to her?" asked Mary, looking towards that end of the room where they were sitting.

"Lepard Eastner, Lepard Eastner," repeated Julian, "Miss Westrey you never make unkind remarks—I think that you never needlessly say things to hurt one—but see—she is getting up—she does not seem to enjoy his society—she is looking"—

"Very pretty, and rather confused," said Mary.

"Now, Mr. Edward Julian let me tell you something; as a very old friend let me speak to you; Lepard Eastner is a *fortune hunter*. He told me himself, half an hour before dinner, that he had fallen in love at first sight. He has been acting the thing out ever since. But don't be alarmed Edward Julian; he will not propose to-night: not even during his stay here; he will only try to fasten himself upon Anna's mind, and if no easier, or more promising prize comes in his way between this and next year, he will then make her an offer, and marry her too if your father will give her as much as Lepard Eastner requires."

Edward felt quite out of breath. He could only think of what Lepard had said, and begin repeating—"He told you"—

"He told me he was the victim of love at first sight, and he told me so that I might repeat it to Anna."

"But you did not tell her."

"Of course not. Don't you understand? I am telling *you* instead. I think it a better plan!"

Edward felt that that day had been full of experience to him. But if he felt this, no less did Anna feel it. To her the great events had been her own feelings when she sung, and Lullingstone's observations.

There rose before her the pretty room in the old home, and the mind's eye was rivetted on the things then really seen—Harold's fixed parting gaze. The eloquent, fearless, noble expression of his dilated eye was again upon her—it had meant something—what? it had surely promised something—what?

"There never was a purer mind, a more noble heart, a sincerer spirit—together a finer character than his," was the thought of Anna's heart. She had never made the admission so clearly to herself before, "I could not have sung *that* song so well, if I had never known him," was the next admission, "I will never sing it again—never in company—only in my own heart."

CHAP. XII.

OF THINGS WHICH COLOR LIFE.

Three weeks passed, and then Edward and Anna were again asked to visit Old Court Lullingstone; and again they went. It would be their last visit for the present, for October was come, and Anna was to return soon with Madame Lefranc, and Edward would be almost immediately going back to College. Anna was delighted to be among her friends again, for her next absence was to be till the following July, and the time seemed long enough for leave-takings of a serious kind. With the exception of Sir Giles Morton the party at Lullingstone was the same that it had been before. Sir Giles had left Lullingstone about a week. He had even called at Mayfield with Lord Westrey; and after that had called again by himself to see Edward, and at each visit had staid some time, and made everyone feel delighted with him. But now he was gone, and Edward, notwithstanding certain fears which lived always in his heart, was, on the whole, sorry. He felt that he was a friend.

"Anna, when you return next mid-summer, you are going to stay at home, always?" said Lullingstone to her the first evening.

"Yes. I shall be very glad. I shall like to be always living at home," said Anna.

"You will be almost seventeen and a half."

"Very true—you know my age by your own."

"And Edward will be twenty, and thinking of his examination, and his degree; and I shall be at college. I shall like being there while Edward is there."

"Yes; he will like it very much, too."

"I shall be *so glad* to see you when you come back again. Everybody here loves you, Anna, I hope that you won't be altered."

"Only improved Lullingstone;" said Anna smiling.

"You will like to feel that I am improved?"

"Like it!" exclaimed the youth. "Do you know Anna, that I really believe that nothing on earth gives me so much pleasure as to hear you praised, and to know that you deserve it."

Lullingstone spoke so impetuously, and assumed an attitude to denote his sincerity which had about it so much that looked quite firm and warlike, that Anna laughed merrily. And then, making her friend sit down, they chattered on upon subjects less exciting.

Anna would have been in a state of unbounding happiness during this visit but for Lepard Eastner. He troubled her greatly. Always by her side in the house and out of the house; and, what Anna felt as a very serious injury, always making it look as if she liked it, and was inducing him—almost commanding him to come near her.

One day his assiduities had become so teasing during a walk that, on her return, as she walked up stairs to her room, Mary Westrey saw tears in her eyes. So then putting her arms round Anna's waist she went with her to her room, and this kindness made Anna's tears actually fall. Mary said nothing till she stood within the room, and then, gently turning Anna towards her, and holding up her troubled face, and kissing it, she said:

"Now Anna, don't grieve—these trifles are not worth grief. For your own part you may know that we all understand—all but papa, and he has not seen it. I assure you that if he knew of Lepard's folly he would make him repent it even more bitterly than you would desire. You must take this as an entrance on the experiences of a woman. Something shall come, I'll promise you Anna;" Mary smiled. "Better worth tears and a heavy heart than this."

Anna felt a good deal relieved. But she

could not be quite philosophical about Lepard Eastner, though she had resolved to be so. The next morning when she heard Lord Westrey say to his daughter that he wished to take her to Dyrbington, she had so great a dread of being cast into his company unprotected, that she immediately sent a message by Edward to her mother to say that she would spend the morning at Mayfield. To do this, she had had to run out of the room and catch Edward on the terrace. But when, on accomplishing this sudden determination, she returned to the breakfast room she heard Mary Westrey saying:

"Thank you, papa, I will tell Anna, she will like to go very much."

"Well, tell Anna," said Lord Westrey; and then added, "And perhaps it is as well; I shall like to take her." Mary moved towards the door, and met Anna.

"You are to go to Dyrbington, with papa and me."

"Oh, I should so much like to go—but"—

"But what?"

"When I heard what made me think that I was to be left alone—Oh, don't laugh—don't look as if your heart was laughing at me, I really have had cause for vexation."

"Ah, but to return; when you heard—go on, please."

"I sent a message to my mother, to bid her send for me."

"What was she to send?"

"My horse—Wycke was to lead it."

"Very nice. It will arrive in time exactly. Papa only hesitated because he thought that Brown Bess would be too spirited for you. He can send back by the servant to say that you are gone to Dyrbington."

"Where is Edward," said Lord Westrey, at this moment.

"Gone to Mayfield," replied Anna.

"Indeed! I am sorry; my business at Dyrbington refers to him. Is he really gone?"

"Yes, certainly, I am very sorry."

"Well, if he be not at home at luncheon time, we will ride that way, and catch him if we can. Will you be ready at two o'clock young ladies?"

The hour came, and Lord Westrey and his companions set out.

Edward had not arrived, so they went first to Mayfield. There, there was a pause but of only a short time. The ladies did not get off their horses, but remained at the door,

and Mr. and Mrs. Julian stood there, talking to them, except when first one and then the other, were called on to join the conference within. The matter under consultation was, whether or not Edward would like to have the living of Dyrbington held for him; till he were able to take it. Mr. Dyrbington had written to Lord Westrey to ask him to appoint some one, and had said, that had the vacancy occurred at a time when Edward Julian could have filled it, he should, though he knew his family only by report, have offered it to him. It seemed to Lord Westrey that, being thus in possession of Mr. Dyrbington's mind on the subject, some arrangement might be come to, if Edward wished it, and that he might in three years be Vicar of Dyrbington.

Edward had never had so difficult a question put to him to decide upon in his life. To look so far into the future! He had often looked it, but, it was to see there only Mary Westrey.

But could he think of her as the wife of the Vicar of Dyrbington. He hesitated,—he was wretchedly confused. He had to give an instant answer of plain 'yes,' or 'no,' and all the while the soft silvery tones of the voice of her he loved, was heard alternate with his mother's, and made it impossible for him to speak as he was expected to speak.

At last he burst forth with a few vigorous words: "Lord Westrey," he said, "I am ambitious! I can scarcely answer you; to be Vicar of Dyrbington *might* suit my views, but, if on the time coming, it did not agree with my ambition I could not take it. How then in this uncertainty, uncertainty in everything but my fixed ambition after greatness, can I answer you? I might say 'no,' at once, and I am inclined to say so; but then I might seem ungrateful, unkind, imprudent; I might say 'yes,' but when the time came, if it did not agree with my intentions for myself, how should I avoid the appearance of having trifled with you?"

"By saying what you have now said, you have already avoided it," said Lord Westrey, "I am glad that you are ambitious. For you dear Edward, it is safe. And as for this question of the Vicarage of Dyrbington, we will consider it settled. I know a man, James Merit, he was tutor to Eastner for a short time, and had plenty of trouble with him, I believe; he will be glad to take it for three years, and then he can vacate for you, if you please. I am sure that this will please Dyrbington, and we will write to the

bishop about it, to night. I have no doubt of its being well arranged. I shall be back by dinner as usual. You shall then hear what more there may be to say."

Lord Westrey was standing at the door, going to remount his horse.

"We have been telling Miss Mary," said Mrs. Julian, "that the afternoon promises a less pleasant ride than she expects."

"Do you think it will rain?" said Lord Westrey carelessly; for, in truth, his mind was full of Edward.

"Do you think it wise of them to venture?"

"I want Anna to see Dyrbington."

"She will enjoy that, but still"——

"Oh, it will be nothing," said Lord Westrey gaily; and in a minute they were gone.

"He will see the coming storm on the common," said Mrs. Julian to herself, "He can turn back from there. It is as short a way to Lullingstone, as the way from here. They are in good hands, but there will surely be a storm."

There came a low moan, borne from far in the distance it seemed, and then a short sudden gust. The evergreens shook as if some strong hand had been a moment among their branches, and then all was still, and there was a feeling of oppressive heat. Mrs. Julian looked again around her, shook her head, murmured low—"They will never go on"—and then went into the house.

Lord Westrey and his companions rode through Watermouth, then up two steep streets, and this brought them to that open place now long known to the reader. Mary had been saying that it was a pleasanter day for riding than if the sun had not been shrouded by such full dark clouds, but Anna felt that there was something in the air that made her tremble, and she was glad to be on her own horse, and not on spirited Brown Bess.

Lord Westrey urged them on. "Come," he said, "There will be bad weather before night, but I must see Dyrbington to-day." They increased their pace, and passed at full speed over the plain where Anna had so often wandered as a child—how long ago it seemed to be, when Edward had shewn her the sky-lark's nest laid so lowly on the ground among the heather and furze, and where, always, her first spring nosegays of violets and cowslips had been plucked. On another day she might have spoken of this to Mary, who always made an exultant listener when such were the topics;

but now, they were going like people pursued, and Anna felt as she passed these scenes, and as the hurried thoughts that belonged to them chased each other through her mind, that it was as if she were flying from that well-remembered past into an unknown future. Once or twice as a child, she had seen Dyrbington. She could not be said to remember anything of it; and she liked the thought of seeing it now, and being made known to its strange occupant; but still they went on their way at their utmost speed, bending their heads low before the gusts of wind which came in strange caprice from all quarters upon them.

Anna felt that there was something in that ride and its circumstances which matched well with the life which had come to her. Still it seemed like a fleeing from the past, from the well-loved, well-remembered past, and a reckless hurrying into the unknown future. Often in after-life she remembered her ride to Dyrbington.

As they got towards the forest a few drops of rain fell. They came slowly, but they fell large and heavily. Lord Westrey drew up, and spoke to some one. Anna raised her head. She had scarcely seen where she was going while her horse had kept pace with its companions, and she had bent before the wind. She looked up—and there Lyas Norwood stood answering Lord Westrey's questions. A thrill passed through every nerve when Anna felt his eyes upon her. How often, in the old house, he had stroked her golden hair, and twisted her child's soft curls around his finger, and then looked in her mother's face with an expression which, even at that innocent age, she had known to be one of admiration. And then the thought of Harold—that unfathomed feeling connected with him—and with all this the thought of herself, where she was, and as she was! Confusion for a moment overpowered her. A host of thoughts and feelings sent the tears into her eyes. There they sparkled, but did not fall; for, true to her own excellent simplicity of character, she rallied at the thought of Lyas being a friend; and meeting the full gaze of his dark eyes with a smile she extended her hand, and spoke to him: "Oh, Lyas, how do you do—it is a long time since I saw you last!"

The dark eye sparkled like a diamond. There came an expression over the man's face; no language could describe its intensity. In his own graceful way he drew up his figure, and, before replying to Lord Westrey, answered Anna. But he did not advance a step towards

her; there was a motion of the head which bade her withdraw her hand; and yet a smile which told her that she had done well to offer it.

"It is long," he said—"long; yet longer reckoned by events, than by days and hours. Not only to you, but to me;" and then he turned to Lord Westrey, and without speaking, seemed by his manner to denote that he was now at his service.

While these few words had been passing the storm had suddenly hushed. Lord Westrey looked at the clouds for a moment, and seemed satisfied that the danger was over. "We were going to ask your advice," he said. "My enquiries should have been about the storm, only nature has answered me already."

"Hark!" said Lyas. A lowing sound was heard. "That is nature's answer, my Lord. She wears false smiles sometimes; you would be better without your companions."

"But having them, the question is what I am to do with them," said Lord Westrey.

"Turn your horses' heads homewards, and speed there as fast as you came here," said Norwood.

"But I must see Dyrbington to-night. I have business with him. I really must get there if possible."

"To Dyrbington!—and are these going there with you?"

"Yes; I think that we shall get there pretty well; we may be lucky to shelter there, and get, after the storm, a fair ride home. I believe that we must go on; come then, come; farewell Lyas."

"Stop, stop," cried Lyas almost with agitation. "I know it will burst before you get there. 'Tis but the wood that hides the sight of it from our eyes. Think of where you are going; of how far—through the forest—and full four miles. Hush! there it is again! Go on yourself if you will, let these stay with me; or, they will be safer in the open country, let me take them back to Lullingstone."

"You make me hesitate—what—what shall we do?"

"Oh, go on papa," cried Mary.

"Oh yes; let us go on, Lord Westrey," said Anna.

Lyas Norwood looked from one to the other of the speakers. Anna's eyes were upon him. Strangely it seemed to her, did his face light up on hearing this. He was glad; in spite of his words there was gladness on his face when he heard their resolution, and he waved his hand with a bright smile when they left him, and passed into the forest path.

They rode on as quickly as they could. They spoke little. Anna thought how odd it was that Lyas should see them rush upon the danger he had warned them of, and smile. Mary liked the excitement of the ride and was silent; and Lord Westrey's voice was only heard directing them as to their way, and how to regulate their speed.

Suddenly, there was a change in the light, as if some dark object of enormous size had dropped on the tree tops, and overshadowed them; yet with the darkness there was a tinge, a very slight tinge of lurid red.

"Get on, get on; make the best of this widened path," said Lord Westrey. Anna was leading the way. She urged her horse onward, but he would not be urged. He planted his fore-feet in the ground, and from his nostrils burst a snort of terror. There was a feeling as if something terrible was encircling them. Anna shut fast her eyes, and bent her head. A low groan burst from her lips; she felt shrinking from the unseen danger.

Then came almost instantly on the flashing lightning the sound as of irregularly fired cannon. The horse jumped round on the first stroke of that fearful sound, he came upon his companions, and in an instant the poor beasts had drawn close together, and stood head to head.

The riders looked on each other by turns; making no effort, for they had no desire, to change the position the poor beasts had chosen. They stood really cowering beneath the storm; and again and again the same thing occurred, then there came a sheet of light which seemed to wrap them round.

Yet, once or twice, between the flashes of fierce lightning, Mary thought she saw the figure of a man watching them among the trees, and that that man was Lyas Norwood.

At last the thunder had rolled away, "Now said Lord Westrey "Go on as fast as you can—shall I go first?"

"No, no," cried Mary Westrey, "We would rather that you kept us in sight. Papa had better ride behind and watch us—had he not Anna?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Anna; "so, let me lead the way as before." And her horse, now as willing as herself to proceed, went forward readily, and at as fast a pace as the nature of the ground permitted.

But it was now as if the storm had found a new way for exercising its power. The gusts of wind were frightful. The limbs of

the stoutest trees were bent like willow-wands. They creaked horribly above their heads. Small branches were continually falling about them, and the side green path they were pursuing, was becoming covered with leaves, and small twigs, and Autumn buds.

And then all at once, a sudden calm would come, which in itself seemed terrible at such a time, and yet they welcomed it, unnatural as it felt, for it was a temporary respite from the actual danger that surrounded them.

They were riding fast through such a calm, Lord Westrey urging them on, desiring above everything at that moment, to get them to Dyrbington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ESPOUSALS OF MARY AND JOSEPH.

January 23rd.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Hail the festive morn whose shining
Dawns o'er Judah's crystal snows,
Hail the Spousal Rite entwining
Judah's Lily Judah's Rose.

Judah's Rosebud softly hiding
In her lowly cottage-bower,
Fragrance in her bloom abiding,
Light her home and peace her dower;

Judah's Lily pale, revealing
Flower and leaf in growth mature,
Age's mellow autumn stealing
O'er his bloom as childhood's pure.

To the Rose the Lily clinging
Twine them in their beauty there,
Angel-minstrels o'er them winging,
Angel-music in the air.

Through all time its perfume sending
Lovelier garland never grows
Than the wreath together blending
Judah's Lily Judah's Rose;

Love of Babes, the joy of Sages;
Farther than Time's river flows;
Twining through eternal ages
Joseph's Lily, Mary's Rose.

J. A. S.

THE MOON MUST ROTATE ON HER AXIS.

The subject of the moon's rotation must now be pretty nearly exhausted, one should think; like other controversies of more importance, it seems to leave our adversaries in the same condition as they were in, before it began. Their reply in the August number of *The Institute Magazine* introduces no new element into the discussion, and hardly affects to touch the conclusion which we urged in our paper in the July number. We might therefore have safely left that paper to do its work, without further reply; yet as a reply of some kind has been invited, and may perhaps in courtesy be expected, we shall very briefly close the controversy by a few remarks.

There are three ways in which one body can revolve round another. In one way, the revolving body presents the same side or face to the central body, as it moves round it (No. 1;) in another way, it revolves so as to present every part of itself in turn to the central body, once during each of its revolutions (No. 2;) and in a third way, the revolving body spins on its own axis, with greater or less rapidity, as it moves round the central body (No. 3.) The last is the motion of the earth and other planets round the sun; No. 2, so far as we know, is not found in the celestial motions; No. 1, is the motion of the moon round the earth, and of all the known satellites round their primaries.

Does No. 1, imply in its conditions an axial rotation, or not? That is the whole question really at issue in this matter. We endeavored in our paper of July to prove that it does imply such a rotation. We shewed that a body moving round a centre, so as always to present the same side to that centre, must make one complete rotation on its axis, in each revolution round the centre. We shewed that a body moving round a centre, without making an axial revolution at the same time, *must be seen all round*, as it revolves, by an observer at the centre. But this is not a condition of the moon's motion; therefore the moon *must have an axial rotation*. We further strengthened our argument by the orange and wire experiment; *shewing* by means of an index *the actual rotation on its axis* of a sphere, moving under the same conditions as the moon, round a distant centre. The same experiment we adduced, in a different and more convincing form,

taking a straight wire, and bending it into a circular orbit by the axial rotation of a ball moving along it. By such perfectly simple and elementary considerations, we arrived at the conclusion that the moon has an axial rotation.

What do we find in the August paper on the other side, to invalidate our conclusions? We take the liberty of saying, Nothing. It does not allude to our capital experiments with the orange and wire. They may therefore still be left to speak for themselves, as we think, irresistibly.

We are told that "Journey No. 2 is out of place, as there is no such movement in nature." p. 329. Under favor we think it is not out of place; in this way. It is not found in nature, that is, in the motion of the planets and their satellites; agreed. But *it is the only motion of revolution*, among those which are possible, *which necessarily implies no axial rotation*; as we have proved in our July paper; it is therefore very much in place, as regards our argument; for unless the moon moves as No. 2., *she must rotate on her axis, while she revolves round the earth*.

Then we are told, without any kind of proof, that the motion which is here called No. 1. is not the same as the moon's motion. A moment's reflection must convince any one that the moon's motion must be that, and no other, if we assume the condition that one and the same side only is turned towards the earth.

Objection is taken to our calling the motion No. 1 "a walk," at the beginning of the third paragraph of our paper; this is said to be an unconscious admission on our part that it implies no rotation. The object of that paragraph will be found to have been to prove that the motion there described must involve an axial rotation; we naturally abstained even from calling it so, at the outset, till we had proved it.

These are the only points in the paper for August, which seem to touch our previous argument at all. It has always been our aim to avoid anything resembling a spirit of captiousness; but we will take the liberty of offering one or two remarks on that paper, by way of strengthening our own position, and as it were, carrying the war into the enemy's camp. If we can establish a few objections to that paper on the ground of loose and inaccurate modes of expression, we shall to that extent, at least, succeed in throwing further doubt on its conclusions. In its third para-

graph, we find mention made of "an extreme eccentric rotation." Now the scientific use of the term eccentric denotes the deviation of a curved line from the circle. An ellipse, for example, is more or less eccentric, as its foci are further removed from each other, or the contrary. But either through inaccuracy, or we shall hope through inattention, the term "eccentric" is employed to denote a motion round the centre, and at a distance, in distinction from another upon it.

In the fifth paragraph, in like manner, we find a rather novel term in science, a "level line." We at first sight imagined it to be a simpler method of expressing a horizontal line; but no; it simply denotes a straight line, as distinguished from one that is circular.

We think that a more unscientific or inaccurate form of expression never occurred in our experience, than may be found in the paragraph immediately following. We will quote the following sentence, which is indeed the whole paragraph: "Exterior objects remain the same, whether we look at them from a point on which we rotate, or whether we walk in a circle round such a point; the circular orbit is but an extension of the point equally in every direction, though a person forming such a point or centre and a person walking round him form two different bodies, of which the one rotates, and the other circulates." We leave our readers to settle what this means, if they can; and how it helps to prove that our paper of July had failed in its object.

We confess that we have watched the progress of this controversy with regret and with some shame. Probably no scientific discussion in our time has brought to light looser ideas in philosophy, vaguer habits of scientific thought, even in quarters where something better might have been expected. But in this exposure of weakness, we look for a future cure. We hope that more will soon be done in our schools and training seminaries, to accustom the young mind early to accurate thinking, and accurate expression of thought, at least in the elementary principles of Natural Philosophy. We feel confident that such a series of papers as have appeared on the non-rotation side of the controversy will be regarded in another generation as a curiosity belonging to an age in which, strange as it seems to say it, a dim twilight, or something even darker, on subjects of science, involved a section of society, even in enlightened England, in the nineteenth century.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. IX.—BRITAIN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market; ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal city leaves
Angli by name.....

Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sketches.

While Arthur fought for the Celtic Church against the Saxons, he defended Cambria and the mountainous counties of Cornwall and Cumberland from the idolatry which possessed the whole of England; and the Christian faith lingered on there for many years, preserved by the Celtic language and Celtic hatred of the Saxons; but isolated from Rome by national calamities, and deteriorated by their uncharitable neglect of their heathen neighbors, and by a growing adherence to their own customs, which led them to view with jealousy the second glorious conversion of this island by Roman missionaries.

Before we enter on this important subject, we should endeavor to understand the peculiar government established in this island by these Saxon conquerors. Accustomed in their migrations to a sort of military republic where the warriors obeyed for a time an elected leader, the followers of each piratical prince who landed in Britain possessed the lands they acquired, and obeyed their captain, fighting his battles with the rival chiefs, and sometimes gaining or losing ground according to the respective strength of their forces. There were about seven of these chiefs, who formed what is called a Heptarchy. One of the earliest of these kingdoms was founded about the middle of the fifth century by Hengist in Kent, and his descendant Ethelbert now reigned at Canterbury. The East Saxons formed a little kingdom containing Essex and London. Norfolk was occupied by the East Angles, and Ella, another descendant of Odin, possessed the county now called Sussex, from the South-Saxons, whose capital was Chichester. Wessex comprised Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, and Devon; and extended on the south to Winchester and the sea, and touched the uncertain frontier of the Cymry, in Cornwall. Mercia joined Wessex on the south, and Deira, and Bernicia on the north; while the men of Cumbria repelled the Northumbrians on the west, as the Ordovices and Silures fought with the men of Mercia and

Wessex. The religious condition of these little kingdoms was deplorable. At the end of the fifth century Deira and Bernicia had been united under the ferocious pagan, Ethelred, who gained advantages over the British in Cumbria and Cambria, "and destroyed many of Christ's faith; insomuch," says the Chronicler, "that the bishops of London and York, together with other clergy fled into Wales, and the churches were shut up, or used for idol worship, so that great part of England was once more pagan." "London sacrifices to Diana," says one old writer, "and Thorney spends her perfumes upon Apollo; and the whole country is lost to the faith." And the few remaining Britons who were Christians, could not, even if they would have persuaded their conquerors to believe; for though these heathens might not know that they were actually divided from Rome about the observance of Easter, and that they had been infected by the Pelagian heresy, yet they could not but observe the immorality which prevailed amongst them. However, his Holiness Pope Gregory says, that the Saxons, through the mercy of God, were desirous of becoming Christians; and the gift of faith was not long withheld. St. Gregory, was at this time, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of St. Andrew, at Rome, and he was crossing the market-place, where he saw some of the fair young Anglian slaves exposed for sale. It is known to every one how his holy zeal was awakened by the sight, and how, with truly Christian simplicity he veiled his great designs under a play of words,—and:

"Feels in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies."

He said that they should be withdrawn *de ira Dei* as they came from Deira; and as they were Angli by birth, they should become angels, so that the name of Ella, their king, should be turned into *alleluia*. Nor was this the mere recreation of leisure, but the habit of using language as symbolical of divine things. In pursuance of his resolution, he requested of Benedict, then Pope, that a mission might be sent to Britain, and, as no one was willing to undertake the task, Gregory offered himself, and set out to devote his divine charity and mighty energies to the salvation of our savage ancestors. Although these graces had as yet, only shewn themselves in a life devoted to austerities and prayer, the Romans knew the value of the young missionary; and waylaying the Pope as

he went to the church of St. Peter, the whole body of the people shouted 'Holy Father, in permitting Gregory to depart, you have ruined Rome, and offended St. Peter.' The Pope was astonished, and sent messengers to recall Gregory, who returned with great regret, but with implicit obedience, to the care of his monastery. Although prevented from being an apostle, he did not cease to pray for the infidel nation, and when he became Pope he bore the thoughts of Britain constantly in his mind. He desired that some young English slaves should be purchased, and educated, so as to become missionaries in their native country, and moved, as Bede says, by divine inspiration, he sent a mission of Roman monks under St. Augustine, then prior of his own monastery of St. Andrew's; and he recommended them to the hospitality of the bishops, as they passed through Gaul. The missionaries were told on their road, of the poverty and savage manners, and barbarous language of the Saxons, and of the dangers of their seas. They were discouraged; and sent to Gregory for leave to return. But he, 'knowing the artifices of the devil,' made Augustine their abbot, and sent him, with other letters to ask the hospitality of the kings of Gaul. He also directed them to take with them priests from the country nearest to Britain, who might know the genius of the nation, and also interpreters to explain the language of these Franks to their brother Saxons in Britain. The little band, which consisted of about forty persons, furnished with all that the Papal authority could bestow, and the prudence of man suggest, landed in Thanet in 596. Ethelbert was then king of Kent; and he had married Bertha, the daughter of a Christian king of Gaul. Though a pagan, he was a good and peaceful king, and he allowed his queen the free exercise of her religion. She had brought with her the holy bishop Luidhard as her confessor and adviser; and his exemplary life had a great effect in preparing the mind of Ethelbert for the preaching of St. Augustine, and he must have seen with reverence the holy ceremonies of Christianity, in the little church of St. Martin, outside the walls of Canterbury. When St. Augustine and his followers landed at the mouth of the river Stour, he set his foot on a fragment of rock, which was preserved and venerated till within the last few years, but there are no remains of it; and it is difficult to find the way by which he sent the interpreters to

Richborough; because the marshes have encroached upon the sea, and the deposit of soil has rendered the Stour unfit for navigation. The king's palace is described to have stood on a gentle eminence, which is still surrounded on three sides by Roman walls, of indestructible materials. The interior space is ploughed, but neither time nor labor has destroyed a deep-laid cruciform pavement of brick work, which lies uncovered amid the surrounding corn, and unexplained by antiquaries. At this palace the interpreters declared to the king that they brought good news from Rome, the tidings of salvation. These promises were not quite unexpected by the king. He desired the missionaries to remain in the island, and invited them to visit him. They came in procession, carrying a silver cross, and a picture of Christ painted on a board, and humbly singing litanies for the salvation of themselves, and of the souls for whose sake they were come. They preached "the word of life" to the king, and after listening attentively, he answered, "These are fair promises, but because they are new, I cannot give up the religion I have so long believed. But he permitted them to preach the Gospel, and commanding that as they had come a great way for his sake, they should not be molested; and he granted them dwellings and subsistence in Canterbury. They accordingly entered the city, "with the cross, and the image of our Sovereign Lord and King Jesus Christ," and chanting from the prophet Daniel "We have sinned O Lord against all Thy justice, let Thy wrath and indignation be turned away. Alleluia."

Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer.

The apostolic preachers passed their time in godly exercises, fasting, watching, and praying; despising this world, and ready to suffer anything for the truth they preached. They met in the Church of St. Martin to chant the psalms; they prayed, and celebrated Mass, they preached and baptized, until the king and many others were converted by their miracles, the purity of their lives, and the greatness of their promises. In that little church they still show a massive and very ancient stone font, as that in which Ethelbert received the sacrament of Regeneration. After he became a Christian he left his subjects at liberty to follow their own convictions, for he was taught by the missionaries that the service of Christ must be willing; only he showed greater favor to the faithful, as being fellow-heirs with

him of the heavenly kingdom. The king bestowed on St. Augustine and his monks a suitable endowment at Christ Church, in Canterbury, that it might become the episcopal see; and he built the abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, for a Benedictine monastery.

St. Augustine then went over to France, and was ordained bishop of the English Church by Vigilius, Archbishop of Arles, who was also Apostolic Legate; and when he returned in 597 or 598 he baptized at the festival of Christmas 10,000 Saxons. He sent St. Laurence, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, afterwards Abbot of St. Augustine's monastery, that they might bear to St. Gregory the happy tidings, and ask for more aid. He also sent a number of questions on certain difficulties among the new converts; and his messengers returned some months afterwards, bringing answers, and loaded with books and vestments, and ecclesiastical treasures. His Holiness expressed his joy at the conversion of the Saxons, and at the miracles and apostolic life of the missionaries, in a letter, yet remaining, which he wrote to his friend, St. Eulogus, patriarch of Alexandria, and which is a valuable memorial of the unity of interests between the See of Rome and its Patriarchates, as well as the charity with which the most widely-separated nations rejoice at the reception of heathens, however obscure, into the one fold of Christ.—"I rejoice in what you tell me of the conversion of the heretics in Alexandria; and I will tell you in return that the nation of the English was formerly in unbelief, adoring wood and stone. By the help of your prayers, I have sent a monk to this nation which is at the extremity of the world; we have just received news of his success; and he and his companions have worked so many miracles, that they came near those of the apostles; and we hear that our brother and fellow-bishop has baptized 10,000 English at the last festival of Christmas. I tell you all this that you may see the effect of your prayers."

WHAT a delight to discover in the works of nature, the benevolent intention of the Creator!

A MODEST air is much more becoming than what is called a genteel air.

CURIOSITY is the failing of children who know nothing, and of fools who busy themselves about the follies of others.

PEOPLE should early learn to be old, and it is no trifling gift of nature.

FOREIGN MISSIONS—

[*The Westminster Review.*]

OW often do we hear it asserted as a thing conducive to religious feeling, and likely to advance personal holiness, to live amongst the heathens, or, in a land which, being called Christian, has, like the ancient Church of Sardis, "a name among the living, though it be dead." We are not concerned in refuting this theory, but would rather that it were true here in England, where we have so fair opportunities to profit by it. A less powerful incentive would, we are free to own, scarcely induce some of us to mingle willingly in the society of Protestants, or, which is at times more painful, to read their books. Yet, the latter may involve something more, that the possibility of individual good, it may become a duty of charity in those who have leisure, that they may warn those who have not, of the misrepresentations and false statements, which a more cursory perusal of such publications might otherwise induce them to accept. Something of this sort we have in view, with regard to an article on "Foreign Missions," in the last (July) number of the *Westminster Review*.

The author is a Protestant in the full and complete sense of the term; that is, he believes in nothing, (so far as we can perceive,) and abuses equally with the Church, all those sects which have each retained some fragmentary portion of her teaching. This however, is in no sense our affair; we have space but to offer a few remarks on the mistakes, (wilful, or otherwise,) into which he has fallen with respect to Catholic principles and practices; and to express a hope that some one better qualified so do so, may be induced to publish a more elaborate and circumstantial reply.

The whole article is miserably profane, and proceeds on the principle that civilization being the highest good, religion is useful or not, accordingly as it may promote it, in the degree in which it may tend to advance temporal prosperity, and teach men to live more comfortably and pleasantly than before. Seriously, without exaggeration, this appears to

be the leading idea in the mind of the writer; and so entirely are his views of life toned down to the worship of material good, that he seems incapable of comprehending anything beyond. This however, does not hinder his dogmatizing upon what he does not understand, for we find in page 2 of the essay, (speaking of a young lady about to renounce the world to become the bride of Christ,) "*Well as we know* how ignorant she is of what she is doing, and how fatal is the step, it is easily accounted for when certainty of salvation is the bribe." Now, the youngest child in a Catholic poor school needs not to be told that there is no such thing as "certainty of salvation" for any human being on this side of the grave; but in addition to having made a discovery to the contrary, this writer knows, (or, says he does) more of any woman's fitness for the religious life, (he does not tell us whether he exercises the same presence with regard to men,) than after the most solemn consideration of the subject, and *at least* a year's trial she has been enabled to find out for herself!

There is after all however, no necessity it seems, for becoming a nun in order to be quite sure of going to Heaven; for a little further on we are told that according to the teaching of the Church, all baptized persons, even supposing their baptism *could* have been compulsory, must inevitably go there; and all who are not baptized, it matters not their having been ignorant of its necessity, will as surely be called upon to endure eternal torment. Now, were it not so common, it would inevitably strike an observer as a most singular fact, that Catholic doctrine being everywhere accessible and to be known for the asking, persons not uneducated should be found to make so silly a display of their ignorance. Those who, baptized with right dispositions die immediately after, will, it is true reach Heaven; but if they live, Baptism alone will not ensure their salvation; nay, it will put them in a worse case than before, unless they resolve also to keep the commandments. With regard to the heathen "who knows not God," they being "a law unto themselves," will not, according to the ordinary opinion of divines, *if they observe that law*, be condemned to endure eternal torment. They will have to endure the pain of loss; the pain of damnation that is *literally* speaking, but not of suffering; their state will not be incompatible with many natural blessings. This is the doctrine taught alike to the savage and European Christian, and the former equally

with the latter, knows what are the privileges which he ensures to himself on receiving Baptism, and what the obligations which he contracts.

But missions to the heathen undertaken simply with the view of saving souls have it is said of late years failed? How have they failed? If undertaken simply with the intention of fitting certain souls to take part in the covenant of Redemption, and if that intention has been fulfilled, they have succeeded. The vocation of the Church, except in a secondary sense, is not to make men better citizens, or more refined members of society, and if accused of not so occupying herself, she might answer with her Divine founder, "My kingdom is not of this world." Nevertheless, nothing that tends to the welfare of mankind is in any sense foreign to her; and dare we venture to repeat without a shudder, the impious question: "Leaving out the *make-weight* of salvation against perdition, have the Paraguay Indians much to thank the Jesuits for?"

We will turn to Voltaire for a reply. He says in his *Essai sur les mœurs*, "The establishment of certain Spanish Jesuits in Paraguay may well be regarded for all practical purposes as the triumph of humanity." And again, another writer whose enmity to the Church is unfortunately, for himself, sufficiently determined, says in his *History of Charles the Fifth*: "It is in the New World that the Jesuits have exercised their talents with the greatest *eclat*, and in a manner the most conducive to the happiness of the human race." But we are told, this state of things is now almost swept away; where plenty and prosperity were to be found, want and devastation now reign. What if this be so? If the descendants of men so favored have in a certain degree relapsed into barbarism? This may be the result of various extraneous causes, and is a most unhappy thing for their descendants; but it cannot annul advantages enjoyed by past generations, nor do away with the fact of numbers having of their own accord, (as Buffon relates) sought to become partakers of a law which they perceived "made man so perfect."

Further on, however, we find it stated: "Paraguay was after all, the most successful field of missionary labor.....The Jesuits of India and China were the grief and disgrace of their Church in the opinion of its head."

This is an assertion, which in the mind of every politician, and student of history will bear its own refutation. Raised up by the

Divine mercy as a special bulwark against Protestantism, the disciples of Ignatius have ever been its uncompromising opponents, and God's greater glory, and the good of the Church the end and aim of their existence. Ever one, guided in all places by the self-same spirit, we know that they are laboring now in the moral wastes of England, as they did in India and China long ago; and we can judge as the natives of Paraguay did, what these men are, by their works.

The Society has all manner of false witness borne against it, as everything that is good, and the more the nearer it approaches absolute perfection, always will have; but let us see what are the particular accusations here brought forward?

"That the Fathers occupied themselves improperly in commercial speculations, and that they suffered certain heathen rites to be retained and mixed up with the doctrines and practices of religion."

As for the advancement of the one holy purpose they had in view these messengers of God hesitated not to practice the meanest handicraft, so in turn when any good end was to be attained they occupied themselves also in the capacity of merchants. With respect to the "grief and disgrace" caused by this, we find Philip the Fourth, of Spain, issuing a decree dated the 6th of June, 1628, in which he says that "in consideration of the marvelous service done to our Lord, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, they shall, within the Island of Japan (where this mischievous commerce was supposed chiefly to be carried on) be, on no pretence whatever, interfered with by any other missionaries, for fifteen years, or so much longer as the interests of Religion may seem to require." Philip, however, was not the "head" of the Church; assuredly not. He was, however, in close alliance with that head, and the decree goes on to say, "We desire further that His Holiness be requested to issue Briefs in accordance with these our wishes." This request was laid before the Pontiff, and the Briefs were issued which might appear conclusive; to some minds, nevertheless, Catholic testimony may possibly be less satisfactory than that of an alien. The Protestant Mosheim says in his *Historical Institutes*: "Having heard much of the commerce the Jesuits were said to be carrying on in Japan, I determined to acquaint myself with the facts concerning it, and all that I could in any way discover, tended, not only to acquit the Fathers of blame, but to render them de-

serving of a very high degree of praise. So much for the first of these accusations. The latter is without doubt as devoid of foundation, and equally opposed to the truth.

Briefly,—the rites in question, those which the Fathers sanctioned were purely of a civil nature, pronounced to be so by the emperor, the ultimate judge, and highest competent authority, with regard to their meaning. It being thus decided that they were harmless, the singular reverence entertained for them by the people placed before the missionaries the alternative of either permitting these customs, or of at once renouncing all hope of bringing within the pale of salvation those who practised them. The fathers chose the former, and for years with varying success acted up to it. Their doing this, however, became often-time the source of much desperate and angry feeling, and in consequence Benedict XIV finally decided against the ceremonies as *inexpedient*. They were henceforth, as a matter of course, strictly prohibited the neophytes; but that they contained in themselves nothing sinful, nothing consequently that could have caused the Jesuits to become "a grief and disgrace to the Church," is sufficiently proved by the fact, that the conduct of the latter with regard to them had been approved by Leichiro, bishop of Japan, by the General of the Society, Agnaviva, and by Clement VIII, the then reigning Pope. Innocent XI between that time and the pontificate of Benedict XIV. issued a Brief, bestowing in an especial manner his apostolical benediction on the Fathers of the Society in China, and thanking them "for the opportune and wise manner, in which they had made use of their knowledge of the profane sciences to promote the salvation of the Chinese people; and for the growth and singular increase of the Catholic faith."

But this writer who is so disturbed, at certain civil honors paid to Confucius, thinks it a great pity, "to interfere with the pious observances of Cannibalism, and the Suttee." It appears he says "to have been forgotten that these institutions are founded upon a religious belief, and no more the product of nothing, than Baptism and the Lord's Supper." Blasphemous as this sounds, it is but the ultimate and necessary result of the Protestant idea; once admitting it to be true, that these horrible murders have an equal claim to toleration with the sacred truths of Christianity, and if there be found persons who in the exercise of their "private judg-

ment" call it a religion to eat, or burn their fellows, no one can have a right to quarrel with their belief upon the whole; we are desired to believe, that as religious disputes still exist, the entire world not having as yet been brought into the Church, and become civilized, Catholic missions have failed. Is this true? A modern doctor of the Church tells us somewhere of an anchorite who fancied he should like to know to whom else in the world he was equal in the sight of God, and because of his great sanctity our Lord revealed this to him. He was desired in a vision, to travel to a distant town, and at a certain bridge named, he would meet the individual. The hermit joyfully undertook the journey, and when he had arrived at the end, found to his astonishment only a poor fiddler, exercising his vocation for the entertainment of some rustics standing by. The anchorite at once took this man aside and asked him what were his usual practices of devotion. The musician surprised, answered that his calling was not one to promote piety, and that besides, before entering upon it, he had been a robber. A *robber*, exclaimed the hermit, and what good works did you perform then? Not many my master, replied the other with a laugh, rather more melancholy than joyous; I remember only, that I once dissuaded a comrade from profaning God's presence in a Church, and another from ill-treating a maiden who was in his power.

Then the other understood, what was the merit in God's sight, of hindering two mortal sins. Would he have thought the missions which have hindered millions had failed? Tried by this standard, have they not marvellously succeeded? According to the old world by idea, which sought the prosperity of the state above the good of individuals composing it, it is true that the preaching of the Gospel may not always have seemed a boon; but Christian ethics teach the opposite of this; they look upon the state simply as an aggregate of souls, and therefore regard the introduction of Christianity as under all circumstances an inestimable good.

"But in China and other countries where the Gospel once flourished the Churches are now in ruins, and a state of at least semi-barbarism prevails."

This cannot be denied, and while acknowledging it as a fact, we can but briefly state some of the causes which have conspired to bring it about. For four thousand years there was no nation found fitted to receive and

welcome the Messiah; it can therefore scarcely be a matter of surprise that some are unprepared to do so now. In these lands tribes and families have been converted, have lived heroic lives, and died as martyrs; but national institutions were antagonistic to the faith; it has, as it were, taken no root in the soil, and such nations, *as nations*, in their corporate capacity remain heathen still. Unless, therefore, they be gifted with Divine prescience, no missionaries can tell before-hand where the good seed will take root; their duty is to scatter it abroad over all the earth, leaving to God when and where he will "to give the increase."

But further, native persecutions have in some cases so nearly exterminated the priests, that converts have been for years, sorely against their will, almost entirely deprived of the sacraments, and their descendants have, in consequence, come gradually to lose altogether the knowledge of God.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of what is being done in the missionary world in the present day; the Review writer thinks (or says he does) that "Catholic missions are given up.....the field abandoned" to the Moravians or some other fanciful sect—Is this true?—*Can* it be, so long as time endures? O, no; just as with the products of nature, barrenness in one land is compensated for by plenty in another, so (from whence gathered it matters not) there is being brought into the Church continually a harvest of souls, and of the spirit in which this labor of love is carried on, it may be said as of fervor generally,—

"It is silent, like God; it is equable, like God; it is hidden, like God; only escaping to view by its own irrepressible excellence. Praise is in no way its food, neither is it desirable for it. It thinks long before acting, as God condescends to seem as if he also did. It is unenvious about results, which is one of the marvels of God. And it is fury, like God consuming obstacles, its very power causing it to make no noise."

Since the *Westminster* article, one of a very similar tendency headed *Christian Missions*, has appeared in the *North British Review*. It abounds in silly calumnies, such as, that of the "Church keeping people in ignorance, &c.," and, as it pretends to a greater spirit of fairness than the other, is consequently worst of the two; one admission however is worth quoting, in reference to the *Westminster Article*, and our own: "Rome has achieved her greatest triumphs in India, in China, and in Japan."

Rebuclos.

The Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By HENRY BEDFORD, M.A. 1 vol. London; BURNS and LAMBERT.

It is a fact almost universally admitted that there are few works more truly valuable to the general reader than well-written biographies. Every one subscribes to the dogma that example teaches better than precept, and the biography of a good man, in the hands of a skilful author, may be made to teach simultaneously by both. To this end, however, it is necessary that the biographer should unite to the utmost research and the strictest adherence to truth, the application of much of the constructive skill of the novelist. While carefully portraying both the merits and defects of his subject, he should be able so to use the accessories of contemporary personages and circumstances, as particularly to interest his reader in the most notable attributes, and the incidents most suggestive of matter for imitation. This, though essential to all biographies is specially important, and we may also say specially difficult as regards "lives" of the Saints. To the devout Catholic it must always be interesting to acquire a greater intimacy with the details of the life of any one of those chosen servants of God with whom he has been taught to maintain a spiritual communion, and he can, in the contemplation of those details provide for himself the application most appropriate to his state. But all Catholics are not devout, nor unhappily are all readers Catholic who may perchance cast their eyes over the "life" of a Saint. To those unused to self-mortification the austerities of holy men and women, narrated as mere matters of fact, will appear the results of insanity; their professions of humility, proofs of hypocrisy; and their acts of self-denial, fruits of deep-laid schemes of intrigue. That no ability or care on the part of an author would suffice to prevent some of these from drawing forth scandal from the purest sources of edification we well know; but we are also sure that there are many with regard to whom it depends much upon the writer whether they lay down the book filled with despondency at the contemplation of the struggles apparently necessary to obtain salvation, or animated with an ardent zeal to turn to the best account the powers under their control. Judging by his book, we conceive that the author of the biography before us fully

coincides in this belief. He has chosen for his subject a man whose long life was devoted from the first dawn, we may say, of reason to its final act, entirely to the service of his kind; who perhaps, of all men, was the most successful in leading to the paths of sanctification his fellows of every rank, and of both sexes. The son of poor peasants, Vincent of Paul commenced his career as a swine-herd. At the age of twelve, his parents, at considerable sacrifice, sent him to commence a course of study with a view to his becoming a priest, actuated not so much we fear, from pious motives, as by the hope that in accordance with the custom of that most profligate time, he might as a priest be able to promote the temporal prosperity of his family.

It is not our intention to trace in these pages the career of the young student, the patient tutor, the humble slave, the zealous missionary, the successful reformer, and the uncompromising minister. In all these characters is Vincent de Paul ably depicted to us by Mr. Bedford, and in all these various positions, whether as tutor to the children of the provincial lawyer, M. Commet, as chaplain of the Count de Joigny, and preceptor of his sons the Duke and the Cardinal de Retz; as a suffering slave in Barbary, or, as the head of a religious community, do we find him exciting in the hearts of all around him the ardor, of Christian love, and the self-devotion of Catholic charity.

Living in an age when the clergy of France were a disgrace to the Christian Church, when Cardinal Ministers prostituted ecclesiastical preferments to the advancement of state intrigues, Vincent early joined the pious ranks of those who labored for Church reform, and to him, under God, is France indebted for the miraculous change which enabled her to produce that long list of priestly-martyrs that so brightly illumines that dark scene in her history—the great revolution. In 1617 he gave a mission at the request of the Countess of Joigny, to the tenants on one of her estates, and so great were its fruits, that the noble lady became most anxious to establish some means for the perpetuation of such services. Vincent gave similar retreats elsewhere, and influenced by his example a few other priests united with him in the great work; and at length in 1624 the Countess induced her brother-in-law, the Cardinal de Retz, to place at the disposal of Vincent the college des Bons Enfants as head quarters, whence these missions might issue over his

arch-diocese. From this small beginning, sprang the "Congregation of the Priests of the mission," who removing in May 1632 to the priory of St. Lazarus, have since, under the name of Lazarist Fathers, borne the consolations of the Church of Christ to every class, and every race, and have received the crown of martyrdom in every shape by which it can be gained, at the bedside of disease, or under the torture of persecution.

From this priory of St. Lazarus sprang in a few years all those noble institutions for the spiritual nurture of the clergy, which cause our author to remark:—

"Thus from first to last, from childhood till death, Vincent had provided the clergy of his diocese with spiritual nurture. The boy who entered the seminary of St. Charles might in due time pass to that of the Bons Enfants to complete his clerical studies; the priory of St. Lazarus received him at the end of his course for his solemn retreat before ordination; and when he had entered upon the duties of his state, the same doors were open weekly to admit him to the spiritual conferences which strengthened and encouraged him in his arduous duties; while once a year he was called again into a longer retreat, that he might take account of his spiritual state and prepare for the end."

Vincent at one time the despised slave of the infidel, at another, the honored friend of cardinals and kings, is never for one moment other than the humble, persevering servant of the poor and the distressed. Unwavering in his humility, and ever forgetful of himself, he pursues the work of charity and of church reform with the same success, whether while finding in Richelieu a ready and zealous co-operator, or, while quietly thwarting by his fearless honesty the duplicity and irreligion of Mazarin. Most cautious in his preparations before undertaking any new work, the success of all his plans was rapid and enduring. Whatever might be the task to which he determined to apply himself, materials seemed never wanting to his hand. Deeply sensible of the deplorable spiritual destitution to which his country was reduced by the degradation of the clergy, he endeavors to remedy the evil; and the missions which for that purpose he commences to give, become through the assistance of the Countess de Joigny and Cardinal de Retz the seeds whence springs the reformation of the clergy themselves.

Cardinal Mazarin endangers this happy result by the endeavor to employ the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown for the furtherance of his political views. Anne of

Austria appoints Vincent de Paul a member of the "council of conscience," and the wily minister is compelled to become "his reluctant ally in the work of reformation."

Anxious to relieve the hunger of a few poor villagers, he influences some of their neighbors to visit and assist them, and in a few years France is covered with confraternities of charity. A female guide for these societies becoming necessary, Madame le Gras comes to his assistance, and after bringing their organization to a state of almost perfection, founds under his direction the Sisters of charity.

His compassionate heart is lacerated with the horrors he has witnessed at the Hotel Dieu and at the foundling hospital. Madame de Goussault is at his side, and soon the *Dames de la Charite*, ladies the fairest and noblest in France, are devoting a portion of their time, and of their means to these institutions, and both became models for the imitation of the Christian world.

First Lorrain and afterwards Ireland, laid waste by war, prostrated by famine and pestilence, present a scene of human woe such as no pen can adequately describe. France herself is suffering grievously from similar afflictions, but the Queen Regent and the Duchess D'Aguillon give their jewellery to Vincent, and the *Dames de Charite* contrive to find him funds for the relief of this terrible distress.

Space will not permit us to pursue this interesting theme. To the pages of Mr. Bedford we refer our reader for an account of numberless deeds of love to which we have not alluded. Be he whom he may, he will there find abundance of example which it is in his power to imitate. He will see in striking colors the contrast between the evanescence of that which is based on merely human effort, and the stability of that which proceeds from obedience to the inspirations of Providence.

"When men were warring without, Vincent was toiling within; while heresy and disorder were pulling down the strongholds of religion in the midst of tumult and blasphemy, the zealous priest was quietly building up the inner temple in the souls of the faithful. Silently and little marked of man the holy work went on; and when calmer moments came, and the din of civil war had ceased, men marvelled to find what had grown up in the midst of them, and how that obscure man had perfected a work which should stand when dynasties had been swept away, and should carry on his name to times when those who in his day were great should be forgotten or despised."

An Account of the Opening of St. Patrick's Church, Edinburgh, with a report of discourses delivered on that occasion. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE.

This well got up pamphlet is an account of the opening of a Catholic Church at Edinburgh. The building in question was purchased a short time since, from the United Presbyterians, and is described as being well adapted to the forms of Catholic worship, having been originally erected as an Episcopalian Church.

The "account" is preceded by a very neatly executed ground plan, shewing, besides the present structure, the various buildings in contemplation. The first pages are occupied by a polished and eloquent speech at the preliminary meeting on the 4th July, from the Rev. Jas. A. Stothert—well known to our readers. The sermons which follow will repay perusal, and, altogether the nicely printed pamphlet strikes us as a very pleasing record of progress.

Books received.—*Catechism, Doctrinal, &c.*, By the Rev. P. POWER, parts 2, and No. 4; and *Mary*, a Poem.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

The death of Bertram Arthur, the 17th Earl of Shrewsbury, which took place at Lisbon of a pulmonary complaint, on the 10th ultimo, terminates in the male line a distinguished race and title honorably known through centuries of English history. His lordship was the only son of the late Lieut-Colonel Charles Thomas Talbot, nephew of Charles, 16th earl, by Julia, third daughter of the late Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, Bart. (since re-married to Mr. Washington Hibbert, of Bilton Grange, near Rugby,) and was born December 11th, 1832. He was premier earl in the English and Irish peerages, Vice-Admiral of Cheshire, a Deputy-Lieutenant for Staffordshire, and High Steward of Allbrighton, in the same county: he also held the honorary distinctions of a Knight Commander of Malta, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Pope Pius IX, and it was reported only a few days since that he was about to be nominated a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. Lord Shrewsbury also claimed the office of Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, and his claim was under the consideration of the House of Lords, having been referred to a

Committee of Privileges, when his death supervened. He had been for some months in delicate health, and by his will the property of Alton Towers and the other estates have been devised to Lord Edmund Bernard Howard, second son of the present Duke of Norfolk, now in his third year, with remainder to his Grace's other younger sons, and to his brother, Lord Edward Howard, M.P., who is married to the late earl's cousin, Miss Augusta Talbot.

It is very seldom the worldly friends of the Catholic Church in this country have to regret a loss so serious. For many years this name has been as distinguished amongst us for splendid charity, as for historical *prestige*, and we learn alike from friends and opponents, that the last direct heir male of so much wealth and honor inherited also the kindness and munificence of his predecessor—whose philanthropy and bounty are well known.

Apart, however, from considerations, which but for the interests that alone prompt them, might almost be thought selfish, we may well notice here the mournful feeling in which we all learn that the grave has so early closed over so much power and promise, far away too, from home and kindred. The feeling that he who was the very first of the first aristocracy in Europe was also a most worthy member of the Catholic Church is not so flattering as to absorb all our regret for his departure in early youth; in short, while we mourn him as an ally, with much hope and pride, we may well muse for a moment on his fate as a man.

LITERARY ITEMS.

We see advertisements in poetry, cajolery, flattery, and tomfoolery, and are, we might fairly conclude, by this time familiar with well-nigh all the "dodges" for catching our eye, and getting our money; the following however, inserted in a botanical contemporary is rather new:—"D. F. as Landscape Gardener, charges two guineas per day with expenses; but having always employment, and hating dancing attendance, *he never spins out time*; in fact, he don't care a fig for employment in this branch of his profession. Everybody now-a-days is a landscape gardener; even the heads of the profession are called in, and crippled with ignorance and falsehood under the name of *tact*!"

We noticed at the time of their appearance, two fierce Review articles, in condemnation of Mr. Ruskin, which we may acknowledge,

rather staggered our high opinion of that laborious thinker, and most eloquent and beautiful writer. In the last number of the *National Review*, however, we meet a singularly powerful and fair paper.—"Pictures and Picture criticism,"—which must go far to set that writer in a better position with the public.

Some days since a very clever letter appeared in "the leading journal," signed, or rather concluded with—"The London scoundrel," displaying besides considerable literary power, no small familiarity with the phraseology and ways of the scoundrels which it denounces. The writer turns out to be no less than Mr. Albert Smith, and the cause of the "cracksmen," breaking three times into his house is alleged to be the large *Mont Blanc* profits the eminent author is supposed to have acquired.

M. Thiers is travelling in Germany, in order to examine the various battle-fields to be described in the coming volume of *The Consulat and Empire*.

Mr. Macaulay is about to visit Venice, and on his return intends applying himself afresh to the *History*.

We observe Miss C. Hayes's return from Australia, Signor Tamberlik's successful *debut* at Rio Janeiro, and that Madame Clara Novello, and Thalberg the pianist intend shortly to visit America.

A new tale for the young, *Ben Sylvester's word*, is announced by the clever author of the *Heir of Redcliffe*. If we remember aright, this is the third volume for the young from her pen, since the appearance of *Heartsease*. We trust this graceful writer has not abandoned the elders altogether.

We may notice here the deaths during the past month of Mr. Charles Mitchell Charles author of several popular works; of the Rev. Dr. Buckland the eminent geologist; and of Madame Vestris, after a long and painful illness.

M. Conscience the distinguished Flemish novelist, has arranged for a translation of his coming work.—*The Gold Demon*, for the English market.

We are glad to learn that Madame Ristori purposes to revisit England next year.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has arrived from America, to superintend the publication of her new work—*Dred a Tale*. We sincerely trust her visit will not result in another volume of *Sunny Memories*.

PASSING EVENTS.

The *Archbishop* of Canterbury has at length, to use the words of Dr. Lushington, "intimated the conclusion to which he has come" in the celebrated case of Archdeacon Denison. His Grace has given no judgment, has pronounced no sentence, but declares that the doctrine taught by the archdeacon on certain points is contrary to the teaching of the Church of England; gives that reverend Gentlemen until the 1st of October to revoke his error, and adjourns the Court until the 21st of that month; on which day if the archdeacon should still continue refractory, we are promised that sentence shall be passed on him. In the meantime, his advocate, Dr. Phillimore gives notice of appeal. The speech of Dr. Lushington, in pronouncing Dr. Sumner's decision, would afford to the Catholic much cause for amusement did not the awful interests at stake in the future overwhelm his sense of the ludicrous by his sentiments of sorrowing pity; while to the Protestant, and especially to the disciple of the Church of England, it must afford abundant subject for most anxious reflection. "The authority of Parliament," says Dr. Lushington, "has established that the Thirty-nine Articles must be taken to be the true expression of Scripture on every subject to which they advert. I state this, in order that it may be made known to all why and wherefore the Venerable archdeacon was not permitted to go into an examination of the Scriptures, with a view to justify his doctrine. The reason was this:—There could not be a more inconvenient proceeding, or one more opposed to the law than that when the legislature of the country has authoritatively pronounced in the given form of the Thirty-nine Articles what are the doctrines of the Church of England, an individual sermon should be composed—not with that standard which is the only standard of the Church, but with a number of the disputed texts of Scripture." Think of this ye whose watch-cry has so long been "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." Reflect on this ye whose whole energies are devoted to the publication and distribution of Bibles, in every language readable or unreadable under the sun. After this preface Dr. Lushington, on behalf of his Grace of Canterbury, proceeds to state the errors of the archdeacon as follows:—"In the first place, whereas he has preached that the Body and Blood of Christ are really present after an immaterial and spiritual manner in the consecrated bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, they are received alike by unworthy as by worthy communicants, the archbishop rules that they are received by faith by the worthy, but not at all by the unworthy. As to the preceding portion of the archdeacon's dogma, that the consecrated bread and wine, receiving the Real Presence in the act of consecration do alike contain it when presented to the unworthy as to the worthy, the archbishop says nothing." On the next point, we have as the words of the archdeacon, "It is not true that the consecrated bread and wine are changed in their natural substances, for they remain in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored. It is true that worship is due to the real through invisible and supernatural presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist under the form of bread and wine." As to these his Grace, with the assessors simply rules "that the doctrines in the said passages are directly contrary and repugnant to the 28th and 29th articles." Does his Grace

mean to say that the bread and wine are changed in their natural substances, and are deserving of worship, or that Our Lord and Saviour being, although invisible, really present before him, is unworthy of worship; does he mean to draw a distinction between the Humanity and Divinity of our Lord, or does he, being utterly at a loss himself to decide what he should mean, or what the archdeacon does mean, think it safest to entrench himself within a vague and undefined, though very positive condemnation?

The Very Rev. John Canon Walmsley, formerly of Copperas Hill, and latterly chaplain of the Convent, Mount Vernon, in Liverpool, has been appointed Vicar General of this diocese, in the place of the Very Rev. Dr. Crook, lately deceased.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

Bristol.—The subject of an anonymous letter with this post-mark has our attention. Our correspondent cannot possibly overrate the importance of what he very kindly urges upon us. The history of the sufferings of the leading Catholic families and the missionary priests in Lancashire was promised us some time ago. The venerable priest in whose possession some valuable documents were supposed to be, could not find them. Perhaps our correspondent would kindly undertake to suggest the sources from which the necessary information might be procured. We have ever in view to deserve the attention and goodwill of the Catholics of this diocese.

A. G., Guernsey.—We have read the fresh MS. with some pleasure, and much care. The teaching and moral of the tale are valued and respected by this Journal; but it is a fixed opinion with us that fiction is worthless to illustrate virtue or inculcate duty, unless the narrative can "pass muster" with our common sense, and the details be at least probable and attractive. Your story, on the contrary, though well written and somewhat eloquent, reads too like a fairy tale.

W.S., London, seems enraged absolutely that we have not "said at least a few words" about a contribution with which he very kindly favored us, and which we duly acknowledged; he threatens we can't exactly see what, if we do not at once restore his MS. Candidly, our angry correspondent's MS. was worth nothing, and has "gone to the tomb of all the Capulets" now.

W.H., J.F.C.—We are duly sensible of your kind wishes towards our readers, but we cannot publish anything more about the lunar controversy; we may add, however, that these two communications, (the latter especially,) are clear and pleasant to read.

J. B., London.—Your valuable proposal is under consideration; we are enquiring about a translator. Pray let us know the history of the production?

M.I.L..—Please bear in mind for October. Have you received the volume.

Dyrbington.—Pray send us your address.

J.H.—A.—Frank.—S.—Well wisher.—Convert.—Constant Reader, and Subscriber.—Received.

We particularly request that Contributions, Books for Review, and all communications for the Editor, be sent to the printer until further notice.

Contributions not inserted are destroyed.

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